# The Four Great Dangers: &c.




Each Friar. Lanyer. Fox, and Cat.
Full plainly shew what they'd be at:
The Goose may fly, the Mouse may run;
But Man and Maid are both undone.

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# THE COMPANION FOR THE *FIRE-SIDE*:

BEING

A Collection of genuine and inſtructive

## ADVENTURES, TALES AND STORIES.

Selected from the beſt WRITERS in ſeveral LANGUAGES, many of which were never before publiſhed.

To paſs the dull Ev'ning in Pleaſure away,
And laugh at the Cares of Mankind;
Accept of a chearful Companion to-day,
To Mirth and Amuſement inclin'd.
The Contents of our Volume will amply repay
The Expence that the Purchaſe has coſt;
And none but a Blockhead will ſeriouſly ſay,
That his Time or his Money is loſt.

DUBLIN:
Printed by WILLIAM SLEATER in *Caſtle-ſtreet*, near *Fiſhamble-ſtreet*, 1769.

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## ADVENTURES,
## TALES AND STORIES.

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LANGUAGES, many of which were never
before published.

To pass the dull Evening in pleasing away,
And laugh at the Cares of Mankind;
Accept of a cheerful Companion to-day,
To profit and Amusement inclind.
The Charms of our Volume will ne'er fly away
The Reader they ever Pleasing has found,
And more than a Book'ral will freely pay,
That his Time or his Money is lost.

DUBLIN:

# PREFACE.

WHEN the natural love which mankind conceive for knowledge and improvement, is rightly conſidered, and when we reflect on the curioſity ſo inherent in the human breaſt, it muſt certainly be deemed a worthy undertaking in thoſe, who endeavour to ſatisfy that curioſity in a laudable manner, by turning it to what is really inſtructive and improving, and making the gratification of it at once uſeful and pleaſing.

It muſt be avowed, that we have many books in both kinds; but the misfortune is, that the bulk of them are either inſtructive without pleaſure, or pleaſing without inſtruction: the work here offered to the public inſpection, is intended to partake of both; and, by a happy mixture, to give a leſſon of prudence or virtue, while it ſeems only intended for amuſement.

There appears, too frequently, ſomething ſo very dry, harſh and diſguſting, in mere leſſons of morality, that the young reader is very often intimidated from peruſing them; or, if forced to it, they are uſually read with a reluctance that prevents the reaping any benefit, or even aſſenting to their undeniable truths.

When pleaſing ſtories, of what happened in the world, are told in ſuch an engaging manner, as to allure youth to the peruſal of them, the moral they contain is imperceptibly imbibed, ſinks deep into the mind, and the examples thus preſented to

their eyes, are more powerful inducements to the practice of good, and the abhorrence of evil therein depicted, than all the precepts which can be urged.

Pride and Shame are the two hinges on which human actions turn; a proper use of them is neceſſary for the conduct of youth, to a ſtedfaſtneſs in good, and a perſeverance in what is praiſe-worthy. The pride of being held in juſt and honeſt eſtimation is a ſtrong incentive to good actions; and the ſhame of being looked upon with contempt, and being univerſally deſpiſed, will cauſe many to ſhun what leads to it, with the utmoſt abhorrence. If then, theſe two paſſions of themſelves, and without any auxiliary, prove ſo forceable, what may not be expected from them when ſtrongly urged by well-choſen examples, and aided by the moſt coercive proofs of their immediate conſequence?

Example *draws where* Precept *fails*;
*And* Sermons *are leſs read than* Tales.

A SHORT

# A SHORT TRACTATE ON STORY-TELLING.

THERE is no art the generality of mankind are more ambitious of attaining, than that of ſtory-telling.—That this is a very rational deſire, is obvious to the meaneſt capacity, ſince it gives us an opportunity of rendering ourſelves agreeable in company, by furniſhing part of the converſation: for I have often obſerved, that thoſe who have not been capable of diſcourſing upon any ordinary topick, have, by a well-timed introduction of a mere tale, paſſed for ſprightly, facetious company; or, in the vulgar phraſe, for men who have a great deal to ſay for themſelves.

Story-telling is not an art merely amuſing, it is inſtructive alſo; the moſt ſublime precepts of morality, may be conveyed in a tale, as well as in a ſermon; nay, oftentimes much more effectually; for experience teaches us there is no kind of document ſo perſuaſive as that, where inſtruc-

tion is blended with delight; it is like gilding the pill, which renders it more palatable, without leſſening the operation. But admitting ſtories merely entertaining; put them upon a level with a game at cards, a caſt at dice, or what other diverſion you pleaſe, which ſerves to unbend and relax the mind, without improving the morals; ſurely they may ſtill plead ſome degree of merit, ſince they muſt be allowed to anſwer the ſame intent, to be full as entertaining, and far leſs dangerous.

The thirſt of ſtory-telling reigns almoſt univerſally, from the grave ſenator upon the bench, to the loquacious nurſe in the chimney-corner; all love, mutually to communicate, and to hear a good ſtory. Some are pleaſed with the grave, the ſolemn, the tragic tale; while others delight in the witty, merry and jocoſe. Now I have often obſerved, that though all are deſirous of excelling in this pleaſing art, yet very few arrive at any manner of perfection; and the greater number become dull, tireſome and inſipid; and, far from gaining our applauſe, render themſelves the objects of our ridicule.

An author of great judgment and ſolidity, has very judiciouſly remarked, that a man is not ridiculous for being what he is; but for aiming to be thought what he is not. Thus, for example, natural deformities become not the object of our ridicule, but rather of our compaſſion: but ſhould the poor cripple, upon a vain preſumption of what he is not, dreſs himſelf out in an embroidered ſuit, ſilk ſtockings, and a peruque *a-la-mode*, and endeavour to paſs himſelf upon us for an handſome

ſome man, the ideot meets with the deriſion he deſerves. The ſame compariſon is equally applicable to mental, as to corporal defects: a man, who might otherwiſe paſs for a man of ſober ſenſe, often renders himſelf the laughing-ſtock of the public, by a ridiculous affectation of what he has no talent for: would every one ſtudy to confine himſelf, to what is beſt adapted to his capacity, and endeavour to act well the part that nature has alloted him, and intended he ſhould act; every one would be entitled to ſome ſhew of praiſe, according to his degree of merit, as well in ſtory-telling, as in every other art. From whence it follows, that every perſon who wiſhes to attain to any degree of excellence in ſtory-telling, ſo as to be capable of entertaining his auditors agreeably, ſhould ſtrictly ſcrutinize the extent of his genius, that he may be the better able to make choice of ſuch ſtories, as are adapted to his capacity.——Can any one refrain from laughter, to ſee a fellow, with a ſober, puritanic viſage, endeavouring, with forced grimace and uncouth action, to entertain his auditors in the comic taſte; or to ſee another, with a democratical phiz, ever upon the grin, holding forth in the tragic ſtile? Let them only interchange their parts; let the facetious take the merry, the ſedate the grave ſubject for his companion, each will excel in his way, and both merit our applauſe, who before met with our contempt.

It would ſeem as if thoſe who have a ſuperior genius in the art, in whom nature and judgment blend promiſcuouſly, have no occaſion for any

any rule, whereby to model their conduct; but even thoſe are too apt to give into many capital errors, and often marr all, by too intent a deſire of pleaſing.

Undoubtedly, they who poſſeſs a ſuperiority of genius, need not be ſo very ſtrict in the choice of their ſtories, ſince they may, by dexterous handling, render the moſt inſipid tale pleaſant and entertaining: as a fine performer on the violin, will not fail to give his auditors great ſatisfaction, in playing even an indifferent piece of muſic; for what would be intolerable in a common performer, becomes tolerable enough, through the fine graces of a maſter. But a wit, is too apt to give a looſe to the luxuriance of his fancy, and becomes tireſome through an ebullition of genius; his ſtile is correct; his thoughts are brilliant; but he deviates too much from his ſubject, and the main ſtory evaporates in a profuſion of ornament.

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# COLLECTION

## OF

# ADVENTURES, &c.

## *The* LUCKY DISASTER.

*Tranſlated from the* French.

IT often happens that thoſe events which we eſteem to be the moſt diſaſterous and contrary to our wiſhes, are the very means which tend to accompliſh our deſires. The truth of this will be clearly evinced by the following hiſtory of an affair, which lately happened at Paris.

Monſieur Mignard was an eminent apothecary at Paris, who was left a widower at the age of fifty-five, with an only child, a daughter of thirteen years of age. For five years he turned his whole atten-

tion to her improvement, and at the age of eighteen ſhe was one of the moſt accompliſhed young women of her rank in Paris; beautiful to an aſtoniſhing degree, fair as an ermin, ſprightly as a young kid, and amorous as a kitten.

Her father loved her to a degree of dotage, yet he was very jealous of her conduct, and to keep her in the ſtricteſt bounds, till ſhe was married to a young phyſician, the ſon of Dr. Eloy, a particular friend of his, for whom he deſigned her, he brought Madame Agnes, a widow of ſmall fortune, advanc'd age, and great devotion, into his houſe as gouvernante to Mademoiſelle Suſan.

Young Doctor Eloy was no very promiſing object to Mademoiſelle Suſan; his ſtiff, formal manner, his pedantic language, and the very little complaiſance he ſhewed to her, was the more diſguſtful in proportion to the aſſiduities, the tender ſpeeches, genteel form, and engaging manners of the Chevalier Gorillon, a young gentleman of good family, but ſmall fortune, who had for ſome time paid his ſecret addreſſes to her. And on the other hand, Madame Agnes, full of charity, tenderneſs and compaſſion, wiſely weighing the difference between the repeated preſents of the Chevalier, and the ſordid avarice of the Doctor, ſympathized in the amorous pains of her fair charge, and being aſſured that the courtſhip tended to an honourable end, reſolved to give them all the aſſiſtance in her power.

Thus circumſtanced, the lovers had frequent opportunities of converſing with each other, in preſence of Madame Agnes, and nothing was wanting to compleat their mutual happineſs but the conſent of Monſieur Mignard, who ſeemed too fond of the young doctor to enter readily into their meaſures; and having one day made freſh and preſſing inſtances to his daughter, ſhe thought it neceſſary to acquaint the Chevalier with them, and therefore ſent

for

for him to come to her at nine o'clock, by which time ſhe knew her father was to ſet out for Pontoiſe, on an affair of importance, which would detain him two or three days.

The Chevalier did not fail of coming at the appointed hour, and was led by Madame Agnes into Monſieur Mignard's chamber, where ſhe left him till her young lady could get rid of ſome company, who had come to viſit her.

It had happened, that the day before the apothecary had been employed in diſtilling a water of a ſleepy and ſtupifying quality, which on his return, was to lay a gentleman in a profound ſleep, while a very painful operation was performed upon him.—This water he had put into a pint decanter, and placed on his chimney-piece juſt before he went out of town. During the time that the Chevalier waited for his dear Suſan, he eſpied the decanter, and having been moſt of the afternoon at tennis, was very thirſty, and taking it for clear water, poured it out in a large glaſs, and drank it off.

One eighth part of the quantity was ſufficient to ſet any man aſleep, whence it may be eaſily judged what a profound ſleep ſo extravagant a doſe muſt cauſe; his limbs were immediately benum'd, his head confuſed; he tried to reach the couch which was in the room, but fell on the ground in á death-like ſleep.

The company ſtaid with Mademoiſelle till eleven o'clock, and as ſoon as ſhe was at liberty ſhe went with Agnes to her father's chamber, where ſhe found the Chevalier ſtretch'd out upon the floor.—She thought he was fallen in a fit, and tried every method to bring him to himſelf, but all in vain; for having pinched, pricked, nay burnt him in ſome places, without being able to bring him to life, they concluded he was dead.

What grief for the young lady! What a moſt terrible embarraſment for them both! They conſulted together till midnight, what to do with the body; when, every perſon in the houſe being aſleep, and the ſtreet clear, they concluded they could do nothing better than carry him to the end of the next ſtreet, and leave him to the diſpoſal of fortune.

Madame Agnes went ſoftly into the ſtreet to ſee if any perſons were paſſing by, when ſhe beheld at the door of a gun-ſmith, nearly oppoſite a long wooden box, in which a quantity of muſquets had been that day brought to be repaired, and the gun-ſmith's men, after taking them out, had forgot the box they came in. This Agnes thought was a very convenient place to put the body of the unfortunate Chevalier; and accordingly, ſhe took him on her back, while the weeping Suſan ſupported his feet, and they placed him in the box, ſofty covering it with the lid, and putting the nails thereof into the ſame holes from whence they had been drawn, and afterwards retired to enjoy their grief at leiſure.

They had juſt entered into their own houſe, when the gun-ſmith, remembering that his lads had left the box in the ſtreet, called them up, and obliged them to bring it in. The young fellows got up grumbling, and, being half aſleep and half awake, did not pay any regard to the weight of it, but brought it into the back room behind the ſhop, which ſerved as a kitchen, in which the gun-ſmith's niece and maid-ſervant lay, and putting it on a long dreſſer, where it hung over at each end, they return-to bed.

About three o'clock in the morning the effects of the ſleepy draught being gone off, the Chevalier awaked, and finding all dark round him, was in great ſurprize. He felt about, and perceived he

was

was in a kind of box which did not permit him either to riſe or turn round; and impatient to find himſelf thus confined, he knew not where, he ſtrove to turn himſelf, and with ſuch violence, that the box fell from the dreſſer, and the lid being but lightly put down, it flew open with the fall, and he got out, and began to walk on his tip-toe to find where he was.

The noiſe made by the fall of the box was ſo great, that it awaked the niece and the maid; who, in a great fright thereat, and hearing ſomebody in the room, called out "who's there?" The Chevalier not daring to make any anſwer, they repeated their cries, pulled the bell, and awaked the whole houſe. The gun-ſmith and his people came with a light, and found poor Gorillon, who was feeling about for the door, to make his eſcape.

The gun-ſmith called out "a thief," and ſent to the next Commiſſary, while the Chevalier opened his eyes with inconceiveable aſtoniſhment to ſee himſelf in an unknown place, and ſurrounded with countenances he had never beheld before. But his conſternation was ſtill greater when the Commiſſary entered, received the complaint of the gun-ſmith, "againſt this certain perſon, unknown, "who had entered his houſe in the night, with a "manifeſt intent to rob or murder—or both." The depoſition was wrote down, the Commiſſary ſeized him as a thief taken in the fact: They ſearched him, they interrogated him, and demanded to know how he had gotten into the houſe, and where he had hid his falſe keys, for it did not appear that the houſe was broke open.

Gorillon, in the utmoſt confuſion, anſwered very unſatisfactorily; and, unwilling to mention his dear Suſan, he made ſuch very abſurd excuſes, that the Commiſſary had him fettered, and committed him to the priſon of the Chatelet; where he was put

into a dungeon, as a wretch deſtined to the gallows.

The next morning, the Judge being informed of this ſuppoſed thief, examined him with ſuch ſtrictneſs, and joining the ridiculous anſwers he made, to the fact of his being found in the houſe, proved by irreproachable witneſſes, he ordered him to be brought before him for his final examination and ſentence.

In the mean while, this extraordinary affair ſpread through Paris, and came, on the fourth day, to the ears of Madame Agnes and Mademoiſelle Suſan, who were greatly affected at the news, and could not imagine how a man whom they had carried dead out of the houſe, could be alive, and in expectation of the gallows four days afterwards; and being ignorant of the particulars of what had happened at the gun-ſmith's, Madame Agnes, for farther information, went to the Chatelet, where ſhe heard the whole of the charge againſt Gorillon, who was not admitted to ſee any perſon, and would infallibly be be hanged.

The ſame day Monſier Mignard came home from Pontoiſe, and miſſing his bottle of narcotic water, made a great noiſe about it; Agnes, who had returned from the Châtelet, anſwered him peeviſhly, that he made a greater diſturbance about the water than it was worth; which produced from him an explanation of the value and virtues of the ſame, in ſuch a manner, that Agnes ſoon conceived an idea of what muſt have befallen the poor Chevalier. She imparted her ſentiments to the young lady, who joined in her opinion. A conſultation was immediately held, how to ſave Gorillon from his approaching fate, to which there were two difficulties; the firſt, that Suſan's father would diſcover what ſhe would rather wiſh to conceal; and the other, how very hard it would be to remove from the

the Judge a prepoſſeſſion which often makes three-fourths of a proof: Nevertheleſs, love ſurmounted theſe obſtacles; and to loſe no time, Suſan accompanied Agnes to the gunſmith's houſe, where, aſking to ſpeak with him apart, ſhe related the Chevalier's misfortune in a manner ſo ſimple, ſo tender and affecting, (intermixing ſighs and tears with her narrative) that the honeſt gun-ſmith, who had liſtened to the whole with the utmoſt attention, and remembered the affair of the box, ſoon perceived the truth of the ſtory, which was fully confirmed to him on viſiting his neighbour the apothecary, who acquainted him with the loſs of his ſtupifying water, and its great virtues.

The gun-ſmith, without ſaying any thing more to Monſieur Mignard, took Suſan and Madame Agnes with him to the Judge, and related the whole hiſtory to him; but, as juſtice ſets out with the ſwiftneſs of a ſtag in the proſecution of an accuſed perſon, and marches a tortoiſe's pace to the acquittal, ſo the Magiſtrate ſeemed little diſpoſed to believe the exculpation of the ſuppoſed criminal; however he could not refuſe a freſh examination of the Chevalier in the preſence of his proſecutor, who was now become his chief advocate. Gorillon, who was now under no reſtraint in his anſwers, declared his aſſignation with Suſan, and that he drank the fatal water. Suſan and Agnes confeſſed the manner they conveyed him to the gun-ſmith's box, and the reſt followed very naturally; ſo that Gorillon's innocence clearly appeared, and he was acquitted, and ſet at liberty.

The honeſt gun-ſmith, ſhocked to think he had well nigh cauſed the death of an innocent perſon, conceived a warm affection for him, and to recompence him for the trouble he had brought upon him, he ſo powerfully mediated with his neighbour, Mr. Mignard,

Mignard, that in a few days the Chevalier was married to the amiable Suſan.

This ſtory may be a leſſon to many who think themſelves very miſerable; and prove, that what we often eſteem great diſtreſſes, are only the means of Providence to make us happy in our lawful wiſhes; for if the Chevalier had not met with this diſaſter, it is ſcarce probable that he would ever have obtained Mademoiſelle, unleſs they had married in a clandeſtine manner, which is very difficult to do in France, and is even a capital offence; and if he had married her without her father's conſent, he would only have laid a ſcene of miſery for them both.

## *The Danger of too much Curioſity.*

IN the land of Tranſiane in the Eaſt-Indies, there was a Prince tributary to the King of Pegu, and his near kinſman, named Alfonge, who married a ſiſter of the Prince of Tazatai, called Abelara, who was one of the greateſt beauties of all thoſe countries. They lived a happy life, with entire affection; and for their greater felicity, they had two twin ſons, who, in their youth, diſcovered ſomething of great and lofty minds, and appeared ſingularly hopeful for the future. Theſe infants being now ten years old, loved ſo cordially, that they could not live aſunder, and the deſires of the one, ſtill met with the conſent of the other, in all things: But the Devil, the enemy of concord, inſpired a curioſity into the minds of the father and mother to know their fates, or fortunes; and to their grief they

they were told, "The time ſhall come, when theſe "two brothers, who now love ſo fondly, ſhall cut "one another's throats;" which much aſtoniſhed the fond parents, and filled them with fearful apprehenſions. The two Princes being come to their fifteenth year, one ſaid to the other, "Brother, it "muſt needs be you that will murder me, for I "will ſooner die an hundred deaths, than do you "the leaſt hurt imaginable." The other replied, "Believe it not, good brother, I beſeech you, for "you are as dear to me, or dearer, than myſelf." But the father, to prevent the misfortune, reſolved to ſeparate them; whereupon, they grew ſo troubled and melancholy, that he was conſtrained to delay his deſign till an occaſion happened, which invited all three, the father and his two ſons, to a war between the Kings of Narſinga and Pegu, about their title to ſome territories; but by the mediation of ſome perſons, a peace was concluded, upon condition, that theſe two young Princes ſhould marry the two daughters of the King of Narſinga; and that the King of Pegu ſhould confer on him that married the elder, all the countries he took in the laſt war, with the kingdom of Martaban; and the other brother, beſides the kingdom of Tazatai, ſhould have that of Verma.

The nuptials conſummated, each departed to his territories: Lands ſpaciouſly divided them. Now it after happened, that the King of Tanzatai was engaged in a ſharp war with the King of Mandranelia, and ſent to the two brother Princes for aid, who both haſtened, unknown to each other, to his aſſiſtance. He from Verma, came ſecretly to town with one ſervant only, to viſit a lady who had been once their ancient miſtreſs; and the other brother being upon the ſame deſign, they met at the lady's gate by night, not knowing one another, were furious with jealouſy; after ſome words, they drew,

and

and killed each other. One of them dying, gave humble thanks to Heaven for preventing the direful deſtiny foretold him, that he ſhould kill his brother: Hereupon the other, knowing him by his voice and diſcourſe, and drawing near his end himſelf, crept to him and embraced him with tears and lamentations, and thus they dolefully ended their days together.

The father, having tidings of it (overborne with grief and deſpair at ſeeing the eve of his life brought to ſuch a diſaſterous concluſion) came and ſlew himſelf upon the bodies of his ſons, and with the grief and tears of all the people, the three were buried in one monument.

## *Story of the Earl of* PEMBROKE.

THE father of the late Earl of Pembroke, who had many good qualities, but always perſiſted inflexibly in his own opinion, which, as well as in his conduct, was often very ſingular, thought of an expedient to prevent the remonſtrances and expoſtulations of thoſe about him: This expedient was, to feign himſelf deaf; and under pretence of hearing very imperfectly, he would always form his anſwer, not by what was really ſaid to him, but by what he deſired to have ſaid.

Among other ſervants, was one who had lived with him from a child, and ſerved him with great fidelity and affection in ſeveral capacities, till at length he became his coachman. This man, by degrees, got a habit of drinking, for which his lady often deſired that he might be diſmiſſed. My Lord always anſwered, "Yes, indeed, John is an excellent

" cellent ſervant." " I ſay, (replies the lady) " that he's continually drunk, and deſire that he " may be turned off." " Aye, (ſaid his Lordſhip) " he has lived with me from a child; and, as you " ſay, a trifle of wages ſhall not part us." John, however, one evening, as he was driving from Kenſington, overturned his Lady in Hyde-Park; ſhe was not much hurt, but when ſhe came home ſhe began to rattle the Earl: " Here, (ſays ſhe) is that " beaſt, John, ſo drunk that he can ſcarce ſtand; " he has overturned the coach, and if he is not diſ- " charged may break our necks." " Aye, (ſaid " my Lord) is poor Jack ſick? Alas, I am ſorry " for him." " I am complaining, (ſays my Lady) " that he is drunk, and has overturned me."—— " Aye, (ſaid my Lord) to be ſure he has behaved " very well, and ſhall have proper advice." My Lady, finding it hopeleſs to remonſtrate, went away in a pet; and My Lord, having ordered John into his preſence, addreſſed him very cooly in theſe terms: " John, you know that I have regard for " you; and as long as you behave well, you ſhall " always be taken care of in my family: My Lady " tells me that you are taken ill, and indeed I ſee " that you can hardly ſtand; go to bed, and I will " ſee that you have proper advice." John, being thus diſmiſſed, was carried to bed; where, by his Lordſhip's order, who attended in perſon, a large blifter was put upon his head, another between his ſhoulders, and ſixteen ounces of blood were taken from his arm. John found himſelf the next morning in a woeful condition, and was ſoon acquainted with the whole proceſs, and the reaſons upon which it had commenced. John had no remedy but to ſubmit, for he would rather have incurred as many more blifters, than have loſt his place. My Lord ſent very formally twice a day to know how he did, and frequently congratulated my Lady on

John's

John's recovery; whom he directed to be fed only with water-gruel, and to have no company but an old woman whom he had ordered to attend him as a nurſe.

In about a week, John having conſtantly ſent word that he was well, my Lord thought fit to underſtand the meſſenger, and ſaid "He was extremely glad to hear that the fever had quite "left him." When John came in, "Well, John, "(ſays he) I hope this bout is over." "Ah, my "Lord, (ſays John) I humbly aſk your Lordſhip's "pardon, and I promiſe never to commit the ſame "fault again." "Aye, (ſays his Lordſhip) you "ſay right, no body can prevent ſickneſs; and if "you ſhould be ſick again, John, I ſhall ſee it, "though, perhaps, you would not complain; and "I promiſe you, that you ſhall always have the "ſame advice, and the ſame attendance, that you "have now." "God bleſs your Lordſhip, (ſays "John) I hope there will be no need." "So do "I too, (ſays his Lordſhip) but as long as you do "your duty to me, John, I will do mine to you, "never fear." John then withdrew, and ſo dreaded the diſcipline he had ſuffered, that he never was known to be drunk afterwards.

## *The Hiſtory of* Prince BETTY.

THERE lived in Wolckenſtein, (a little place among the mine mountains in Saxony) a clothier's daughter, then in her twenty-ſecond or twenty-third year, her chriſtian name was Elizabeth. Her condition, it ſeems, ſat very uneaſy on the girl, being obliged, day after day to work hard at the loom;

loom; beſides, ſhe had to do with none of the moſt indulgent fathers, that ſhe was ever contriving how ſhe ſhould free herſelf from this unſupportable bondage, and procure ſomething more to her liking.

What ſhe was moſt out of humour with was her ſex, and ſhe would frequently exclaim againſt Providence for not making a man of her; theſe diſpoſitions, at length, produced a ſcheme to ſteal out of her father's houſe, and in the diſguiſe of a man endeavour to advance her preſent circumſtances; a favourable juncture for her elopement offered, her father, at that time a widower, being gone from home.

He had taken with him his every day cloaths, that nothing remained for her but his ſuit of black, in which, to appear like a creditable burgher, he uſed to go to the ſacrament, or funerals. This happened to fit her, ſo ſhe put on one of her father's ſhirts, and crammed two others in the pockets of the coat; and in this garb, recommending herſelf to Providence, ſhe one night left her father's houſe, and her dreſs put her on paſſing for an ejected ſchool-maſter.

After wandering through ſeveral parts of the country, where ſhe picked up ſomething among the gentry and clergy, ſhe came at laſt to Auguſtuſburgh-houſe, where Mr. Gunther, a ſurveyor of the King's fiſheries, reſided, a great number of the King's ponds lying in that neighbourhood. This gentleman being at home, ſhe requeſted his benevolence, as an ejected ſchool-maſter: The Surveyor of the fiſhery, fancied that he ſaw in this ejected ſchool-maſter, ſome glimpſe of the electoral Prince, afterwards King of Poland; and, in reality, between theſe two very different perſons, there was a reſemblance, though not very great. Mr. Gunther put ſeveral queſtions to this ſchool-maſter, which Miſs Betty anſwered with a compoſedneſs

and gravity, that the Surveyor of the fiſheries conſtrued as inborn ſtatelineſs and dignity: At length he began to ſurmiſe, that this perſon might be the electoral Prince himſelf.

The ſanguine hopes which the Saxons entertained of the then electoral Prince, exulting in ideal perſpectives of the bleſſings which were to diſtinguiſh his reign, when their burthens ſhould be lightened, every grievance be redreſſed; and all things ſet on a right footing; it is impoſſible to conceive what ſtories theſe hopes have given riſe to, particularly that the electoral Prince went about the country incognito, the better to inform him of the condition of his future ſubjects, and thus take effectual meaſures for their proſperity.

Particularly a report went current, that the electoral Prince was not ſo long on his travels, but, without his father's privity, was taking a tour all about the county, that he might ſee every thing with his own eyes, and that the people might not ſuffer by falſe repreſentations. Indeed, few at court gave any heed to ſuch tattle; but the Surveyor of the fiſheries happened to be one of thoſe, who, being pleaſed with the ſtory, very readily believed it.

Mr. Gunther, in his profound ſagacity, thought that if this was the electoral Prince, his buſineſs was to entertain him well, as that would certainly make his fortune: The whole ſtory declares him to be a man of very narrow graſp; yet, he was ambitious of making a great figure in the ſucceeding reign.—It is a very juſt obſervation, that men of ſlender parts are moſt fond of courts; men of ſublime ſentiments and a juſt way of thinking, having a better idea of happineſs, than to ſeek for it in theſe ſcenes of intrigue and fallacy.

However, he was for proceeding warily; and taking the ſham ſchool-maſter into his parlour, having

ing given him a large cup of wine, he entered into talk with him on ſeveral ſubjects, and in every thing Miſs Betty ſhewed an acuteneſs and underſtanding which to the ſurveyor ſeemed above the ſphere of a poor ſchool-maſter; and he imagined that with his ſagacious eyes he diſcerned a princely majeſty beam forth in all her expreſſions and deportment; thus he became perſuaded that the perſon before him could be no other than the electoral prince; in this conceit, without any further heſitation, he ventured to ſay to Miſs Betty, that if he was not miſtaken, it was a very different perſon from a ſchool-maſter, whom he ſaw in this diſguiſe: at this, Miſs Betty, whoſe heart went pit-a-pat for fear of a diſcovery, coloured; but her ſpirits revived when the ſurveyor, continuing his diſcourſe, ſaid, that though his apparel was none of the beſt, in his opinion it covered a perſon of the higheſt rank. This honour, ſhe declared, did not belong to her; but it was with ſuch confuſion as only confirmed Mr. Gunther's prepoſſeſſion: in a word, her bluſhes, with the manner of her waving any pretence to quality, left not the leaſt doubt in him, but that his gueſt was the electoral prince of Saxony.

The Surveyor thought himſelf extremely happy, that heaven ſhould put ſo fair an opportunity into his hands of advancing himſelf, and that ſhould he let it ſlip, he ſhould deſerve to be poſted for a fool, inſtead of being counted a wiſe man, which he always affected; and, riſing up ſaid to him, that, "He was not ignorant of the motives of his Royal "Highneſs's going about the country in that diſ-"guiſe; but that he ſhould ſee his ends might be "ſufficiently anſwered, if he pleaſed to honour his "houſe for ſome time with his preſence; and at the "ſame time, he made a tender, that every thing "in it was at his Royal Highneſs's diſpoſal."

Miſs Betty, who had left her father's houſe to ſeek her fortune, and who wiſhed for nothing more than a life of eaſe and merriment, thought this a propoſal of which it behoved her to avail herſelf, and at the ſame time was ſenſible that her caſe required prudence and caution; accordingly ſhe deſired the Surveyor to mention no ſuch high titles to her, not but that ſhe held herſelf much obliged to him for his kind offer.

Mr. Gunther replied, that ſince it was his Royal Highneſs's pleaſure he would forbear titles, as his intention was to be unknown, but again repeated the offer of his houſe and every thing in his power; and Miſs Betty, at his many humble inſtances, conſented to ſpend ſome days there, if it would not be too great a trouble: One of the chief cautions on which Miſs Betty reſolved in this farce, never to ſay that ſhe was the electoral Prince, but by reſerved ſerious behaviour, drill him on in his chimerical imaginations, and this he pleaded before the late King Frederick Auguſtus and the Commiſſioner of Enquiry; and the Surveyor himſelf did her the juſtice to own, that ſhe had never pretended to be the Prince, nor directly countenanced his ſuppoſitions of her being that royal perſon.

The firſt night this honourable perſon lay in Mr. Gunther's houſe, his joy kept him waking: Nothing was more certain with him, than that it now only depended on his making a due uſe of this fortunate adventure, to be amongſt the firſt of the miniſtry in the next reign; a thought which doubtleſs was accompanied with an ejaculation of thankſgiving; he moſt wiſely ſuppoſed that the greater obligations he had laid the Prince under, the greater would he his advancement. His fortune being very conſiderable, he was perſuaded, that this was the ſeaſon to ſow plentifully, as ſure to reap an exuberant harveſt.

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The next morning he propoſed to the Prince to change his apparel to that of an higher rank, as better anſwering his end of remaining unknown; for the meaner his appearance, the ſooner would a keen eye ſee through the diſguiſe, as dignity of carriage could not long be laid aſide, ſo as to eſcape detection. This perhaps Mr. Gunther meant as a compliment to his own penetration; he added, that he thought the rank of Count was the beſt ſuited to his Royal Highneſs's drift, as not being attended with the conſtraints of Royalty, which hindered a perſonal inſpection into every thing; nor, which would be the caſe of a low rank, did it exclude him from the company of the Nobility and Gentry, whoſe free ſentiments he might thus hear, and judge of their manners: Further, Mr. Gunther concluding that his Royal Highneſs might not be provided for the expence of new dreſſes, he humbly requeſted him to make uſe of his money, which was entirely at his ſervice; and this from mere reſpect to his Royal Highneſs, without any view of return or recompence, which he neither wanted nor expected.

To this offer Prince Betty made ſeveral objections, ſignifying that it by no means ſquared with his views; however, at the preſſing entreaties of the Surveyor, he intimated to him, that he might give orders for what he thought proper. Mr. Gunther, without delay, ordered three or four very rich ſuits; hired ſervants for the Prince, and made him a preſent of a ſuperb coach and ſix horſes, which he ſaid the Prince would want for viſiting the ſeveral parts of the country; and that the Prince might be ſuitably provided with the grand requiſite, he with the moſt reverential humility, humbly offered him a gold purſe with three hundred ducats, and would not deſiſt till his Royal Highneſs was pleaſed to accept of it.

Prince Betty being thus equipped for his rank of Count, as this was Mr. Gunther's project, he alſo conferred the title which the Prince was to bear; and borrowed it, if I miſtake not, from a Holſtein family; every thing being now ſettled, Mr. Surveyor invites all the neighbouring Nobility and Gentry to his houſe, for the entertainment of the Prince, who was made known to every one under the fictitious title of Count, but Mr. Gunther was not wanting privately, and with the moſt earneſt requeſt of ſecrecy, to whiſper to all his viſitors, that his gueſt was no other than the electoral Prince; ſuch an honour they could not but eſteem the ſure preſage of a moſt glorious fortune. As to this, I believe no perſon will cenſure Mr. Gunther, it being no more than a very common inclination; moſt men would make little account of any riches or honours, were they to enjoy them without others knowing any thing of their proſperity.

Theſe viſits of the neighbouring Nobility at the Surveyor's houſe went on for near a month; all crowded thither with a view of getting into favour of Saxony's riſing ſun, and his favourite Mr. Van Gunther; thus for his money he, at leaſt, had for ſome time the flattering pleaſure of being ſurrounded by perſons of rank, all courting his friendſhip, and he had already a forecaſt of the incenſe which probably would have been offered to him, had all his ſuppoſitions been real.

On all occaſions Prince Betty topped her part, ſhe did not in the leaſt diſgrace the title of Count, and the reſervedneſs which ſhe conſtantly kept with the country Nobility, paſſed for the ſtamp of royalty, which, under this inferior diſguiſe, ſeemed to dignify every part of her behaviour; in ſhort, there was not one who harboured the leaſt doubt of Mr. Gunther's ſerious whiſperings: So eaſy are men

to

to be impoſed upon, or rather to play the part of the great ones of the world!

However, now comes on the denoüement of this farce: Some of the Nobles having relations or friends at Court, with whom they correſponded, wrote (ſtrictly recommending ſecrecy) that the electoral Prince was certainly at Auguſtuſburg incognito.

Theſe courtiers (and who can blame them?) imagined that an information of this nature was not to be concealed from the King; his Majeſty, who knew for certain that his ſon was at Vienna, or that he was ſtrangely impoſed on, would believe nothing of the matter, yet thought it proper to take ſo much notice of this account, as to ſend one of the Officers of the houſhold, who knew the Prince too well to be miſtaken; and he, as a Gentleman ſent in his name to Mr. Surveyor, deſiring he might be permitted to kiſs the Count's hand; in the mean time, he alſo had the whiſpering, that the perſon who paſſed only for a Count, was really the electoral Prince.

This Officer's viſit was over on ſight: He haſtened back to court, and aſſured the King, that the Auguſtuſburgh Count had, indeed, ſomething of the air of the electoral Prince, but that he was no more the Prince than he himſelf. Hereupon the King immediately ſent a party of horſe, with a warrant, to bring Prince Betty and the Surveyor of the fiſhery to Dreſden.

The King aſked Prince Betty who ſhe was? ſhe, without the leaſt diſcompoſure, gave him a full account of her family, ſex, and all the circumſtances which had occaſioned her being the object of the Surveyor's liberality, and the admiration of the Nobles, without her ever having pretended to be the electoral Prince.

Not

Not a letter of her account could be diſproved, and even Gunther himſelf acquieſced in the truth of all ſhe had depoſed: The King, however, ſuſpecting this errantry to have been the conſequence of ſome amours at home, had Prince Betty ſearched by midwives, who unanimouſly delared her to be a pure virgin.

Hereupon, the King himſelf pronounced his ſentence, "That Prince Betty, as a due puniſhment "of the Surveyor, ſhould keep every thing that he "had given her, and as it were forced on her; "but that ſhe ſhould be confined, during life, in "Waldheim Bridewell, though not be put to any "labour; and that Gunther ſhould allow her a rix-"dollar per day, during life."

This has been fulfilled in every article. As for Prince Betty, many have ſeen her at Waldheim Bridewell, and talked with her. She had a clean room in the houſe, boarded with the Keeper, and generally wore a genteel kind of amazon habit; ſhe was ever ſprightly and chearful; ſaying, her life was a heaven, to that ſhe led at home, under her moroſe father, and ſlaving like a common hireling.

## *The* GRACES *of* INNOCENCE.

MELANIA was born of noble, but not very rich parents: She was brought up under one of her aunts, who loved her tenderly. Eugenia perceived in the heart of her young pupil tender diſpoſitions, which ſhe thought muſt, one day or other, prove dangerous to her tranquility. To prevent the misfortunes attendant on love, ſhe would not

not even, at fourteen years of age, let her know the name of that paſſion: But, to make her amends, ſhe frequently talked to her of friendſhip. She extolled the charms of this happy ſentiment, and made her ſenſible of the great influence it had over the happineſs of life.

Melania's friendſhip and gratitude for her aunt, engroſſed her whole heart: She deſired nothing, becauſe ſhe was ignorant there was any other happineſs than what ſhe enjoyed.

A friend of Eugenia's one day invited her to her country-ſeat, where ſhe propoſed to ſtay ſome time. Of all the beauties which this place afforded, Melania admired none but the gardens. Eugenia was not in the leaſt afraid, that ſhe would find in them any thing contrary to the principles of education which ſhe had given her.

Melania took the advantage of the liberty that was allowed her, to enjoy the pleaſures of nature, and a ſight ſhe had never ſeen before.

As Melania was rambling through the avenues of the gardens, ſhe perceived a door that faced the country; ſhe opened it, and was ſurpriſed to ſee, at ſome diſtance, a rivulet, whoſe ſilver, running ſtream watered a turf enamelled with the moſt agreeable flowers. A double row of trees ſhaded it from the ſun's heat, and formed a covering admirably cool. The beauty of this place, the calmneſs which reigned therein, the ſerenity of the day, and the amorous ſinging of the birds tranſported her. She ſat down on the turf. The ſolitarineſs did not intimidate her: She was ignorant that perſons of her ſex were liable to dangers. With entire confidence, ſhe let ſleep overtake her.

Melania lay ſome time in a profound ſleep, when ſhe awaked by a motion that was made cloſe by her. She was extremely ſurpriſed to find at her feet a young man whom ſhe did not know: She was going

ing to run away, but the youth's voice ſtopped her.

" The blow is ſtruck, amiable creature, ſaid " he; I have ſeen, and adore you. Chance has " juſt forged the chain that is to captivate my heart. " I thought myſelf invulnerable to Cupid's darts; " but, alas! who can withſtand the power of your " charms? I have not reſiſted them, and this day " will deprive me of tranquility."

It was the firſt time that Melania heard the word Love: It was the firſt time ſhe was told ſhe was made to pleaſe. Eugenia was careful to deprive her of ſuch a flattering, but often dangerous, knowledge. Melania, was beautiful, without knowing it: How much was ſhe aſtoniſhed at that ſtranger's ſpeech! But this firſt ſentiment ſoon ſucceeded another. The youth added to the moſt tender ſpeeches, ſighs and looks full of fire. If Melania's innocence hindered her from comprehending the meaning of them, her heart did not miſtake them. She examined the ſtranger with the moſt curious attention, and took a pleaſure in it, that encreaſed by degrees. Nature, in forming him, had outdone herſelf: Cupid could not have borrowed more alluring features. Melania's eyes ſparkled with an odd fire: Her ſenſes were ſweetly captivated: The voice of her lover, his ſighs, and even his ſilence, diffuſed through her ſoul the moſt lively emotion.

By theſe different effects, who could have miſtook the attacks of Cupid? Every thing declared his power; but Melania did not know it: She apprehended that what the ſtranger inſpired her with, was a ſimple emotion of friendſhip. She was not afraid to give way to ſo pleaſing a ſentiment. She fancied ſhe ſaw in her young lover, qualities that deſerved her attachment: The nobleneſs of his countenance, the ſweetneſs of his expreſſions, the ſincerity

cerity which glowed in his eyes; but more than all, the dictates of his heart, engaged Melania to give way to the inclination that prompted her.

" Is it poſſible, ſaid ſhe to him ingenuouſly, that " one moment ſhould produce ſuch an effect in your " heart? Does friendſhip take its origin only in " the eyes? And, without knowing the character " of the object that ſtrikes us, can one be ſolidly " attached to it? But who are you (continued ſhe, " without allowing him time to anſwer)? Where " have you fixed your abode? What chance, in " fine, brought you to me!"

Theſe queſtions puzzled the young ſtranger: For ſome moments he heſitated to give an anſwer, fearing to make Melania miſtruſtful.

" My name is Tervile, anſwered he; I was born " at Paris; there I have left part of my family. " Some particular affairs brought me into this pro- " vince, where I have been two months: I had " juſt returned from hunting, when chance conduct- " ed me here.

" Cupid, alas! was waiting here for me, conti- " nued he, to make me feel his firſt fires. A long " time I gazed on your charms with admiration, " and every look I fixed on them, conveyed to my " heart a new dart of fire. I took courage to lift " up your hand, on which I imprinted the moſt ten- " der kiſs. How impoſſible it is for me to paint to " you the revolution that happened, at that time, in " my heart! I thought a ſupernatural event was " going to change its exiſtence. Your eyes are " open, and this moment has compleated my de- " feat."

" Ah! if your happineſs depends only on me, " replied the candid Melania, perſuade yourſelf, " you will be the happieſt of men. I own to you, " Tervile, you appear worthy of my friendſhip; " but I dare not offer it you without my aunt's con-

" ſent.

" ſent. She has always governed my ſentiments;
" the want of confidence on my ſide might give her
" uneaſineſs. Follow me, continued ſhe, with a
" charming tranſport, ſhe is not far off: She loves
" true merit, ſhe will love you, Tervile, as ſoon as
" ſhe ſees you, and ſurely ſhe will permit me to be
" your friend."

It is eaſier to imagine than to expreſs Tervile's ſurpriſe. The attention which Melania had given to his diſcourſe, and the facility with which ſhe had yielded to the emotions of her heart, made him think her unacquainted with the practice of diſſembling; but he did not believe ſhe carried innocence to ſuch a pitch, as not to comprehend love; however, her anſwer did not permit him to doubt it any longer. Though young, he knew the value of this happy ignorance.

Tervile had too much intereſt to keep Melania in ſuch a precious error, to run any riſk to convince her of it. He perceived, that far from attributing the ignorance ſhe was in, to the weakneſs of her mind, he found none could be more ſprightly, more penetrating, and more ſolid than ſhe: Therefore it was only to the prejudice of the education, which ſhe had received, that he could impute ſuch an odd miſtake. Of what pleaſures would he not have been deprived, had Melania known the dangers to which her candour expoſed her? Tervile contented himſelf with expreſſing ardently the ſatisfaction, which the favourable diſpoſitions, wherein he ſaw the heart of this amiable nymph, gave him. He vowed to her an eternal love; but declared he could not yet oblige her by going to her aunt, as ſhe propoſed; that he himſelf was under the command of an uncle, whoſe temper he was obliged to to conform to, to engage him to conſent to happineſs.

" Very

" Very well, Tervile, replied Melania, let us " ſpare nothing to render ſuch dear relations fa- " vourable to us. While you are taking pains to " merit the conſent of your uncle, I will ſpeak to " Eugenia: I will tell her ——————"

" Ah! Miſs, interrupted Tervile, perhaps ſhe " will forbid you to love me; perhaps ſhe will for- " bid you to ſee me."

" What reaſon will ſhe have for it, replied Me- " lania, in a ſurpriſe? Friendſhip cannot make me " ſenſible of its bleſſings. But what!—————— " would not ſhe be jealous to ſee you partake " with her of my affections? That might very " well be, and you make me open my eyes: She " would forbid me to love you—I ſhould not be " able to ſee you any more. Ah! Tervile, your " fears penetrate into my ſoul, you make me trem- " ble."

" Well, my dear Melania, replied the enamoured " Tervile, charmed with the innocent turn which " ſhe herſelf gave to the fears he had repreſented " to her, hide, for ſome time, from your aunt the " ſympathy of our hearts. I will ſpeak to my " uncle; I will engage him to get Eugenia to be " favourable to us. He ſhall diſcover to her my " love for you, and the features with which he ſhall " paint it to her eyes, will be leſs ſuſpected than " thoſe ſhe might think drawn by an intereſted " pencil. But, in the mean time, will you refuſe " me the happineſs of ſeeing you? Will you for- " bid me the pleaſure of reading in your eyes, that " I am conſcious I had the happineſs to make you " love me?"

" No, I'll refuſe you nothing, anſwered Melania " ingenuouſly: I like your reaſoning: I will " wait for the event of your proceedings with your " uncle. I ſhall ſuffer, I own, for not acquainting " Eugenia with it; it is the firſt time ſhe had reaſon

" to complain I have miſſed entruſting her with my " ſecrets; but, as the intereſt of our friendſhip re- " quires it, I will be faithful to it: However, the " ſame place may procure us the pleaſure of ſeeing " one another again. I ſhall receive there every " day, with joy, the aſſurance of a tender ſentiment " on your ſide; and on mine, you will have the " pleaſure to ſee yourſelf paid with a ſincere re- " turn."

Night came on: Melania and Tervile were obliged to break off their pleaſing converſation. What trouble did this moment give them!

" I am going to leave you, ſaid the enamoured " Tervile with grief."

" We ſhall ſee one another to-morrow, anſwered " the harmleſs Melania. Should ſo ſhort an ab- " ſence make us ſigh?"

In ſaying theſe words tears dropped from her eyes: Tervile mingled his with them. " My aunt " always told me, replied again Melania, that " friendſhip cauſed only pleaſure; but, without " doubt, it is when it finds no obſtacle to hinder it " from explaining itſelf." Tervile vowed he was going to uſe his endeavours to deſtroy thoſe who ſhould oppoſe their common happineſs. Melania gave him her hand, which he kiſſed with extaſy. At laſt they parted, promiſing themſelves new pleaſures next day.

Melania ſlept very little. Abſorbed in the depth of love, ſhe fancied ſhe was abandoning herſelf to untormenting friendſhip. The image of her lover inceſſantly appeared to her mind with ſo much more charms, as ſhe found no reaſon at all to make it vaniſh. The innocence of her ſentiments ſhewed her, that her duty agreed with her heart. O, happy ſituation! What blindneſs makes us deſpiſe its delights!

Melania

Melania was punctual in coming to the place ſhe appointed to meet Tervile. Their converſation was ſtill more tender than the evening before. They had experienced the languors of abſence; the pleaſure of ſeeing one another again, ſeemed more lively on that account.

Melania thought ſhe never could ſufficiently convince her lover of what ſhe felt for him. She related to him, with a candidneſs capable of charming the moſt inſenſibie heart, all that ſhe had felt ſince their ſeparation. Tervile clearly ſaw the felicity which a tender innocent heart was preparing for him. His love found, even in its happineſs, new vigour: The tears which ſentiment forced from him, and which Melania took care to wipe off, were often the expreſſions of the pleaſure he felt: But Tervile, notwithſtanding his virtue, and as great an admirer as he was of Melania's innocence, was ſubject to weakneſſes: It was very difficult for him, being alone with a young and charming creature, who was continually giving him proofs of the moſt tender love, not to feel thoſe deſires in which the ſenſes are often but too much concerned. Theſe two lovers ſaw one another regularly for ſome time, without Eugenia's having the leaſt ſuſpicion of it, when, in one of her converſations, Melania, whoſe candour was always the ſame, let herſelf be carried away by the torrent of her heart.

" I do not know, ſaid ſhe to Tervile, what kind " of friendſhip you inſpire me with; but I never " found with my aunt what I find with you." " It " is becauſe ſhe loves you leſs than I do, anſwered " Tervile. Ah! Melania could you refuſe me " the value of ſentiment? That which animates " me for you, is of a nature never to be equalled."

" What pleaſure I take in the ſweet certainty, " cried Melania! How dear are you to me, Ter-

" vile! If you ceaſe to love me, I believe I ſhall " ceaſe to live."

Tervile, whom the reſpect he had for the young lady till then had kept him within very narrow bounds, was no longer maſter of his tranſports.

" Abandon yourſelf, dear Miſs, without fear, " to the emotions of your heart, ſaid he, with ex- " treme trouble; love itſelf, and your charms, are " anſwerable for my conſtancy.—But—you love me " then.—Ah! Melania, aſſure me of it again—you " love me, Melania"————

The vivacity with which Tervile pronounced the laſt words, excited trouble in Melania's ſoul; ſhe bluſhed and ſighed without knowing why. Her eyes, which met thoſe of her lover, were that moment bedew'd with thoſe delicious tears which love cauſes to ſhed. Tervile eagerly catches them. He mixes with them his own, and guided by his deſires, he takes Melania into his arms, tenderly hugs her, his ardour increaſes.

" Tervile, ſaid Melania to him, with a faint " voice, what do I feel? What ſtrange emotions " do you rouze in my heart? Ah! how much rea- " ſon had my aunt to boaſt of the charms of friend- " ſhip! How powerful they are! But why do I " taſte them only with you?"

This ſpeech brought Tervile to himſelf. The innocence of Melania was repreſented in it with too much advantage, not to make an effect upon a heart naturally a friend to virtue. " What was I going " to do, ſaid he! That which ought to be the ob- " ject of my admiration, that which one day or " other muſt make my happineſs, was going to make " me the moſt culpable of men.——No—my reaſon " refuſes it—even my love would be wounded by " it.———In ſaying theſe words, Tervile reaſſum- ed with Melania the timidity of a true lover.—— Melania, without doubt, was going to queſtion Ter-

vile

vile about what had juſt paſſed between them, when ſhe heard Eugenia's voice, who repeated her name with uneaſineſs. Being obliged to part, our lovers bid each other, ſighing, the moſt tender adieu.—— Melania returned into the garden, where her preſence quieted the alarms of the fearful Eugenia.

" Where were you, my dear child, ſaid ſhe to her, " as ſoon as ſhe perceived her: I have been a great " while looking for you. Come, continued ſhe, " come and embrace your mother, who is juſt ar- " rived here."

Melania ſtood in need of ſuch unexpected news, to hide from her aunt the trouble ſhe was ſtill in.

" My mother! replied ſhe. What good fortune " brings her to me?"

You ſhall know, ſaid Eugenia.

" Come, replied Melania, come, let me go and " ſhew her all the ſenſibility of my heart."

Melania did not ſuſpect the motive of Meliſa's journey: Eugenia, who had been the cauſe of it, kept it a myſtery to her. Madam d'Arcourt, with whom ſhe then lived, was of a rank that procured her the beſt acquaintance of the province. Her eſtate joined the Count d'Armainville. This nobleman had ſpent his youth at the court. Being come to years of maturity, he had retired into the country, where he enjoyed tranquility, ſo neceſſary for the happineſs of life. He had made acquaintance with Madam d'Arcourt, and gliſtened in the company that went to viſit her.

The Count ſaw Melania there, and all his reaſon could not guard him againſt Cupid's darts; he loved well enough to determine immediately to ſhare with her his rank and fortune. The education ſhe had received, warranted to him her virtue, and ſeemed to anſwer for the openneſs of her heart, which he hoped to make favourable to him, when Hymen

ſhould permit him to make the love, ſhe had inſpired him with, ſhine in her eyes. He did not amuſe himſelf by ſighing with her, but it was to Eugenia that he diſcovered his ſecret ſentiments. Eugenia received his confeſſion like a perſon who thought herſelf honoured with it, and who looked upon the Count's proteſtations as a ſolid foundation for her niece's happineſs. She wrote to Meliſa to communicate to her this agreeable news. Sure that Melania's heart was not inclined to oppoſe any obſtacle to her deſigns, ſhe thought it needleſs to acquaint her with it before-hand. She intended that Meliſa ſhould have the pleaſure of ſurpriſing her daughter, by letting her know the love of the perſon who was to make her taſte the ſweets of it. Meliſa, inchanted with the hopes which her ſiſter gave her, ſet out immediately to go where the happy deſtiny of her daughter called her; but Melania did not know the Count's diſpoſitions in her favour. Her innocence did not permit her to gueſs the ſentiments which it created, and her indifference to this Lord was ſo great, that ſhe always forgot to ſpeak of him to Tervile.

Meliſa's heart was divided between the joy of ſeeing again a daughter and a ſiſter whom ſhe loved, and that of receiving from the Count d'Armainville the confirmation of what Eugenia had written to her. She undertook the care of letting her daughter know the honour which he intended to do her, and promiſed the Count that next day he ſhould receive, even from Melania's mouth, the conſent he deſired: But the impatient Count could not ſtay till the next day, to be convinced of a thing which ſo earneſtly concerned him. He knew that Meliſa was that evening to ſpeak to Melania about it; he propoſed to himſelf a delicate pleaſure at the ſurpriſe, in which that young lady would be, in hearing the name of Love for the firſt time, and of knowing himſelf,

himſelf, whether ſhe would be pleaſed to hear that ſhe had inſpired him with it. He ſtepped privately into a cloſet that joined to Meliſa's apartment, where, by means of a glaſs door, he was able to ſee and hear the ſcene that was preparing.

Meliſa, after having laviſhed on her daughter the moſt tender careſſes, was eager to acquaint her with the ſubject of her journey; ſhe painted to her, under the moſt ſenſible colours, the happineſs which the Count's alliance prepared for her. Melania trembled, without being able to account for it; her ſilence ſurpriſed Meliſa: "Yon don't anſwer, "daughter, ſaid ſhe: Should you have any reluc- "tance to marry the Count? Conſider I am as "much your friend as your mother, and ſpeak to "me without equivocation."

Encouraged by this affectionate addreſs, Melania anſwered, embracing her tenderly, "I know no "other will but your's; but, added ſhe, tell me "what the engagement you propoſe to me muſt "ſubject me to: Does it require me to be called "the Count's Lady?"

Meliſa ſmiled and found by this anſwer the effects of Eugenia's pains.

"The Count requires of you, ſaid ſhe to her "daughter, only what his good behaviour and his "love will oblige you to grant him, that is, the "utmoſt fidelity: It is your heart he aſks for, "which you cannot refuſe him." "Ah! what do "you ſay to me, cried Melania, if it be ſo, I cannot "marry the Count?"

"O! why, ſaid Meliſa, in a ſurpriſe?"

Melania ſaw, with vexation, ſhe was going to break the ſilence that Tervile had recommended to her: She had a mind to keep her ſecret, but being cloſely preſs'd by her mother:

"Alas! replied ſhe, how can I give my heart to "the Count! it is no longer in my power."

O! to

" O! to whom have you given it, replied Me-
" liſa?"

" To you, Madam, ſaid Melania, to my dear
" aunt, and——ſhe heſitated a little——to
" Tervile, continued ſhe: You three fill the vo-
" lume of my heart, I have no room left for any
" more."

What a ſubject of amazement was this for Eugenia! To what purpoſe were ſo many precautions to make her pupil avoid the knowledge of love? She fixes on her heart devoted looks.

" Ah! my ſiſter, ſaid Meliſa, is this what you
" told me?"

" You ſee my ſurpriſe, replied Eugenia; the diſ-
" poſitions of the heart of Melania, her connexion
" with Tervile, and the young man himſelf I know
" nothing of."

" Explain to us then this myſtery, ſaid Meliſa to
" her daughter; who is that Tervile you are ſpeak-
" ing to us of?"

Melania told her mother how ſhe came to know Tervile, and the circumſtances that had formed their connection.

" Ah! were he preſent before you, continued
" ſhe with vivacity, did you know the qualities of
" his ſoul, you would love him as well as I do.——
" Could I refuſe him my friendſhip? He inceſſant-
" ly aſſured me of his, and ſincerity itſelf ſpoke by
" his mouth."

Meliſa and Eugenia, alarmed with the dangers which Melania's innocence had been expoſed to in her interviews with Tervile, durſt not aſk her any more queſtions, fearful of hearing too much; however, it was eſſential for them to know the whole of this adventure.

" How did you ſpend your time with Tervile, ſaid
" Meliſa? What did he ſay to you? What were
your

" your paſtimes together? But eſpecially, Melania,
" take care to hide nothing from me."

" O! what ſhould I hide from you, replied Me-
" lania? Friendſhip is no crime; my aunt always
" told me it was, on the contrary, the ſweeteſt tie
" of ſociety. I ſpent with Tervile the moſt pleaſing
" moments of my life: He loved me, he ſaid; I
" loved him, and aſſured him of it with the ſame
" ſincerity. O, ye Gods! how ſweet were our con-
" verſations! " Dear Melania, ſaid he to me,
" know the extent of your empire; all the powers
" of my ſoul are ſubject to you, and know how to
" triumph over the deſires you inſpire into me.——
" Yes, if love excites them, reſpect ſubdues them.—
" He loved above all things, ſaid he, the innocence
" of my heart. I was not leſs eager to let him
" know what I liked beſt in him. It was in this
" manner we ſpent whole hours, which ſeemed to
" us like moments. Alas! we never parted without
" ſhedding tears, which the hopes of ſeeing each
" other the next day, could not ſtop."

Melania expreſſed herſelf with too much candour not to perſuade.

" Thank Heaven, ſaid Meliſa whiſpering to Eu-
" genia, our fears are diſſipated; Tervile reſpected
" the innocence of my daughter to ſuch a degree,
" as to love her in her miſtake about love: Let
" us take the advantage of her little experience to
" deſtroy the inclination her heart oppoſes to the
" Count's deſires."

" I am ſatisfied, ſaid ſhe afterwards to Melania; I
" love your ſincerity; but, my daughter, I conjure
" you, in the name of that affection which you ſo
" often aſſured me you had for me, to renounce his
" friendſhip, and give your's to the Count."

" Forget Tervile! cried Melania with grief: Ah,
" Madam ——

" Make

" Make no reply, continued Meliſa : Obey, and " as ſoon as to-morrow comes, prepare yourſelf to " receive favourably the nobleman I deſign for " you."

" And what then replied the tender, Melania, will " become of Tervile ?"

" Forget even his name, replied, Meliſa.—— " No, my daughter, no, you ſhall never ſee Ter- " vile."

Melania was unable to ſupport the rigour which ſuch a threat contained : She fainted away. Eugenia and Meliſa made haſte to her aſſiſtance, when the Count, ſhocked at what he had juſt heard, made his appearance."

" Ah ! my lord, ſaid Meliſa."——

" I know every thing, replied the Count : How " unhappy I am ! But, pray, be careful how you " manage the heart of your amiable daughter : It " is not by cauſing her misfortune, that I can merit " her love. The ſecret I have juſt heard has di- " miniſhed nothing of my love ! What candour ! " What innocence in that charming lady ! How " happy is Tervile !"

Meliſa aſſured the Count that ſhe was going to endeavour to remove the obſtacle, which oppoſed his happineſs : Her pains, and her ſiſter's, brought Melania to herſelf. They left her alone, and abandoned to her reflections. Alas ! ſhe employed this time of leiſure only in regretting her lover, and in lamenting the cruel fate, which, without doubt, was going to ſeparate them.

Eugenia and Meliſa ſpent the night in ſtudying the means of deſtroying the love of Melania for Tervile. Eugenia reproached herſelf with having deprived her pupil of weapons, with which ſhe might have repulſed the darts of love, by ſuffering her to remain in an ignorance from which ſhe expected other fruits. She loved her niece too much

to

to abandon her to the rebukes of a mother, whom ſhe ſaw not diſpoſed to ſpeak to her: She had a mind to take upon herſelf the care of reducing her mind to tractability.

" I know her heart, ſaid ſhe to Meliſa; it is ten-
" der: The ſtudy I made of it prevailed on me ſay
" nothing to her of love: I never found in her
" any oppoſition to my will. Give me leave to ma-
" nage her mind: She loves us, and we ſhall do
" more with her by ſweetneſs, than by harſh words,
" which would turn her reaſon."

Meliſa, who knew the ſagacity of her ſiſter, readily conſented to leave to her the employment ſhe deſired, both to free herſelf from the vexation of treating roughly a daughter ſhe loved, and to appeaſe Eugenia's tenderneſs.

Day ſcarce permitted them to ſet about their project, when Eugenia went to Melania. What grief was ſhe penetrated with on ſeeing her! Melania had ſpent the night in the moſt alarming troubles: Her eyes were ſtill bathed in tears: She was plunged in a dejection that would have touched the moſt inſenſible of mortals.

" O! what, my dear niece, ſaid Eugenia to her,
" claſping her in her arms, is this the recompence
" you reſerve for the pains I have taken about your
" education? You have ſo many times promiſed
" to love nobody without my conſent, but have you
" kept your word? And muſt I now depend on
" your friendſhip? Ah! I ſee it very plainly;
" you love Tervile more than you ever loved
" me."

" You wrong my heart, replied Melania, I do not
" love you leſs than Tervile, but I own to you, I
" think I love him as well as I do you. Ah! my
" dear aunt, were you to know him, you would not
" reproach me thus."

" I! who

" I! who then is this Tervile, replied Eugenia? " Of what country is he? Where was he born? And " what eſtate has he?"

Melania told her all that Tervile had confided her with on this ſubject. " He is not far from hence, " continued ſhe; and, if you will give me leave, I " will preſent him to you this evening. Then he " will be at our uſual rendezvous. See him, my " dear aunt, and I am certain you will like my " choice."

" No, don't expect any ſuch thing, replied Eugenia; you have ſeen Tervile for the laſt time; " none but the Count deſerves your heart; he offers you with it the title of Counteſs, and an immenſe fortune. Reſiſt no longer Meliſa's will: " She loves you, but a longer reſiſtence would turn " her love into hatred; ſhe would make you unhappy, it would be impoſſible for me to help " it."

" What are you telling me, replied Melania very " mournfully? What then muſt I do to content " her?"

" Marry the Count, ſaid Eugenia."

" I conſent to it, replied Melania, but let him " not require the gift of my heart: I have told " you already it is no longer at my diſpoſal. Yes, " it is abſolutely impoſſible for me to love him. " Tervile alone —— it is Tervile has all my friendſhip."

" What obſtinacy, ſaid Eugenia! Melania take " care of making Meliſa ſcold you; even my tenderneſs begins to relax. Forget Tervile, love the " Count; this is your duty."

" See Tervile no more, replied Melania!—— Renounce his friendſhip! Well then, I muſt likewiſe " renounce my life!"——

" Cruel niece, cried Eugenia; I did not expect " to find ſo much obſtinacy in your heart: Can-

" not

" not I prevail with you to avoid the misfortune " that threatens you?"

" Pitileſs aunt, replied Melania, ſhall I always " find you inſenſible to my pain! Ah! why did " you give me ſuch a moving portrait of friendſhip! " Why did you ſo often boaſt to me of its charms? " It makes, ſaid you, the happineſs of our life: " You ſhould, on the contrary, have hardened my " heart againſt its ſeducing attacks: Tractable to " your leſſons, I would have tyrannized over its " moſt captivating ſentiments: I would have ſa- " crificed them to the fear of diſpleaſing you, and " making me culpable in your eyes; but it was all " your ſtudy to make me taſte the ſweets of friend- " ſhip; even thoſe proofs that I received from yours " have contributed to ſeduce me; I found ſo many " charms therein, that it is become the delight of " my life. In this diſpoſition I became acquainted " wi h Tervile; that amiable ſympathy, which diſ- " poſes of our inclinations, has triumphed in my " ſoul. I confeſs I did not reſiſt it: Perſuaded it " was virtue, I thought it glorious to yield to its " charms. Why ſhould it be a crime only with re- " gard to Tervile, when you make it a duty for the " Count? I own it, my dear aunt, if I am to be " blamed, it is only for making a myſtery to you " of my love."

This was too much for the ſenſible Eugenia; the ingenuity of her dear pupil, her candour, the innocence of her ſentiments, and the tender reflections ſhe excited in her memory, offered her ſuch an affecting picture, that being ſenſibly penetrated, ſhe embraced her, and left her, promiſing to uſe her endeavours to ſoften Meliſa's mind in her favour.

Meliſa was waiting for Eugenia with impatience. She was ſurpriſed to ſee her come back all in tears. " You weep, ſiſter, ſaid ſhe: Ah, you have made " no impreſſion on my daughter's mind! She per-

" ſiſts in her obſtinacy; then this triumph is reſerv-
" ed for me. Your friendſhip for her makes you
" too weak, ſhe takes the advantage of it, but ſhe
" ſhall ſoon learn her duty to her mother's will."

" Speak to her; I give my conſent, replied Eu-
" genia; but, ſiſter, don't uſe her ill; if you knew
" as well as I do, the excellent temper of that dear
" child, no, you could not arm yourſelf againſt
" her. How amiable is ſhe! I admire her, even
" in the reſiſtance ſhe makes to our deſire."

" What weakneſs, cried Meliſa! Indeed, ſiſter,
" I will no longer own you. Hear what an error
" Melania is plunged into. I have uſed my utmoſt
" endeavours to find out this Tervile whom her
" heart is charmed with. He is an impoſtor, a
" traitor, who, under a fictitious name, has ſought
" to ſeduce her: They know no ſuch name in theſe
" cantons, and we have not been able to get any
" intelligence of him."

" That may be, ſaid Eugenia; however, without
" ſeeking to juſtify him, I can oppoſe the indigna-
" tion which the reſpect that he has for your daugh-
" ter inſpires you with. It was in his power to take
" the advantage of her innocence; but he did not.
" This alone makes him eſtimable in my eyes. Be-
" ſides, Melania offers to bring him to us. This
" evening, ſaid ſhe, he is to be at the garden door
" of this houſe: She aſked permiſſion to ſee him,
" and prevail with him to give an account of him-
" ſelf before us."

" That is the very thing we muſt hinder, inter-
" rupted Meliſa: Tervile, whoever he be, cannot
" certainly be as advantageous a match as the
" Count. The oftener ſhe ſees him, the more ſhe
" will reſiſt our wiſhes. I have given her ſtrict or-
" ders never to ſee him more, and am going to en-
" deavour to make her mind more tractable."

" Once

" Once again, cried Eugenia, be careful how you " manage my dear niece! uſe with her only the " voice of ſweetneſs."

" Compoſe yourſelf, ſifter, ſaid Meliſa, I hope " not to be ſo weak as you."

The gloomy, cold air, which Melania perceived on the countenance of her mother, did not permit her to doubt of the ſubject that cauſed her preſence. She was ſeized all over with a trembling. Meliſa, affecting not to perceive it, aſked her cooly, what ſhe was reſolved to do?

" To obey you, Madam, anſwered Melania with " a timid voice; but, if I ever was dear to you, do " not aſk me any thing but what I can do. I will " marry the Count, but as to giving him my heart, " he muſt not hope for it: It is no longer in my " power."

Meliſa, full of indignation to find reſiſtance in her daughter's mind, gave way to whatever paſſion could inſpire moſt violent. She loaded Melania with reproaches aud menaces; ſhe accuſed Tervile of perfidy, and of being an impoſtor, authoriſed by his concealing to her, without doubt, his true name.

Melania was going to juſtify her lover, but Meliſa impoſed ſilence on her in a moſt ſevere tone, and ordered her, for the laſt time, to forget Tervile, to prepare to ſuffer all imaginable torments.

" Diſpoſe of my fate, anſwered Melania in deſ- " pair: I will undergo, without murmuring, all " the puniſhments you pleaſe to inflict upon me; " but to forget Tervile, no, my heart will never " conſent to it. Ah! mother, continued ſhe, throw- " ing herſelf at Meliſa's knees, let my tears ſoften " you. God is my witneſs, all my deſires termi- " nate in pleaſing yon, but he himſelf has put a " ſtop to your deſigns upon me. No, I was not miſ- " treſs of my own ſentiments; a ſuperior power has

" diſpoſed of them; I was incapable of reſiſting " it: This power ſtill ſubſiſts and conſerves its au- " thority for the unhappy Tervile. Alas! if to-day " the hard law of ceaſing to love you was impoſed " upon me, it would be the ſame thing, and I feel " I ſhould ſooner loſe my life than to conſent to it; " I feel."——Melania was ſeized in ſuch a manner, that ſhe could not go on: She embraced her mother's knees, and impreſſed her hands with kiſſes, whilſt ſhe bedewed them with her tears. Meliſa was going to ſpeak, but the emotion of her ſoul, and her tenderneſs overcame her. Ready to ſhare the ſenſibility of her daughter, ſhe tore herſelf from her arms, and went to join Eugenia.

" Ah! ſiſter, ſaid ſhe, how dangerous is Mela- " nia! All my reſolution has been foiled by her ti- " mid eloquence. What a heart! What ſenti- " ments! Eugenia, what weapons have you fur- " niſhed her againſt us!"

" I plainly told you ſo, replied Eugenia, with ſe- " cret pleaſure; let us not force her heart. Her " happineſs ought to be preferable to the advanta- " ges of fortune."

" What, ſaid Meliſa, ſhould I encourage her in " a weakneſs the object of which perhaps is a con- " temptible fellow! No, mine does not carry me " ſo far. All I can do for her is to leave to time " the care of reſtoring her heart to reaſon: How- " ever, let us hinder whatever may put her in mind " of Tervile: She ſhall only ſee the Count, and " the love of that nobleman perhaps, will be able " to triumph over the obſtacle that oppoſes his de- " ſires."

Eugenia approved of her ſiſter's deſign, and they deſiſted from offering violence to Melania's ſentiments.

But they were nothing the better for it. She ſaw her dear Tervile no more: She was ignorant whether

whether he ſtill loved her, and thoſe who were about her kept a profound ſilence, which ſhe durſt not interrupt. She was obliged to ſtifle the ſighs which his remembrance tore from her: It was no longer in her mother's heart, that ſhe could ſeek ſweetneſs: Armed againſt her with the coldeſt and moſt indifferent air, Meliſa appeared to contemn the voice of nature, which ſpoke to her in favour of her daughter; even Eugenia, the ſenſible Eugenia, durſt not ſhew the tenderneſs ſhe had for ſo dear a niece. Being of the ſame opinion with Meliſa, ſhe thought to obtain, by an affected indifference, what the proofs of her attachments could not from the heart of her pupil; but they were both miſtaken. Entirely devoted to her dear Tervile, Melania regarded the law they impoſed on her, of loving him no more, as a flagrant injuſtice: She was ſhocked to ſee her mother and aunt ſacrifice friendſhip, that noble and virtuous ſentiment, to intereſt: In fine, Melania fortified continually her heart againſt the attacks that were continually made upon it; and the conſequence of Meliſa and Eugenia's ſeverity, was to plunge her into an alarming melancholy. The Count d'Armainville went ſeldom from Madam d'Arcourt's: He ſpent whole days there ſighing near Melania, and in endeavouring to gain her love. Melania eſteemed him: She ſighed in private at being the cauſe of the grief to which he abandoned himſelf; but it was impoſſible for her to ſympathize with his love.

As the Count was alone with Melania, and complaining of her indifference, which quite o'erwhelmed him, "Alas, ſaid ſhe, ingenuouſly, I ſhould "be glad if I could poſſibly content you. I eſteem "you, Sir; I do not hate you; I even feel that, if "it were neceſſary to ſacrifice for your happineſs "part of my life, I would do it without heſitating; "but deſire nothing more, it is no longer in my "power to give my heart. Ah! Count, continu-

" ed ſhe, ſeeing the vexation which her diſcourſe " cauſed the enamoured Count, if you can find any " charms in revenge, enjoy them. I cannot cauſe " you as much trouble, as I ſuffer myſelf ſince my " ſeparation from Tervile."

" Is it in this manner you intend to ſoften my " woes, cried the Count? Cruel fair, by offering " me revenge as a recompence, you plunge a new " dart into my heart: The ſame torments you are " a prey to, cauſe my misfortune: I know how " ardently you love the too happy Tervile."

" Don't envy his fate, replied Melania. Can " any misfortune equal that of being abſent from " what one loves? Tervile no longer ſees me; he " does not know I am faithful to him. Ah! at " leaſt, if he knew the pains I take to keep my " friendſhip for him, if he knew —— I beg pardon, " Sir, replied ſhe, perceiving the emotions of im- " patience which unawares agitated the Count, one " cannot conſtrain ſentiment, I love Tervile: I " knew him before you; before you, he aſſured me " of an eternal love; had he left any vacancy in my " heart, you alone, Count, ſhould be worthy of fil- " ling it; but"—Melania ſtopped——

" Make an end, replied the Count in the utmoſt " diſtreſs: Tell me, you never will love me, that " you forbid my hopes, that in fine I muſt ſtifle the " unhappy love you have inſpired me with."

" Ah! without depriving me of your friendſhip, " replied Melania with vivacity, be generous enough, " dear Count, to content yourſelf with my eſteem; " I offer it you; and were it another kind of friend- " ſhip than that which I have for Tervile, I would " offer it you in the ſame manner. Yes, I find you " have an influence over my ſentiments; but I con- " feſs they are not like thoſe I have given Tervile: " Enjoy your own, and let him enjoy his. How " much ſhall I be indebted to you!"

Melania

Melania perceived that her laſt words had thrown the Count into a profound reflection. She flattered herſelf that he was diſpoſing his ſoul to make her the ſacrifice which ſhe required. To excite his generoſity, ſhe laviſhed upon him a thouſand tender and flattering words, and a thouſand careſſes, which the innocence that accompanied them, rendered more affecting. "Yes, dear Count, ſaid ſhe, ſqueezing his "hand in her's; yes, I will be indebted to you for "my happineſs; it will ſeem to me more ſenſible.— "Next to Tervile, you ſhall be what I hold moſt "dear."

The Count, diſarmed by the graces and ſweetneſs of this amiable young lady, at laſt yielded to the generoſity ſhe had excited in his ſoul.

"You triumph, beautiful Melania, ſaid he to "her: I am going to give up the intereſt of my "hope to occupy myſelf with your's; I will repair "all the ill I have done you, but it is to your ſince- "rity that I muſt ſacrifice the happineſs of my life; "acquaint me with the birth and progreſs of your "ſentiments for Tervile."

"I will conceal nothing from you, replied Me- "lania, enchanted with the hopes which the Count "gave her: Chance offered me the ſight of Ter- "vile. The firſt look I fixed upon him captivated "my heart. He vowed to me a thouſand times "that ſympathy had produced the ſame effect in "his. With equal ſincerity we have ſince given "one another continual aſſurances of it: To ſee "one another, to love one another, to tell each "other ſo, were our moſt ſenſible pleaſures. Ye "Gods! when I recollect our laſt interview, how "were we delighted! The vivacity of our ſen- "timents weakened our voice; our looks alone told "us what paſſed in our ſouls. How tender they "were! How happy were we! Could I foreſee,

"alas!

" alas! the frightful change that was preparing in " our deſtiny?"

What a narrative for the Count! " Unhappy " curioſity, thou ſerveſt to redouble my misfortunes. " What love!—What candour!—What charms!— " Now I know better the loſs I ſuſtain. Heaven! " can I reſolve on it? I muſt. Reaſon, honour, " every thing obliges me to it; but—what is it go- " ing to coſt me!—It is no matter.—Farewel, beau- " tiful Melania; I am going, if it be poſſible, to de- " termine my heart to this great ſacrifice."

On ſaying theſe words, the Count went away and left Melania's mind fluctuating between fear and hope; but he did not leave her long in this unquiet ſituation. He came back next day, and, without communicating his deſign, he invited Eugenia and Meliſa, and the charming Melania to embelliſh, by their preſence an entertainment, that, he ſaid, he was going to give the ſame day in his caſtle. They all went thither, accompanied by Madam d'Arcourt. But how agreeable was Melania's ſurpriſe to find again, in the firſt object ſhe fixed her eyes upon at the Count's, her dear Tervile! She gave a ſhout of joy, and, without conſtraining the emotions of her ſoul, ſhe flew into her lover's arms, whom a like tranſport brought to meet her.

" Dear Tervile, ſaid ſhe, I ſee you again! What " a happineſs!" Her voice faultered. Tervile found an equal difficulty of utterance. Broken words formed the converſation of theſe tender lovers Meliſa and Eugenia looked at them, and in the exceſs of ſurpriſe they did not think of parting them, nor of interrupting their tranſports.

Then Melania tore herſelf out of Tervile's arms, to fly into thoſe of her mother and aunt. She did not think herſelf blameable for having in their ſight, laviſhed on her lover the proofs of her tenderneſs, nor was ſhe afraid of their reproaches.

There

" There is the dear Tervile, ſaid ſhe, the remem-
" brance of whom made me rebel againſt your de-
" ſires. Was I in the wrong? Don't you already
" love him as much as I do?" Meliſa and Eugenia had no longer liberty to ſpeak, amazement deprived them of ſpeech. Melania did not mind it, ſhe had ſatisfied her love; ſhe thought ſhe owed ſomething to the Count's generoſity.

" You reſtore Tervile to me, ſaid ſhe. Ah! Sir,
" how much am I indebted to you!"

The Count, who had a mind to hinder his heart from the opportunity of a new weakneſs, anſwered Melania nothing, but by taking one of her hands, which he put into Tervile's, and in that condition he preſented them both to Meliſa.

" I have triumphed over my love, ſaid he, I have
" ſacrificed my happineſs to that of your amiable
" daughter; do not make my ſtruggles fruitleſs, con-
" ſent to the union of theſe two lovers; they are
" worthy of one another. Under the name of Ter-
" vile acknowledge the ſon of the Marquis de Clerval,
" my brother."

Meliſa heard this news with joy; but her daughter could not hide her ſurpriſe, and aſked Clerval for what reaſon he had told her a falſe name. " Take
" courage, Miſs, replied the Count, I am going to
" tell you for him, and juſtify him. His ſadneſs and
" a reluctance for an advantageous marriage, which
" I propoſed to him, made me ſuſpect that ſome ſe-
" cret paſſion formed this oppoſition in his heart. I
" cauſed him to be watched, and was told he went
" every day to Madam d'Arcourt's garden-door; I
" ſurpriſed him there myſelf, and obliged him to un-
" boſom himſelf to me. He confeſſed that he adored
" you, and that he diſguiſed his name to hinder me
" from knowing his paſſion." " Yes then, ſaid Clerval
" to Melania, yes, it was for fear of loſing you, or
" ſeeing myſelf ſeparated from you, if I was known,

" that

" that made me uſe this ſtratagem. What delights
" did I taſte under the happy name of Tervile!——
" Under the name of Friendſhip, you offered me the
" moſt tender love. Pardon me, beautiful Melania,
" if I let you remain ſo long in an error; but, con-
" tented with my fate, and penetrated with reſpect
" for your innocence, I durſt not undeceive you."—
" What do you ſay, Clerval, cried Melania, would
" not the ſentiments I have for you, be thoſe of Friend-
" ſhip?"

Clerval was in a perplexity; he perſuaded himſelf that the love of the Count, ſo often expreſſed to Melania, had undeceived her. Though ſure of her affection, he was afraid that the knowledge he was going to give her, might cauſe ſome change in her conduct. Whilſt he was ſeeking the means of inſtructing her, without ſhocking her innocence, Melania preſſed him to explain himſelf, with a vivacity that diverted all the company. They all looked at one another, and were delighted with the perplexity of Clerval, but ſoon he ſummoned up all the fire of his wit.

" What! always about Friendſhip, dear Melania,
" ſaid he, in an angry tone! Will you only grant
" me ſuch a cold ſentiment? It cannot recompence
" the vivacity of mine. Love alone can repay love."
—" O! what difference then do you make between
" Love and Friendſhip, interrupted Melania? I have
" often heard the word Love repeated. I have often
" heard you mention the word Love. Meliſa, Euge-
" nia and the Count have ſometimes ſpoke of it be-
" fore me, but I thought it contained the charac-
" ters of Friendſhip. Yet, I own to you, I thought it
" had ſomething more lively and more intereſting:
" Eſpecially, Clerval, I never liked to hear it in your
" mouth. Inſtruct me completely, teach me to diſ-
" tinguiſh theſe two ſentiments."

Clerval

Clerval painted Love and Friendſhip juſt as he was capable of feeling them. What wit did he employ in his definitions! What warmth in the portrait of Love! Melania found in them the ſentiment that animated her. The veil of her innocence was rent; but, confuſed at her error, fearing ſhe had been culpable, ſhe looked trembling at Melania and Eugenia, and durſt no longer fix her eyes on her lover. Clerval, in deſpair, thought himſelf the unhappieſt of mortals, when Meliſa and Eugenia, concerned for his uneaſineſs, and the confuſion of Melania, were eager to encourage her, by telling her, that now their conſent juſtified the emotions of her heart. Our two lovers gave full indulgence to their tranſports without fear.

The Count obtained for them the conſent of the Marquis de Clerval, his brother: He ſettled upon them the ſucceſſion to all his eſtates, and himſelf led them to the altar. Never was there a happier marriage. Clerval has for Melania that permanent, lively and tender love, which he felt from the firſt moment he ſaw her; and Melania preſerves that ineffable candour, and that charming innocence which the commerce of the world cannot alter, and which deſervedly render her an object of univerſal admiration.

## *The* STUDENT *turned* COOK.

EDUCATION in Germany, as in Scotland, is ſo very cheap, that not only the middling ſort, but even the very loweſt claſs of people, if they pleaſe, may enjoy it.

A ſtudent of the univerſity of Gena, the ſon of a poor huſbandman that lived near Leipſic, willing to ſee his friends, and receive the benediction of his indulgent parents, (notwithſtanding his poverty, he not being inveſted with one ſingle farthing) could not be reſtrained from his filial duty, though there were ſeveral days journey to travel, and no money to defray the expences, which to ſome would be looked upon as inſurmountable difficulties, yet to our learned traveller appeared as nothing. Thus armed with philoſophy, on the next vacation, he ſet out for the place of his nativity. As he proceeded on the way very ſtudious and thoughtful, ſummoning logic, natural reaſon, and every atom of the philoſophy he had attained at college to his aſſiſtanee, during a mighty conflict in his breaſt, as he penſively went, he picked a ſtone, which for the oddneſs of its ſhape and beautiful colour, he looked upon as a curioſity, and put it in his pocket. He had not been long maſter of this fabulous concretion, when an happy thought crept on his imagination, which diſpelled the ſettled melancholy his extreme poverty had occaſioned; and ſoon after had an opportunity of diſplaying it in ſuch a manner, that one might with juſtice pronounce him poſſeſſed of that valuable arcanum called the philoſopher's ſtone.

About

About the middle of the day our traveller came by the caſtle of a noble German count, who it ſeems was gone on a party of hunting with ſome other German nobility; a lucky incident for our adventurer, who entered the noble manſion, and the kitchen being the firſt place he ſaw, he went in, and with downcaſt eyes and humble voice, addreſſed the brawny cook, begging that ſhe would lend him a pot, which being procured by the ſcullion, he took out his ſtone, which he had carefully wrapt up in his handkerchief, and put it into the pot, and begged, in the humbleſt manner, for leave to put it on the fire, which was immediately granted. By this time a female curioſity was excited in the fat cook to know what intention or what end the boiling that ſtone would anſwer: the ſtranger being interrogated on this head, frankly confeſſed his extreme need, and withal, that he ſhould periſh for want, if it were not for the ſuccour of this little ſtone; he then begs a little ſalt, then ſome pepper; he now eyes the dreſſer, deſires a few raſpins, then greens, and ſo, by degrees, every article that occurred to his ſight that might make an excellent ſoup. During our ſtudent's cookery the broad faced cook was entirely taken with the utility of the ſtone, and actually wondered at the phænomenon. She had not only neglected to obſerve that the ſeveral ingredients ſhe had furniſhed him with would make a good ſoup, but had alſo forgot to dreſs her counteſs's dinner: the bell rings, nothing ready, what's to be done? why, to tell the truth about the ſtranger and his ſtone; which ſhe did ſo plauſibly, that the lady not only deſired to taſte the ſoup, but alſo to ſee the man. Whether my lady was hungry, or the ſoup excellent, or that both together might be the matter, it is ſufficient to acquaint the reader, that the lady was enamoured with the ſtone, and was

determined, coſt what it would, to have it; the bargain was a long time making, during which the ſtudent dined heartily, drank freely, and ſhewed in his diſcourſe a great deal of good ſenſe, which inhanced the price of his ſtone, which with ſeeming reluctance, he parted with, for the trivial ſum of twenty-five ducats.

Let us ſuffer our adventurer to depart, and ſee what happened after. The count comes home with ſeveral other German Lords, almoſt famiſhed; my lady, overjoyed at an opportunity to ſhew what an œconomiſt ſhe was, haſtes to her cabinet for her ſtone, goes to the kitchen, and boils the pebble until the hungry lords were out of all patience; the count follows his wife to know what ſhe was about, when, to her great confuſion, and the riſibility of the whole company, the count, having diſcovered the cheat, threw the intended ſoup and valuable ſtone out of doors, to the great mortification of his famiſhed companions, and to the inexpreſſible diſappointment of the counteſs.

## *The* CONJURER.

A POOR old villager, who went in the country by the appellation of Robin; who had always earned his bread by the ſweat of his brow, and to whom a morſel of fat bacon was princely regale, had heard ſo much ſaid in commendation of delicious fare, as partridges, pheaſants, ortolans, and ſuch like; and thoſe nectarious liquors, Burgundy and Champaign, that he longed ſo ardently for ſuch a regale, as to think he could be very well contented

contented to die, provided he might firſt be permitted to ſatisfy his longing.

Neceſſity is the mother of invention, as the proverb goes; the truth of which is verified by daily experience. Robin, whoſe ability was far from ſufficient to procure thoſe dainties, hit upon a ſcheme which he imagined would infallibly ſecure him of ſucceſs.

He reſolved to travel to a diſtant part of the country, where he was not known, and take upon him the title of a conjurer; a profeſſion which has ever commanded great reſpect, both in town and country: and that in caſe any perſon, whoſe wit proved lighter than his purſe, ſhould be fool enough to confide in his art, he would ſtipulate for three dainty repaſts, before his oracle ſhould deign to break ſilence.

Before he ſet out on this expedition (what will perhaps ſeem very ſurpriſing to ſuch of our readers, who are uninſpired by the muſes) he weighed in a juſt and equal balance, the dainties he promiſed himſelf to enjoy, againſt the kicks and cuffs he muſt inevitably receive, when found out to be an impoſtor; when lo! the kicks and cuffs kicked the beam. And now having equipped himſelf with a large hairy cap, made of the ſkin of a badger, a pair of whiſkers, in which a Spaniard might have taken pride, and a Common Prayer-book in old print, by way of a conjuring-book, he bid adieu to his village, and directed his ſteps to more populous cities; publiſhing wherever he came, his great and profound ſcience in the art of divination.

He arrived at length at the hoſpitable gates of Sir Tony Simpleton, baronet; with whom moſt of our readers we preſume are acquainted; for no family in Britain can boaſt of a more extenſive progeny: their origin is eaſily traced beyond the de-

luge; and their illuſtrious anceſtors have often wielded the royal ſceptre. Now ſo it happened, that a day or two before the arrival of honeſt Robin, three of Sir Tony's ſervants, who had long ſince formed a combination againſt a certain diamond ring of great value, which lady Simpleton uſually wore on her finger; having found it ſtraying upon her toilette, ſeized it as a lawful prize, with an intent to diſpoſe of it the firſt opportunity, and ſhare the ſpoil among themſelves. My lady, extremely afflicted for the loſs of her brilliant, hearing of the great fame of our conjurer, which had by this time ſpread all over the country, reſolved to apply to him, in order to gain intelligence of her ring.

My lady was ſtruck with moſt reverential awe, at the venerable appearance of our conjurer, who acted his part to the life. "Madam, ſaid he, it is "needleſs for you to enter into any detail of your "loſs: I know, by virtue of the occult ſcience I "profeſs, that you have loſt your diamond ring; "and am much better acquainted with every cir-"cumſtance than your ladyſhip." "Good God!" cried my lady, amazed that the conjurer ſhould be acquainted with what every body in the town knew as well as himſelf, "what a wonderful man! what "a fine thing it is to be a conjurer!"

She now began to enquire very earneſtly whether ſhe might entertain any hopes of recovering her ring? Robin, with the greateſt gravity, aſſured her, that within the ſpace of three days, which he required to conſult the planets, he would engage to produce the ring, though it lay at the bottom of mount Ætna. "But, added he, the ſearch will "be attended with ſome expence." Lady Simpleton told him, ſhe ſhould not heſitate at paying him any reaſonable gratuity, as ſhe had a great value for the ring. "Madam, replied Robin, we con-"jurers are above any mercenary views; all I de-

mand

" mand is, that during the three days I conſult the " motion of the planets, you will give orders for " my being entertained in a manner ſuitable to the " dignity of a wizard of my importance: for we " conjurers, you muſt know, differ widely from " the ſtudious in other arts and ſciences, who im- " prove moſt upon a ſlender diet; we, on the con- " trary, always ſtudy beſt on a full ſtomach; and " the richer our fare, the greater progreſs we make " in our diſcoveries." Lady Simpleton told him, his demands were too modeſt not to be complied with; and immediately ordered him to be conducted to one of the beſt apartments in the houſe, laying ſtrict injunctions upon the cook, to obey his commands to a tittle.

The cook, having put on his cleaneſt cap and apron, waited upon the conjurer; and, with much ſcraping and cringing, deſired to know what his honour would pleaſe to order for ſupper. Robin finding the lady had left him Charte Blanch, made a catalogue of the choiceſt viands he could think of; and, to make uſe of an expreſſion a la mode, deſired to have them all by rotation. The cook toſt him up a fricaſee of chickens in a trice; which, with a brace of partridges and a cuſtard, compoſed a pretty ſort of a repaſt. The eyes of our conjurer ſparkled with joy, at the ſight of ſo delicious a banquet. He tucked his napkin under his chin, and being a man of buſineſs, ſcorned to leave a bone unpicked. Having ſupped to his heart's content, and cloſed his entertainment with a chearful bottle of claret, he repaired to his downy bed, in the pleaſing thought of his three repaſts, which were yet to come: and Morpheus, the inſeparable companion of content, who, like a falſe friend, attends upon our ſmiling hours, but abandons us in the time of diſtreſs, ſoon ſhed his peaceful poppies o'er his head.

The next morning, as ſoon as it was well light, Robin got to carouſing again: and remained up to the chin in graiſe till bed-time; when the fumes of the generous liquor he had quaffed all day, mounting into his pericranium, ſo intoxicated him, that he was as drunk as David's ſow.

He made ſhift, however, though not without much difficulty, to reel to his bed: and had juſt got between the ſheets, when one of the ſervants, who had been concerned in ſtealing the ring, came into the room, under pretence of clearing the table, but in reality, to obſerve what the conjurer was doing; for he and his aſſociates were in great apprehenſions, left their theft ſhould be diſcovered.—— Robin, hearing ſomebody in the room drew back the curtain, and ſeeing what the ſervant was about, "Well, ſaid he with a hiccough, thank God, there "is one of them however" (meaning one of his three repaſts.)—— A guilty conſcience needs no accuſer. The footman, imagining that the conjurer had diſcovered the author of his theft, by the power of his art, and that his diſcourſe was addreſſed to him, ran down to his campanions in a pannic, and related what he had heard. Fear made him exaggerate every circumſtance—he aſſured them the conjurer was well informed of the whole affair, and that they had nothing now to do, but to conſult their own ſafety, by a precipitate retreat.

The other two were greatly alarmed at this recital and were at a loſs for ſome time, what to reſolve upon; till one of them propoſed going into the conjurer's room the next night, that they might be thoroughly ſatisfied their apprehenſions were well founded; ſince fear might have operated ſo ſtrongly upon his companion, as to occaſion his miſinterpreting the conjurer's meaning. Having obtained their aſſent to this propoſal, he went the next night

night into Robin's apartment; who having gorged himſelf like any alderman at a lord mayor's feaſt, had juſt riſen from table. The footman immediately began to take away; caſting an eye every now and then upon the conjurer, whoſe eyes he he as often found fixed upon him. "Well, ſaid "Robin, thank God, there are two of them, how-"ever." The poor fellow was quite thunder-ſtruck at the ſound: the diſh dropped from his hand; his knees knocked together with the fright; and could hardly ſupport him to carry a confirmation of the dreadful news to his companions.

The teſtimony of the firſt being now corroborated by that of the ſecond, no doubt could poſſibly remain, unleſs to the third; who indeed was the moſt incredulous of the three. He told them he did not think it at all improbable, but that the relation of the firſt might have a ſtronger impreſſion upon the ſecond, as to make him imagine he heard the ſame words ſpoken, though at the ſame time perhaps the conjurer had never broke ſilence, and what the more ſtrongly confirmed him in this opinion was, that he had told my lady that he ſhould not be able to give her any tidings of her ring, until the expiration of the three days. After many debates, and learned arguments, pro and con, it was at length agreed, that the third ſhould go into the conjurer's chamber the ſucceeding night, and in caſe he ſhould be convinced that their fears were but too juſtly founded, a council ſhould be immediately held, how to act in the caſe.

The next day paſſed on like the two preceding ones, with this difference only, that Robin reſolved to make the moſt of his laſt meal, and laid about him with redoubled vigour, that he might be the better able to ſuſtain the baſtinado, which he foreſaw, without the aſſiſtance of art magic, would be the reward of his fraud.

When

When bed-time approached, the third footman made his appearance; and, with many bows and ſcrapes, was repairing to diſſerve the table, when Robin broke out in his wanted ejaculation —— "Well, thank God, ſaid he, I have now got them "all three, I am now content: and have nothing "more to deſire. Friend continued he, addreſſ-"ing himſelf to the footman, tell your miſtreſs I "ſhall do myſelf the honour of waiting on her in "the morning." The lacquey replied not, but went, with an heavy heart, to inform his companions of what he had heard, who made no doubt that the conjurer intended to inform the lady of the theft. They ſpent the remaining part of the night it deliberating upon what was beſt to be done; and reſolved at length, to throw themſelves upon the conjurer's mercy, who they thought, ſeemed to be a good-natured man, notwithſtanding his formidable cap and whiſkers.

The next morning, as ſoon as Robin aroſe, they threw themſelves at his feet, depoſited the ring in his hands, and confeſſed their guilt; ſupplicating him, in the moſt moving terms, to have pity on them, and conceal the affair from their lady, as a halter would be the undoubted conſequence of ſuch a diſcovery. This was no diſagreeable adventure for Robin, who, before this lucky accident, would willingly have compounded for two hundred laſhes: the dreadful ideas of wips and tortures, which had occupied his mind ever ſince he awoke, began to give place to more agreeable expectation of honours and rewards. Having moulded his face into as ſerious a form as poſſible, he told them, they had acted very prudently in making a voluntary confeſſion of their crime, although he had before diſcovered it by the all-powerful influence of the planets, and promiſed them, in conſideration

of

of their ingenuous behaviour, to keep their tranſgreſſion a ſecret from their miſtreſs.

Having given the ſervants their hint, Robin went privately into the yard where the poultry was kept, and compelled one of the turkey-cocks to ſwallow the ring. He then waited on lady Simpleton, and, with the greateſt confidence, told her, "Madam, we have at length, with much toil and "ſtudy, gained the wiſh'd-for intelligence: your "ring is ſafe." —— "Oh! bleſs me, cried lady "Simpleton, I am very glad of it! But where is "it? Sir Tony would have been much vex'd had "I loſt it." —— "You dropped your ring, Madam, "continued Robin, in the yard in pulling off your "glove; and it was preſently afterwards picked up "by one of the turkies: let them all paſs in review "before me, and I will engage to arreſt the felon." Lady Simpleton gave immediate orders for the turkies to make their appearance; and Robin, ſeizing on the turkey, which was a very remarkable one, ordered him to be killed and opened in his preſence; and my lady had the pleaſing ſatisfaction of taking her ring from his belly. She now looked upon our conjurer as a very extraordinary perſonage; and inſiſted on his tarrying till next day, when her huſband was expected from London.—Robin, who had no objection to a renewal of his carouſing chear, accepted the invitation; had the honour both of dining and ſupping with her ladyſhip; and enjoyed a fourth day's regale, different from his expectations.

The next day Sir Tony arrived: my lady flew to him in raptures, to inform him of what a wonder of a man he had beneath his roof. She launched out into the higheſt encomiums on his ſuperior ſkill and penetration; and aſſured him, that without his aſſiſtance, the ring, on which he ſet ſo great a value, would inevitably have been loſt. Sir Tony, altho'

he

he was no Solomon, could not rightly digeſt this ſtory.

He ſwore that the conjurer was a cheat and an impoſtor, who lived by the credulity of mankind; and threatened to have him inſtantly kicked ont of doors. My lady, however, found means to ſooth his rage; and prevailed upon him to put the conjurer's ſkill to the teſt, before he carried his menaces into execution.

At the inſtant a tame robin, that uſed to frequent the houſe for the ſake of a few crums of bread, which he would pick familiarly from the hand, flew from the garden into the hall, and perched upon Sir Tony's ſhoulder; who immediately ſeized the little warbler, and, confining him in a ſilken handkerchief, ordered Robin to be called, who very chearfully made his appearance, in expectation of the promiſed reward. —— "Harkee, friend, ſays "Sir Tony, I am informed you profeſs great ſkill "in necromancy. But as I have ever been an infi- "del in the point of magic, I inſiſt upon it, that "you convince me by the experiment. Tell me "what is incloſed in this handkerchief: I will then "renounce my credulity, and you ſhall meet with "a reward, worthy ſo great a cabaliſt: but if on "the contrary, you are incapable of giving me "the ſatisfaction I demand, be aſſured your in- "ſolence ſhall not eſcape with impunity."

Poor Robin, conſcious of his incapacity to ſolve the problem Sir Tony had propoſed, curſed his ill ſtars that made him wait his arrival; and giving himſelf over for loſt:—"Alas, poor Robin! ex- "claimed he, you are then caught at laſt!" Sir Tony, aſtoniſhed at the wonderful penetration and ſagacity of our conjurer, immediately releaſed the robin from his confinement, and joined heartily with my lady in his commendation.

Robin,

Robin, you may depend upon it, was not diſagreeably ſurpriſed, when he perceived by the ſight of his name-ſake, what a fortunate turn his affairs had taken. Sir Tony regaled him a month longer, loading him with preſents; and aſſuring him at parting, that he ſhould always meet with a kind welcome at Simpleton-hall; and Robin, whoſe rapture was now in its zenith, diſdaining any longer to turn the ſod, took a grand houſe not far diſtant from his patron's, where he ſtill continues to flouriſh, a conjurer of renown.

## *The* HISTORY *of Mrs.* WILSON.

AN eminent merchant in the city, whoſe real name I ſhall conceal under that of Wilſon, was married to a lady of conſiderable fortune, and more merit. They lived happily together for ſome years, with nothing to diſturb them but the want of children. The huſband, who ſaw himſelf richer every day, grew impatient for an heir; and as time rather leſſened than increaſed his hopes of one, he became by degrees indifferent, and at laſt, averſe to his wife. This change in his affections, was the heavieſt affliction to her; yet ſo gentle was her diſpoſition, that ſhe reproached him only with her tears; and ſeldom with thoſe, but when upbraidings and ill-uſage made her unable to reſtrain them.

It is a maxim with ſome married philoſophers, that the tears of a wife are apt to waſh away pity from the heart of a huſband. Mr. Wilſon will pardon me if I rank him, at that time, among thoſe philoſophers. He had lately hired a lodging in the country,

country, at a ſmall diſtance from town, whither he uſually retired in the evening, to avoid (as he called it) the perſecutions of his wife.

In this cruel ſeparation, and without complaint, ſhe paſſed away a twelve-month; ſeldom ſeeing him but when buſineſs required his attendance at home, and never ſleeping with him. At the end of which time, however, his behaviour, in appearance, grew kinder; he ſaw her oftener, and began to ſpeak to her with tenderneſs and compaſſion.

One morning, after he had taken an obliging leave of her, to paſs the day at his country lodgings, ſhe paid a viſit to a friend at the other end of the town; and ſtopping in her way in a bye ſtreet near St. James's, ſhe ſaw Mr. Wilſon croſſing the way, and afterwards knocking at the door of a genteel houſe over-againſt her, which was opened by a ſervant in livery, and immediately ſhut, without a word being ſpoken. As the manner of his entrance, and her not knowing he had any acquaintance in that ſtreet, a little alarmed her, ſhe enquired of the ſhopwoman if ſhe knew the gentleman who lived in the oppoſite houſe. "You "have juſt ſeen him go in, madam, replied the "woman. His name is Roberts, and a mighty "good gentleman, they ſay, he is. His lady"—At thoſe words Mrs. Wilſon changed colour: and interrupting her—"His lady, madam, I thought "that—Will you give me a glaſs of water? This "walk has ſo tired me—Pray give me a glaſs of "water—I am quite faint with fatigue."

The good woman of the ſhop ran herſelf for the water, and by the additional help of ſome hartſhorn that was at hand, Mrs. Wilſon became in appearance, tolerably compoſed. She then looked over the threads ſhe wanted, and having deſired a coach might be ſent for, "I believe, ſaid ſhe, "you were quite frightened to ſee me ſo pale; but

" but I had walked a great way, and ſhould cer-
" tainly have fainted if I had not ſtepped into your
" ſhop.—But you were talking of the gentleman
" over the way—I fancied I knew him; but his
" name is Roberts, you ſay. Is he a married man,
" pray?"———" The happieſt in the world re-
" turned the thread-woman; he is wonderfully fond
" of children, and to his great joy, his lady is now
" lying-in of her firſt child, which is to be chriſten-
" ed this evening; and as fine a boy, they ſay it is,
" as ever was ſeen." At this moment, and as good fortune would have it, for the ſaving a ſecond doſe of hartſhorn, the coach that was ſent for came to the door; into which Mrs. Wilſon immediately ſtept, after heſitating an apology for the trouble ſhe had given; and in which coach we ſhall leave her to return home, in an agony of grief, which herſelf has told me ſhe was never able to deſcribe.

The readers of this little hiſtory have been informed that Mr. Wilſon had a country lodging, to which he was ſuppoſed to retire every evening ſince his diſagreement with his wife; but in fact, it was to his houſe near St. James's that he conſtantly went. He had indeed hired the lodgings above-mentioned, but from another motive than merely to ſhun his wife. The occaſion was this: As he was ſauntering one day through the Bird-cage walk in the Park, he ſaw a young woman ſitting alone upon one of the benches, who, tho' plainly, was neatly dreſſed, and whoſe air and manner diſtinguiſhed her from the lower claſs of women. He drew nearer to her without being perceived, and ſaw in her countenance, which innocence and beauty adorned, the moſt compoſed melancholy that can be imagined. He ſtood looking at her for ſome time; which ſhe at laſt perceiving, ſtarted from her ſeat in great confuſion, and endeavoured to avoid him. The fear of loſing

her gave him courage to ſpeak to her. He begged pardon for diſturbing her, and excuſed his curioſity by her extreme beauty, and the melancholy that was mixed with it.

It is obſerved by a very wiſe author, whoſe name and book I forgot, that a woman's heart is never ſo brim-full of affliction, but a little flattery will inſinuate itſelf into a corner of it; and as Wilſon was a handſome fellow, with an eaſy addreſs, the lady was ſoon perſuaded to replace herſelf upon the bench, and to admit him at her ſide. Wilſon, who was really heart-ſtruck, made her a thouſand proteſtations of eſteem and friendſhip; conjuring her to tell him if his fortune or ſervices could contribute to her happineſs, and vowing never to leave her till ſhe made him acquainted with the cauſe of her concern.

Here a ſhort pauſe enſued; and after a deep ſigh and a ſtream of tears, the lady began thus:—

"If, ſir, you are the gentleman your appearance "ſpeaks you to be, I ſhall thank heaven that I "have found you. I am the unfortunate widow "of an officer who was killed at Dettingen. As "he was only a lieutenant, and his commiſſion all "his fortune, I married him againſt a mother's "conſent, for which ſhe has diſclaimed me. How "I loved him, or he me, as he is gone for ever "from me, I ſhall forbear to mention, though I "am unable to forget. At my return to England "(for I was the conſtant follower of his misfor-"tunes) I obtained, with ſome difficulty, the al-"lowance of a ſubaltern's widow, and took lodg-"ings at Chelſea.

"In this retirement I wrote to my mother, ac-"quainting her with my loſs and poverty, and de-"ſiring her forgiveneſs for my diſobedience; but "the cruel anſwer I received from her determined "me, at all events, not to trouble her again.

"I

" I lived upon this ſlender allowance with all " imaginable thrift, till an old officer, a friend of my " huſband, diſcovered me at church and made me " a viſit. To this gentleman's bounty I have long " been indebted for an annuity of twenty pounds, " in quarterly payments, which were always made " me the morning they became due, and yeſterday " being quarter-day, I wondered that I neither " ſaw nor heard from him. Early this morning I " walked from Chelſea to enquire for him at his " lodgings in Pall-mall; but how ſhall I tell you, " ſir, the news I learnt there! —— This friend! " this generous and diſintereſted friend! was killed " yeſterday in a duel in Hyde-park." She ſtopt here to give vent to a torrent of tears, and then proceeded. " I was ſo ſtunned at this intelligence, " that I knew not whither to go. Chance more " than choice brought me to this place; where if " I have found a benefactor —— and indeed, ſir, " I have need of one — I ſhall call it the happieſt " accident of my life."

The widow ended her ſtory, which was literally true, in ſo engaging and intereſting a manner, that Wilſon was gone an age in love in a few minutes. He thanked her for the confidence ſhe had placed in him, and ſwore never to deſert her. He then requeſted the honour of attending her home, to which ſhe readily conſented, walking with him to Buckingham-gate, where a coach was called, which conveyed them to Chelſea.

Wilſon dined with her that day, and took lodgings in the ſame houſe, calling himſelf Roberts, and a ſingle man. Theſe were the lodgings I have mentioned before; where, by unbounded generoſity, and conſtant aſſiduities, he triumphed in a few weeks over the honour of the fair widow.

I ſhall ſtop a moment here, to caution thoſe virtuous widows, who are my readers, againſt too

haſty a diſbelief of this event. If they pleaſe to conſider the ſituation of this lady, with poverty to alarm, gratitude to incite, and a handſome fellow to inflame, they will allow, that in a world near ſix thouſand years old, one ſuch inſtance of frailty, even in a young and beautiful widow, may poſſibly have happened. But to proceed with my ſtory.

The effects of this intimacy were ſoon viſible in the lady's ſhape; a circumſtance that greatly added to the happineſs of Wilſon. He determined to remove her to town; and accordingly took the houſe near St. James's, into which Mrs. Wilſon had ſeen him enter, and where his miſtreſs, who paſſed in the neighbourhood for his wife, at that time lay in.

I return now to Mrs. Wilſon, whom we left in a hackney-coach, going to her own houſe, in all the miſery of deſpair and jealouſy. It was happy for her that her conſtitution was good, and her reſolution equal to it; for ſhe had often ſaid, that ſhe paſſed the night of that day in a condition little better than madneſs.

In the morning her huſband returned; and as his heart was happy, and without ſuſpicions of a diſcovery, he was more than uſually complaiſant to her. She received his civilities with her accuſtomed chearfulneſs; and finding that buſineſs would detain him in the city for ſome hours, ſhe determined, whatever diſtreſs it might occaſion her, to pay an immediate viſit to his miſtreſs, and to wait there till ſhe ſaw him. For this purpoſe ſhe ordered a coach to be called, and in the handſomeſt undreſs, and with the moſt compoſed countenance, ſhe drove directly to the houſe. She enquired at the door if Mr. Roberts was within; and being anſwered no, but that he dined at home, ſhe aſked after his lady, and if ſhe was well enough to ſee company; adding, that as ſhe came a great way,

and

and had buſineſs with Mr. Roberts, ſhe ſhould be glad to wait for him in his lady's apartment. The ſervant ran immediately up ſtairs, and as quickly returned with a meſſage, that ſhe would be glad to ſee her.

Mrs. Wilſon confeſſes at this moment, notwithſtanding the reſolution ſhe had taken, her ſpirits totally forſook her, and that ſhe followed the ſervant with her knees knocking together, and a face paler than death. She entered the room where the lady was ſitting, without remembering upon what errand ſhe came; but the ſight of ſo much beauty, and the elegance that adorned it, brought every thing to her thoughts, and left her with no other power than to fling herſelf into a chair, from which ſhe immediately fell to the ground in a fainting fit.

The whole houſe was alarmed upon this occaſion, and every one buſied in aſſiſting the ſtranger; but moſt of all the miſtreſs, who was indeed of a humane diſpoſition, and who, perhaps, had other other thoughts to diſturb her, than the mere feelings of humanity. In a few minutes however, and with the proper applications, Mrs. Wilſon began to recover. She looked round her with amazement at firſt, not recollecting where ſhe was; but ſeeing herſelf ſupported by her rival, to whoſe care ſhe was ſo much obliged, and who, in the tendereſt diſtreſs, was enquiring how ſhe did, ſhe felt herſelf relapſing into a ſecond fit. It was now that ſhe exerted all the courage that ſhe was miſtreſs of, which, together with a flood of tears that came to her relief, enabled her (when the ſervants were withdrawn) to begin as follows: "I am indeed, "madam, an unfortunate woman, and ſubject to "theſe fits; but will never again be the occaſion "of trouble in this houſe. You are a lovely wo-"man, and deſerve to be happy in the beſt of

" huſbands. I have a huſband too; but his af-
" fections are gone from me. He is not unknown
" to Mr. Roberts, though unfortunately I am.
" It was for his advice and aſſiſtance that I made
" this viſit; and not finding him at home, I beg-
" ged admittance to his lady, whom I longed to
" ſee and to converſe with."——" Me, madam!
" (anſwered Mrs. Roberts, with ſome emotion)
" had you heard any thing of me?"—— " That
" you were ſuch as I have found you, madam,
" replied the ſtranger, and had made Mr. Roberts
" happy in a fine boy. May I ſee him, madam?
" I ſhall love him for his father's ſake."——" His
" father, madam! returned the miſtreſs of the
" houſe, his father did you ſay! I am miſtaken
" then; I thought you had been a ſtranger to
" him."——" To his perſon I own, ſaid Mrs.
" Wilſon, but not not to his character; and
" therefore I ſhall be fond of the little creature.
" If it is not too much trouble, madam, I beg
" to be obliged."

The importunity of this requeſt, the fainting at firſt, and the ſettled concern of this unknown viſitor, gave Mrs. Roberts the moſt alarming fears.—She had, however, the preſence of mind to go herſelf for the child, and to watch without witneſſes the behaviour of the ſtranger. Mrs. Wilſon, took it in her arms, and burſting into tears, ſaid, " 'Tis a ſweet boy, madam; would I had
" ſuch a boy! Had he been mine, I had been
" happy!" With theſe words, and in an agony of grief and tenderneſs, which ſhe endeavoured to reſtrain, ſhe kiſſed the child, and returned it to its mother.

It was happy for that lady that ſhe had an excuſe to leave the room. She had ſeen and heard what made her ſhudder for herſelf; and it was not till ſome minutes after having delivered the infant

to

its nurſe, that ſhe had reſolution enough to return. They both ſeated themſelves again, and a melancholy ſilence followed for ſome time. At laſt Mrs. Roberts began thus: "You are unhappy, madam, "that you have no child; I pray heaven that "mine may not be a grief to me. But I conjure "you, by the goodneſs that appears in you to ac-"quaint me with your ſtory. Perhaps it concerns "me; I have a prophetic heart, that tells me it "does. But whatever I may ſuffer, or whether I "live or die, I will be juſt to you."

Mrs. Wilſon was ſo affected with this generoſity, that ſhe poſſibly had diſcovered herſelf, if a loud knocking at the door, and immediately after it the entrance of her huſband into the room, had not prevented her.

He was moving towards his miſtreſs with the utmoſt chearfulneſs, when the ſight of her viſitor fixed him to a ſpot, and ſtruck him with an aſtoniſhment not to be deſcribed. The eyes of both ladies were at once revitted to his, which ſo increaſed his confuſion, that Mrs. Wilſon, in pity to what he felt, and to relieve her companion, ſpoke to him as follows: "I do not wonder, ſir, that you are "ſurpriſed at ſeeing a perfect ſtranger in your "houſe; but my buſineſs is with the maſter of "it; and if you will oblige me with a hearing in "another room, it will add to the civilities with "which your lady has entertained me."

Wilſon, who expected another kind of greeting from his wife, was ſo revived with her prudence, that his powers of motion ſoon began to return; and quitting the room, he conducted her to a parlour below ſtairs. They were no ſooner entered into this parlour, than the huſband threw himſelf into a chair, fixing his eyes upon the ground, while his wife addreſſed him in the following terms:

"How

" How I have diſcovered your ſecret, or how " the diſcovery has tormented me, I need not " tell you. It is enough for you to know, that I " am miſerable for ever. My buſineſs with you is " ſhort; I have only a queſtion to aſk, and to " take a final leave of you in this world. Tell " me truly then, as you ſhall anſwer it hereafter, if " you have ſeduced this lady under falſe appear- " ances, or have fallen into guilt by the tempta- " tions of a wanton?"——" I ſhall anſwer you " preſently, ſaid Wilſon; but firſt I have a queſ- " tion for you: am I diſcovered to her? and does " ſhe know that it is my wife that I am now " ſpeaking to?" " No, upon my honour, ſhe re- " plied; her looks were ſo amiable, and her beha- " viour to me ſo gentle, that I had no heart to " diſtreſs her. If ſhe had gueſſed at what I am, " it was only from the concern which ſhe ſaw in " me, which I could not hide from her." " You " have acted nobly then, returned Wilſon, and " have opened my eyes at laſt to ſee and admire " you. And now, if you have patience to hear " me, you ſhall know all."

He then told her of his firſt meeting with this lady, and of every circumſtance that had happened ſince; concluding with his determinations to leave her, and with a thouſand promiſes of fidelity to his wife, if ſhe generouſly conſented, after what had happened, to receive him as a huſband—— " She muſt conſent (cries Mrs. Roberts, who at " that time opened the door, and burſt into the " room) ſhe muſt conſent. You are her huſband, " and may command it. For me, madam, (conti- " nued ſhe, turning to Mrs. Wilſon, he ſhall never " ſee me more. I have injured you through ig- " norance, but will atone for it to my utmoſt. He " is your huſband, madam, and you muſt receive " him. I have liſtened to what has paſſed, and

" am

" am now here to join my entreaties with his, that " you may be happy for ever."

To relate all that was ſaid upon this occaſion, would be to extend my ſtory to too great a length. Wilſon was all ſubmiſſion and acknowledgment; the wife cried and doubted, and the widow vowed an eternal ſeparation. To be as ſhort as poſſible, the harmony of the married couple was fixed from that day. The widow was handſomely provided for, and her child, at the requeſt of Mrs. Wilſon, taken home to her own houſe; where at the end of a year ſhe was ſo happy, after all her diſtreſſes, as to preſent him with a ſiſter, with whom he is to divide his father's fortune. His mother retired into the country, and two years after, was married to a gentleman of great worth; to whom, on his firſt propoſals to her, ſhe related every circumſtance of her ſtory. The boy pays her a viſit every year, and is now with his ſiſter upon one of thoſe viſits. Mr. Wilſon is perfectly happy in his wife, and has ſent us in his own hand this moral to his ſtory:

" That though prudence and generoſity may " not always be ſufficient to hold the heart of a " huſband, yet a conſtant perſeverance in them " will, one time or other, moſt certainly regain " it."

## *Affecting Story of a* YOUNG LADY.

I Am the daughter of a tradeſman of ſome eminence near the Royal-Exchange of the city of London, and have been brought up with all the care and indulgence that parents could beſtow; and I flatter myſelf, I ſhall not be thought too preſumptuous, if I ſay it has been the ſtudy of my life to deſerve it. Women are but very indifferent judges of their own qualifications, yet a little female vanity muſt be forgiven, when I inform you, that my perſon is not very diſagreeable, that my education has been tolerably genteel, and that I have nothing in my temper exceſſively unfortúnate: however, ſuch as I am, a young gentleman of a midling fortune, has thought it worth his while to pay his addreſſes to me, and to ſolicit my hand, with the moſt paſſionate tenderneſs.

Mr. Blandmore, at the firſt, had my father's permiſſion to make the declaration of his ſentiments, and was looked upon by all my friends as a very proper, nay a very advantageous match, as my father's circumſtances, by ſome unforeſeen accidents in trade, were rather upon the decline; and he was, in a very little time, actually obliged to ſtop payment of ſome bills, which ſoon cauſed a ſtatute to be iſſued againſt him, and he was accordingly declared a bankrupt.

The alteration of circumſtances, however, made no change in the heart of Mr. Blandmore; he now more than ever preſſed for my conſent, and declared himſelf almoſt pleaſed at the misfortune which

which had happened, ſince it gave him an opportunity of proving the ſincerity of his paſſion, and that fortune was not in the leaſt the object of his adoration. I muſt candidly own, how deep an impreſſion his generoſity made on me, and if I felt any ſentiments in his favour before, they were now conſiderably increaſed, by ſo diſintereſted, ſo noble a behaviour: and I found I know not how much ſatisfaction in his winning ſolicitations, and tender importunity; but ridiculous pride oppoſed an indulgence of own inclinations, and my very gratitude to the dear youth, was the only impediment to his happineſs. How I was able to reſiſt him, I know not; but I wiſh my father had at that time uſed as great an authority over me in his favour, as he has ſince, in vain, exerted to make me forget him.——Forget him!—No; deareſt object of my earlieſt love, when this adoring boſom ſhall wear any image but thy own, as the greateſt misfortune, mayeſt thou retain no remembrance of the wretch Maria! O, reader, if you knew the excellence of his ſoul, and could form an idea of the beauty of his perſon! he has a mind exalted as the roof of heaven, and a face——but bleſs me, what am I ſaying? an unaccountable flood of tenderneſs has imperceptibly borne me away: but why ſhould I be aſhamed of diſcovering my eſteem for the very beſt of men? No, I ſhould rather bluſh to entertain a ſentiment I was aſhamed to hear.——But to proceed:

Upon the ſettling of my father's affairs, he was found able to pay his creditors twenty ſhillings in the pound, beſides being poſſeſſed of a ſum of two thouſand pounds, which appeared to be due on the face of the books.

With the little capital of two thouſand pounds, my father again embarked in trade, and Mr. Belmour was kind enough to lend him a couple of thouſands

thouſands more. With this additional ſum, matters went on tolerably well, and our credit was ſoon eſtabliſhed on its former foundation. Providence was pleaſed to bleſs my father's induſtry with the greateſt ſucceſs, and to ſend me an unexpected bounty, in one of the moſt conſiderable prizes in the lottery. My father ſoon acquainted me with my good fortune, which I heard with an additional ſatisfaction, as I now had an opportunity of rewarding the generoſity of Mr. Blandmore, to whom, but that very day, I had conſented to give my hand on the Saturday following: but the moment I hinted to my father my deſire it ſhould be kept a ſecret from Mr. Blandmore, till that time was paſt, in order the more agreeably to ſurprize him, he knit his brows into a kind of ſeverity I had never ſeen him wear before, and told me I had beſt conſider of it a little longer; that marriage was a very important circumſtance: I might poſſibly alter my opinion; that to be ſure every thing was agreed between Mr. Blandmore and him, for whom he entertained the greateſt eſteem, and to whom he had many obligations: but what of that; he had but four thouſand pounds in the world; that he would pay Mr. Blandmore intereſt for the ſum he had lent him; that I was now a conſiderable fortune, and ought to look about me; and that if I would follow his advice, I ſhould deviſe ſome means of breaking off with Mr. Blandmore, before the circumſtance was publickly known, which would carry the appearance of honour, and juſtify me in the opinion of the world; for ſince marriage was a kind of traffick, every one had a right to make the moſt of a bargain; and that I could not be inſenſible how ſeveral young women of my acquaintance had married Knights and Aldermen, and were publicly mentioned in the news-papers, with my lord ———, and his grace ———, as ladies of diſtinction.

Aſtoniſhed

Aſtoniſhed at ſo unexpected, ſo ſtrange a declaration, a torrent of tears was my only reply; and before I could poſſibly recover myſelf, Mr. Blandmore came into the room; who expreſſing the moſt tender uneaſineſs for the ſituation he ſaw me in, begged I would inform him of the cauſe. I perceived my father was prodigiouſly ſtruck: but as he was reſolved to break off the match at any rate, he took but little pains to mince the matter; ſo, telling Mr. Blandmore the real occaſion, he concluded with begging his pardon for being obliged to decline the honour of his alliance, and, in the city phraſe, hoped there was no harm done.

Amazed at ſuch behaviour, Mr. Blandmore remained in a ſtate of the utmoſt ſurprize; and ſcarce believing what he had heard, again demanded the reaſon of it. When he had a little recovered the ſhock, he turned to my father —— "I am, ſir, "ſincerely rejoiced at the good-fortune of my dear "Mira; unhappy ſoever as it may make me, I "I ſhall not preſume to make any obſervations "upon your conduct in this affair, becauſe you are "her father; I would only beg leave to aſk, if you "can reconcile it to yourſelf? As for my dear "girl, if her happineſs be in the leaſt promoted by "breaking off the match with me, I ſhall very rea-"dily ſubmit to the ſeverity of my fortune; ſince "to promote that happineſs, would have been "the buſineſs of my life: as it is, I am above com-"plaining, ſir; I may be wretched, but I hope I "ſhall never be contemptible."

I muſt have been loſt to feeling, as well as dead to love, to bear this unmoved, eſpecially when I ſaw the dear youth endeavoured to hide his tears, by pretending to wipe his face. I immediately threw myſelf at my father's feet, and beſought him, in the moſt affecting manner, to retract his cruel reſolution; to conſider of his engagement

with Mr. Blandmore; to think that the happineſs of an only daughter ſhould be more the object of his attention, than an unneceſſary addition to his fortune; and finding him ſtill inflexible, was hardy enough to tell him if Mr. Blandmore was not to be my huſband, would ſacrifice my life before I would ever think of any body elſe.

Enraged at the concluſion of my addreſs, my father, with a tone of voice the moſt determined, deſired that Mr. Blandmore ſhould get immediately out of the houſe, and ordered me to my room; and all the ſatisfaction I had, was one look the moſt inexpreſſibly tender, that ever ſhot from the rapture-darting eye of love.

This is my preſent ſituation; my father continues deaf to all intreaties, and I am ſo cloſely watched, as not to have the leaſt opportunity of either ſeeing or hearing from the man I love. What to do I know not, unleſs the publication of this letter may have ſome effect upon him, as it will give him a retroſpect of the whole affair, in a manner I dare not preſume to tell him; and more properly ſtate his ſevere cruelty to me, as well as his unjuſt ſeverity to Mr. Blandmore.

## HAPPY *and* UNHAPPY MARRIAGES.

EUGENIO was a young gentleman, from the nature of his education, addicted to gaiety and expence; which he ſupported by the aſſiſtance of good ſenſe and a plentiful fortune, without injuring his reputation or eſtate. Having no family

of

of his own, he made a viſit to a friend, with a deſign of paſſing the ſummer with him in the country. Sophronia happened to be there at the ſame time, by the invitation of the lady of the houſe, with whom ſhe had always been educated. Her perſon was nothing remarkable; but a ſweet diſpoſition, and a good natural underſtanding, made her converſation agreeable. Upon his arrival, Eugenia was too well bred not to ſhew a particular civility to one ſo much reſpected by the family; and Sophronia knew how to return it by a ſuitable behaviour. They had not been long acquainted, before the ſprightlineſs of his converſation, and the amiable innocence of her's, begot a mutual deſire of rendering themſelves agreeable to each other. Eugenio's education had been too ingenuous to harbour a wiſh that was diſhonourable; and Sophronia willingly encouraged a virtuous inclination, that would be ſo much to her advantage. She knew he poſſeſſed no ill-qualities, and thought he would eaſily be weaned from his love of ſhew and expence by a more ſettled way of life. But his deſire to live ſplendid, got the better of his paſſion: He would not throw himſelf away upon one who had but 3000 l. for her portion; ſo determined to return immediately to London, and obliterate his fondneſs, by the diverſions of the town.

Theana came up about the ſame time, to ſpend the winter with her aunt. She was the only daughter of a gentleman of fortune, by whoſe death ſhe had lately come into the poſſeſſion of above 15,000 l. She was determined never to marry a man, who could not ſupport her in the magnificence, that ſuch a fortune might expect; and for that reaſon only had refuſed Euphorbus, a young gentleman bred up to a profeſſion, in which his natural abilities, joined to a ſteady application, promiſed him the greateſt ſucceſs. They had long been acquaint-

ed, and ſo perfectly agreeable to each other, that Euphorbus had juſt reaſon to hope he ſhould prevail over her deſire for grandeur, which was the only failing ſhe poſſeſſed: But that paſſion was predominant; ſhe was afraid it ſhould be ſaid ſhe had acted imprudently, and that ſhe ſhould not be able to withſtand the reflections of the world, for having only one footman behind a chariot and pair, when ſhe might have half a dozen powdered valets attending her coach and ſix.

Upon her coming to London, Eugenio made his addreſſes among the reſt; and as his fortune enabled him to make a ſuitable ſettlement, preliminaries were ſoon agreed on. Before they had been ten times together, the lawyers were bribed not to be dilatory. Several thouſands were expended in plate and jewels. The gay livery and gilded car, proclaimed them the happieſt couple of the ſeaſon. But they ſoon found that happineſs did not conſiſt in ſhew. Little contrarieties of temper, were the cauſe of continual differences; which, in leſs than two years roſe to ſuch a height, that they were in a manner parted. To avoid the uneaſineſs of home, Eugenio publicly indulged himſelf in his amours; and Theana's were only more private. His money was thrown away at hazard; hers devoted to quadrile. He was regardleſs of the education of his ſon, becauſe he was not ſure he was his own; ſhe inſtructed her daughter in nothing but cards and romances.

But it is time to make ſome enquiry after the other two. The next winter after her diſappointment, Sophronia came to London with her female friend. Euphorbus accidentally fell into her company. Frequent meetings created an acquaintance; that acquaintance increaſed gradually into a mutual eſteem; which, as it was founded upon intereſt, but a thorough knowledge of each other, they had good reaſon to believe, would continue. With this

this proſpect they married. The ſmallneſs of their was compenſated by tenderneſs and oeconomy.—The deſire of providing for his children made him double his application to his profeſſion; and ſhe was in the mean time as agreeably entertained in taking care of their education. He was daily adding to their fortune; ſhe to their virtue. In the decline of life, they retired to a country houſe and eſtate, which his profeſſion and her oeconomy had enabled them to buy of Eugenio, whoſe extravagance and ill-management had obliged him to ſell part of his eſtate, as ſoon as a booby ſon was old enough to be bribed to cut off the intail.—There, in the words of Agamemnon,

" They know a paſſion ſtill more deeply charming
" Than favour'd youth e'er felt; and that is love,
" By long experience mellowed into friendſhip."

Thus are Euphorbus and Sopronia, by a marriage founded on good ſenſe poſſeſſed of happineſs, riches and reputation; which Eugenio and Theana have loſt by the contrary means.

## *The* REWARD *of* AVARICE.

MONS. Foſcue, one of the farmers-general of the province of Languedoc in France, who had amaſſed conſiderable wealth by grinding the faces of the poor within his province, and every other means however low, baſe or cruel, by which he rendered himſelf univerſally hated, was one day ordered by the government to raiſe a conſi-

derable ſum: upon which, as an excuſe for not complying with the demand, he pleaded extreme poverty; but fearing leſt ſome of the inhabitants of Languedoc ſhould give information to the contrary, and his houſe ſhould be ſearched, he artfully reſolved on hiding his treaſure in ſuch a manner, as to eſcape the moſt ſtrict examination. For that purpoſe, he dug a kind of cave in his wine-cellar, which he made ſo large and deep, that he uſed to go down it with a ladder; at the entrance was a door with a ſpring lock on it, which on ſhutting, would faſten of itſelf. All at once, Monſ. Foſcue was miſſing; diligent ſearch was made after him in every place; the ponds were drawn, and every method, which human imagination could ſuggeſt, was taken to find him, but all in vain.

In a ſhort time after his houſe was ſold, and the purchaſer either beginning to rebuild, or to make ſome alteration in it, the workmen diſcovered a a door in the cellar, with a key in the lock, which he ordered to be opened, and on going down, they found Monſ. Foſcue lying dead on the ground, with a candleſtick near him, but no candle in it, he having eat it; and on ſearching farther, they found the vaſt wealth that he had amaſſed.

It is ſuppoſed, that when Monſ. Foſcue went into his cave, the door, by ſome accident, ſhut after him, and being out of the call of any perſon, he periſhed for want of food. He had knawed the fleſh off both his arms, as is ſuppoſed for ſubſiſtence. Thus did this miſer die in the midſt of his treaſure, to the ſcandal of himſelf, and the prejudice of the ſtate.

## *The* COMICAL REVENGE.

WHEN the duke of Alva went to Bruſſels, about the beginning of the tumults in the Netherlands, he had ſat down before Aulſt in Flanders, and there was a provoſt-marſhal in his army, who was a favourite of his; and this provoſt had a power to put to death by commiſſion from the duke. There was one captain Bolea in the army, who was an intimate friend of the provoſt's; and late one evening he went to the captain's tent, and brought with him a confeſſor and an executioner, as it was his cuſtom; he told the captain, that he was come to execute his excellency's commiſſion and martial law upon him: the captain ſtarted up ſuddenly, his hair ſtanding an end, and being ſtruck with amazement, aſked him if he had offended the duke. The provoſt anſwered, "Sir, I come not to "expoſtulate the buſineſs with you, but execute my "commiſſion; therefore, I deſire you to prepare "yourſelf, for before you, you ſee your ghoſtly fa-"ther and executioner." He fell upon his knees before the prieſt, and having done, the hangman was going to put the halter about his neck, but the provoſt threw it away, and breaking into laughter, told him, there was no ſuch thing, and that he had done this only to try his courage, how he could bear the terror of death.

The captain, looking ghaſtly upon him, ſaid,—"Then, ſir, get out of my tent, for you have done "me a very ill office." The next morning, captain Bolea, though a young man of about thirty, had his hair all turned grey, to the admiration of all who

who knew him; and of the duke of Alva himſelf, who queſtioned him about it, but he would confeſs nothing.

The next year the duke was revoked, and in his journey to the court of Spain he was to paſs by Saragoſſa, and this captain and the provoſt went with him as his domeſticks. The duke being to repoſe ſome days in Saragoſſa, the young-old captain Bolea told him there was a thing in that town worthy to be ſeen by his excellency, which was a "Caſa "de locos, or Bedlam-houſe," for there was not the like in the world. "Well, ſaid the duke, go "and tell the warden I will be there to-morrow "in the forenoon, and deſire him to be in the "way."

The captain having obtained this, went to the warden, and told him that the duke would come to viſit the houſe the next day; and the chiefeſt occaſion that moved him to it was, that he had an unruly provoſt about him, who was ſubject oftentimes to fits of frenzy; and becauſe he wiſhed him well, he had tried divers means to cure him, but all would not do; therefore he would try whether keeping him cloſe in Bedlam for ſome days would do him any good.

The next day the duke came, with a long train of attendants after him, among whom was the provoſt, very ſhining and brave; being entered into the houſe about the duke's perſon, captain Bolea told the warden (pointing at the provoſt) "that's the "man;" ſo he took him aſide into a dark lobby, where he had placed ſome of his men, who muffled him in a cloak, ſeized upon his gilt ſword, with his hat and feather, and ſo hurried him down into a dungeon.

My provoſt had lain there two nights and a day, when a gentleman happening to come out of curioſity to ſee the houſe, peeped in at a ſmall gate where the

the provoſt was: the provoſt conjured him as a chriſtian, to go and tell the duke, that Alva his provoſt was there confined, nor could he imagine why. The gentleman did the errand; whereat the duke being aſtoniſhed, ſent for the warden, with his priſoner: ſo he brought my provoſt mad-man like, full of ſtraw and feathers, before the duke; who at the ſight of him breaking out into a laughter, aſked the warden, why he had made him his priſoner? "Sir, ſays the warden, it was by virtue of your "excellency's commiſſion brought me by captain "Bolea."

Bolea ſtep'd forth, and told the duke, "Sir, you "aſked me often, how theſe hairs of mine grew ſo "ſuddenly grey: I have not revealed it yet to any "ſoul breathing; but now I will tell your excel-"leney."

Bolea then proceeded to relate the paſſage in Flanders: "And, Sir, reſumed he, I have been "ſince beating my brains how to get an equal re-"venge of him, and I thought no revenge to be "more equal or correſponding, now that you ſee "he hath made me old before my time, than to "make him mad if I could; and had he ſtaid ſome "days longer cloſe priſoner in the bedlam houſe, it "might happily have wrought ſome impreſſions upon "his pericranium."

The duke was ſo well pleaſed with the ſtory, and the keenneſs of the revenge, that he made them both friends again, and gave them a greater ſhare of his favour.

## *The* ANCHORITE *and* ANGEL.

AN holy Anchorite being in a wilderneſs, among other contemplations, began admiring the method of Providence; how out of cauſes which ſeem bad to us, he produceth good effects; how he ſuffers virtuous, honeſt and religious men to be oppreſſed, while others proſper.

As he was tranſported with theſe ideas a goodly young man appeared to him: "Father, ſaid he, "I know your thoughts are diſtracted, and I am "ſent to quiet them; therefore if you will accom- "pany me a few days, you ſhall return very well "ſatisfied of thoſe doubts, which encumber your "mind." So going along with him, they went to paſs over a deep river, whereon there was a narrow bridge; and meeting there with another paſſinger, the young man joſtled him into the water, and ſo drowned him. The old anchorite being much aſtoniſhed thereat, would have left him; but his guide ſaid, "Father, be not amazed; I "ſhall give you good reaſons for what I do, and "you ſhall ſee ſtranger things than this before you "and I part; but at laſt I ſhall ſettle your judg- "ment, and put your mind in full repoſe." So going that night to lodge in an inn, where there was a crew of banditti, and debauched ruffians, the young man ſtruck into their company, and revelled with them till morning, while the Anchorite ſpent moſt of the night in numbering his beads; but as ſoon as they were departed thence, they met with ſome officers to apprehend that crew of banditti they

they had left behind them. The next day they came to a gentleman's houſe, where they received the moſt courteous hoſpitality; but in the morning as they departed, there was a child in a cradle, which was the only ſon of the gentleman of the houſe; and the young man ſpying his opportunity, ſtrangled the child, and ſo went away. The third day they came to another inn, where the man of the houſe treated them with the utmoſt generoſity; yet the young man embezzled a ſilver goblet, and carried it away in his pocket, which ſtill increaſed the amazement of the Anchorite. The fourth day, in the evening, they came to lodge at another inn, where the hoſt was very ſullen, and uncivil to him, exacting much more than the value for what they had called for; yet, at parting, the young man beſtowed upon him the ſilver goblet he had ſtolen from that hoſt who had uſed them ſo kindly. The fifth day they made towards a great rich town; but ſome miles before they came to it, they met with a merchant at the cloſe of the day, who had a great charge of money about him; and aſking the next paſſage to the town, the young man put him in a contrary way.

The Anchorite and his guide being come to the town, at the gate they eſpied a devil, who lay as it were centinel, but he was aſleep: they found alſo both men and women at ſundry kinds of ſports, ſome dancing, others ſinging and revelling. They went afterwards to a convent of Capuchins, where, about the gate, they found legions of devils laying ſiege to that monaſtery, yet they got in and lodged there that night.

Being awaked the next morning, the young man came to that cell where the Anchorite was lodged, and told him, "I know your heart is full of hor-"ror, and your head full of confuſion, aſtoniſh-"ment and doubt, from what you have ſeen ſince

"the

" the firſt time of our aſſociation. But know, I " am an angel ſent from heaven to rectify your " judgment, as alſo to correct a little your curio- " ſity in reſearches of the ways and acts of Provi- " dence too far; for though ſeparately they ſeem " ſtrange to the ſhallow apprehenſion of man, yet " conjunctly they all tend to produce excellent " effects.

" The man which I tumbled into the river was " an act of Providence; for he was going upon a " moſt miſchievous deſign, that would have de- " ſtroyed not only his own ſoul, but ruined the " party againſt whom it was intended; therefore " I prevented it.

" The reaſon I converſed all night with the " crew of rogues, was alſo an act of Providence, " for they intended to rob all that night: but I " kept them there purpoſely till the next morn- " ing, that the hand of juſtice might ſeize upon " them."

" Touching the kind hoſt, from whom I took " a ſilver goblet, and the clowniſh or knaviſh hoſt " to whom I gave it; let this demonſtrate to you, " that good men are liable to croſſes and loſſes, " whereof bad men often reap the benefit; but it " commonly produceth patience in the one, and " pride in the other.

" Concerning that nobleman, whoſe child I " ſtrangled after ſo curteous an entertainment, " know, that alſo was an act of Providence; for " the gentleman was ſo indulgent and fond of that " child, that it leſſened his love to heaven; ſo I " took away the cauſe.

" Touching the merchant whom I miſguided on " his way, it was likewiſe an act of Providence; for " had he gone the direct way to this town, he had " been robbed, and his throat cut; therefore I " preſerved him by that deviation.

" Now

" Now, concerning that luxurious city, where " we eſpied but one devil, who lay aſleep, without " the gate, and ſo many about the convent; you " muſt conſider, that Lucifer being already aſſured " of that riotous town, by corrupting their man- " ners every day more and more; he needs but one " centinel to ſecure it: but for this holy place of " retirement, this monaſtry, inhabited by ſo many " devout ſouls, who ſpend their whole lives in acts " of mortification, as exerciſes of piety and pen- " nance, he hath brought ſo many legions to be- " leaguer them: yet he cannot effect his wicked " will, for they bear up againſt him moſt un- " dauntedly, and maugre all his infernal power " and ſtratagems."

## *The* DROLL PUNISHMENT.

ABOUT twenty years ago, an honeſt ſober lad was put apprentice to a mercer on Ludgate-hill. The maſter obſerving him diligent in his buſineſs, and civil in his deportment, repoſed in him an entire confidence, left his whole trade to his direction, and gave him liberty at any time to ſpend an evening with his friends, which had like to have proved fatal. One night a woman picked him up in Fleet-ſtreet, and prevailed upon him to take her home with him. After they had been in bed (in the ſhop) about an hour, he put a crown in her hand, and deſired her to go away, which ſhe poſitively refuſed, unleſs he would cut her off ſattin enough to make her a gown and cloak; nay, ſwore, if he would not give her twenty guineas, ſhe

would not ſtir without a ſuit of cloaths. He reaſoned, threatened, and entreated, but to no purpoſe. The diſpute continued till the ſhop-porter knocked at the door to take goods that were ordered out early. He was now at his wits end; at laſt he concluded to let the fellow into the ſecret, and accordingly he told him the ſtory; the porter alſo perſuaded, but in vain. Finding her obſtinate, he at laſt clapped his handkerchief into her mouth, tied her hands and feet together, and put her into his ſack naked as ſhe was, which hoiſting upon his back, he carried to Fleet-market; and ſeeing a cart of peaſe with nobody near it, he toſſed up his burden, and ſneaked off.

The owner of the cart coming ſoon after, flung down the ſack upon the ſtones, crying, "What o' "the plague! is there no place to put your hog "but among my peaſe?" Upon opening the ſack the poor wretch was almoſt expiring for want of breath.

When the porter brought this account, the apprentice gave him the cloaths ſhe had left, and three guineas (which he had offered her) for his pains.

## *An affecting Story.*

A POOR idle, drunken weaver in Spitalfields had a faithful and laborious wife, who, by her frugality and induſtry, had gleaned as much money as purchaſed a ticket in a late lottery.—She had concealed this privately in the bottom of her trunk, and had given her number to a friend and confidant, who had promiſed to keep the ſecret,

cret, and to convey her the earlieſt news of the ſucceſs.

The poor adventurer happened one day to go abroad, when her careleſs huſband, ſuſpecting ſhe had ſaved ſome money, ſearched every corner, till at length he finds the ticket, which he immediately ſeizes, ſells, and ſquanders away the money, without the wife ſuſpecting any thing of the matter. A day or two afterwards, this friend, who was a female, comes and brings the wife word, that ſhe had a prize of five hundred pounds. The poor woman, overjoyed, flies up ſtairs to her huſband, who happened to be then at work, and deſires him to leave his loom for that evening, and come and drink with a friend of his and her's below. The man receives this chearful invitation as bad huſbands ſometimes do, and, after a croſs word, told her he would not come. His wife, with tenderneſs, renewed her importunity, and at length ſaid to him, "My love, I have lately, and unknown to you, "ſcraped together as much money as has bought "us a ticket in the lottery, and now here is Mrs. "Quick come to tell me, that it is come up this "morning a five hundred pound prize." The huſband replies immediately, "You lie, you ſlut, you "have no ticket, for I have ſold it."

The poor woman, upon this, fainted away in a fit, out of which ſhe ſhortly recovered, but run immediately diſtracted. As ſhe had no deſign to defraud her huſband, but was willing only to participate in his good fortune, every one will naturally pity her, but think her huſband's puniſhment extremely juſt.

## *The* CRUEL OFFICER *punished.*

IN the reign of Queen Anne, a ſoldier belonging to a marching regiment which was quartered in the city of Worceſter, was taken up for deſertion, and being tried before a Court-Martial, was ſentenced to be ſhot. The colonel and lieutenant-colonel being at that time in London, the command of the regiment deſcended to the major, a man of a moſt cruel and inhuman diſpoſition. The day on which the deſerter was to be executed being arrived, the regiment, as uſual on theſe occaſions, was drawn out to ſee the execution.

It is the cuſtom on theſe occaſions for the reſpective corporals to caſt lots for this diſagreeable office; and when every one expected to ſee the lots caſt as uſual, they were ſurpriſed to find that the major had given orders, that the priſoner ſhould die by the hands of his own brother, who was only a private man in the ſame company, and who, at the time the cruel order arrived, was taking his leave of his unhappy brother, and with tears that expreſſed the anguiſh of his ſoul, was hanging, for the laſt time upon his neck.

On his knees did the poor fellow beg that he might not have a hand in his brother's death; and the poor priſoner, forgetting for a moment his petitions to heaven, begged to die by any hands, but thoſe of a brother. The unrelenting officer, however, could by no means be prevailed upon to revoke his cruel ſentence, though intreated to do ſo by every inferior officer in the regiment; but on the

the contrary, he ſwore that he, and he only ſhould be the executioner, for it was merely for example ſake, and to make juſtice appear more terrible.— When much time had been waſted in fruitleſs endeavours to ſoften the rigour of this inhuman ſentence, the priſoner prepares to die, and the brother to ſtrike the fatal blow.

The major, ſtrict to his maxims of cruelty, ſtands cloſe to ſee that the piece was properly loaded, which being done, he directs, that the third motion of his cane ſhall be the ſignal of his diſcharge, and at that third motion receives (inſtead of the priſoner) the bullet through his own head.

The man had no ſooner diſcharged his piece, than throwing it on the ground, he exclaimed as follows: "He that give no mercy, no mercy let "him receive. Now I ſubmit! I had rather die "this moment for his death, than live an hundred "years, and take away the life of my brother."— No perſon ſeemed to be ſorry for this unexpected piece of juſtice on the inhuman major, and the man being ordered into cuſtody, many gentlemen preſent, who had been witneſſes to the whole affair, joined to intreat the officers to defer the execution of the condemned brother, till the Queen's pleaſure ſhould be known.

The requeſt being complied with, the City Chamber that very night drew up a feeling and pathetic addreſs to her majeſty, ſetting forth the unparalleled cruelty and character of the deceaſed officer, and humbly intreating her majeſty's pardon. The petition was granted, the brothers were pardoned and diſcharged from their ſervice in the army, and the Queen received from the city a moſt grateful addreſs of thanks for her well-timed mercy.

## MODERN GALLANTRY.

WITHIN a few miles of London, lives lord Pamphilus, who ran away with miſs Trippet, the dancer. In my lord's neighbourhood lives an honeſt farmer, his tenant, a widower, who was very frugal and induſtrious to raiſe ſome ſmall fortune for an only daughter, in whom all his comfort was placed.

This daughter of the farmer's, whom we ſhall call Phillis, had the reputation of being called one of the handſomeſt young women in the country, and was as much famed for her modeſt behaviour, as the beauty of her perſon. With ſuch accompliſhments ſhe could not want admirers; and ſeveral advantageous propoſals were made to her, but ſhe would not accept of any without her father's conſent, and he thought that as ſhe was but in her 17th year, ſhe was as yet too young to enter into a matrimonial ſtate: thus beautiful, and thus innocent was ſhe, when lord Pamphilus came down to his eſtate and tenants, to whom he had not paid one viſit for five or ſix years.

My lord had not been long down, before he heard of the character of farmer Plainheart's daughter; upon which he was reſolved to ſee her, and if ſhe was as handſome as deſcribed, ſhe ſhould fall a victim to his pleaſure. In a few days, when he was aſſured the farmer was abroad, he took the opportunity of paying him an accidental viſit.—— Phillis, when acquainted who he was, received him with an innocent confuſion, but with more complaiſance

complaiſance than he could have expected from a perſon of her rank: my lord was infinitely pleaſed with her behaviour, and charmed with her beauty; he talked to her in a free, jocoſe manner, and after a ſhort ſtay, civilly ſaluting her, took his leave. From that time, my lord became an aſſiduous, but private, lover, and left no art unattempted to gain her conſent to leave her father, and live with him in London. Phillis, though proud of the conqueſt ſhe had gained, and though ſhe had an ambition for the gaiety and ſplendor of that manner of life which my lord deſcribed to her, yet the ſenſe of honour and duty, which ſhe ſtill retained, made all his endeavours ineffectual.

An amour of this nature could not be carried on with ſo much ſecrecy, but it reached the farmer's knowledge; he reaſoned with his daughter for engaging in ſo dangerous a correſpondence, and with all his power of perſuaſion, adviſed her from proceeding in an affair which muſt inevitably prove fatal to her. Phillis owned the charge, and promiſed to follow his directions; but my lord was ſo aſſiduous in his addreſſes, and of ſo much experience in his amours, that he ſoon engaged her heart, and conſequently ſhe grew more complaiſant to her lover's requeſt, than obedient to her father's commands: ſhe ſaw him often, liſtened with pleaſure to his converſation, and believed that his heart was as ſincere as his tongue expreſſed it; and he improved every minute to his advantage, till ſhe had abſolutely conſented to run away with him. The day, the hour, and the place of meeting were all ſettled; but, on the very morning ſhe intended to elope, her father, who, from ſome intelligence, had reaſon to ſuſpect her, prevented her keeping her aſſignation. My lord alſo, diſappointed, returned to his houſe: that very day the farmer waited on him, and boldly expoſtulated with him on the injury he deſigned

ſigned him, by ruining his only child, and thereby deſtroying all the comfort he had in this life.

My lord was confounded at ſuch a rencounter, and betrayed all the ſigns of guilt and ſhame; he denied the accuſation, and ſaid there was no more in it, than that he might in a froljck have given his daughter an innocent ſalute, but that nothing had paſſed farther:——the farmer hoped there would not, and, with tears in his eyes, he intreated his lordſhip would be more generous than to injure a poor old man, in the only thing that could affect his heart; and then withdrew. Tho' my lord was at firſt touched with the old man's manner of addreſſing him, yet he was too fine a gentleman to let the dictates of humanity and virtue get the better of his paſſions and pleaſure. He took an opportunity of ſeeing Phillis the next evening at his own houſe, and repreſenting to her, as their amour began to be known, ſhe had better indulge her love, and conſult her intereſt, than be the ſubject of the envious and malicious, without any ſatisfaction at all: that, as for her father, he might be made eaſy, by giving him the farm he held, for his own life, and by the love and indulgence he ſhould always hear was paid to his daughter: Phillis, pauſing on theſe arguments, my lord took her ſilence for a tacit compliance: he loſt not ſo favourable a moment, he embraced her, vowed eternal love, and generous conſtancy; and ſhe too credulouſly liſtening to him, ſtaid till it was too late for her to return home: he urged her to ſtay there all night, in the moſt preſſing terms; ſhe conſented, and was ruined.

Under all the paternal anxiety poſſible, Mr. Plainheart found his daughter had eloped, by her not coming home as uſual. Next day, he was informed ſhe had been ſeen at my lord's. The poor man went directly, and inſiſted on ſeeing her.—

His

His requeſt was at laſt granted; when he immediately, in the moſt bitter invectives, accuſed my lord of the injury he had done him, contrary to his expreſs word and honour. Lord Pamphilus imagined he could ſoon ſet matters to rights, and to ſatisfy the farmer, he offered him the land and houſe he occupied for his own life. The honeſt old man, inſtead of accepting ſuch an offer, replied, "No, "my lord, I am above ſelling my child for a proſ- "titute, or receiving wages for her infamy: you "have done me the greateſt injury that is in your "power. I fear not your threats, nor will accept "your favours. As for the girl, whom you have "deceived, I ſhall never ſee her more: ſhe, too "late, will repent her diſobedience to me. But, "my lord, may ſuch a judgment purſue you, as "heaven may think proper for the man who wan- "tons in the ruins of families, and brings the grey "hairs of parents with ſorrow to the grave." At theſe words, the tears trickling down his cheeks, he left the room with indignation.

My lord, not much concerned, ordered his coach and ſix to be got ready, and carried away his new miſtreſs to London immediately, where I ſuppoſe he will ſoon turn her adrift, as he has done ſeveral others, to the common ſtream of the vices of the town, and by that, verify, as far as relates to her, the prophecy of her unhappy father.

## VAUX-HALL AMUSEMENT.

I Was greatly diverted laſt Saturday evening at Vaux-hall, with the ſhrewd remarks made by an honeſt citizen, whoſe wife and two daughters had, I found, prevailed on him to carry them to the garden. As I thought there was ſomething curious in their behaviour, I went into the next box to them, where I had an opportunity of ſeeing and hearing every thing that paſſed.

After ſome talk——"Come, come, (ſaid the "old don) it is high time, I think, to go to ſup-"per." To this the ladies readily aſſented; and one of the miſſes ſaid, "Do, let us have a chick, "pappa." "Zounds, (ſaid he) they are half a "crown a piece, and no bigger than a ſparrow!" Here the old lady took him up——"You are ſo "ſtingy, Mr. Roſe, there is no bearing you. When "a perſon is out upon pleaſure, I love to appear "like ſomebody; and what ſignifies a few ſhillings "once and away, when a body is about it."—— This reproof ſo effectually ſilenced the old gentleman, that the youngeſt miſs had the courage to put in a word for ſome ham, likewiſe. Accordingly the waiter was called, and diſpatched by the old lady, with an order for a chicken and a plate of ham. When it was brought, our honeſt cit twirled the diſh about three or four times, and ſurveyed it with a very ſettled countenance; then, taking up the ſlice of ham, and dangling it to and fro on the end of his fork, aſked the waiter, "how "much there was of it." "A ſhilling's worth, "Sir," (ſaid the fellow).——"Prithee, (ſaid the "don, how much, doſt think, it weighs?——

"An

" An ounce; a ſhilling an ounce—let me ſee—is
" ſixteen ſhillings per pound: a reaſonable profit,
" truly! Well, ſuppoſe now, the whole ham
" weighs thirty pounds: at a ſhilling per ounce,
" that is ſixteen ſhillings per pound; why, your
" maſter makes exactly twenty-four pounds of
" every ham; and, if he buys them at the beſt
" hand, and ſalts them and cures them himſelf,
" they will not ſtand him in ten ſhillings per
" piece."

The old lady bade him hold his nonſenſe, declared herſelf aſhamed for him, and aſked him, " if
" people muſt not live:" then, taking a coloured handkerchief from her neck, ſhe tucked it into his ſhirt-collar, (where it hung like a bib) and helped him to a leg of the chicken. The old gentleman, on every bit he put into his mouth, amuſed himſelf with ſaying,——" There goes two, pence—
" there goes three pence—there goes a groat—
" Zuckers, a man, at theſe places, ſhould not have
" a ſwallow ſo wide as a tom-tit."

This ſcanty repaſt, we may imagine, was ſoon diſpatched; and it was with much difficulty our citizen was prevailed on to ſuffer a plate of beef to be ordered This alſo was no leſs admired, and underwent the ſame comments with the ham. At length, when only a very ſmall bit was left, as they ſay, for manners in the diſh, our don took a piece of an old news-paper out of his pocket, and gravely wrapping up the meat in it, placed it carefully in his letter-caſe, " I'll keep thee as a cu-
" rioſity to my dying day; and I'll ſhew thee to
" my neighbour Horſeman, and aſk him, if he can make as much of his ſtakes." Then, rubbing his hands, and ſhrugging up his ſhoulders—" Why,
" now, (ſaid he) to-morrow night I may eat as much cold beef as I can ſtuff in, at any tavern in London, and pay nothing for it."

A diſh

A diſh of tarts, cheeſe-caſes and cuſtards next made their appearance, at the requeſt of the young ladies, who paid no ſort of regard to the father's remonſtrance, " that they were four times as dear " as at the paſtry-cooks."

Supper being ended, madam put her ſpouſe in mind to call for wine.——" We muſt have ſome " wine, my dear, or we ſhall be looked upon, you " know."——" Well, well, ſaid the don, that's " right enough. But do they ſell their liquor too " by the ounce? Here, drawer, what wines have " you got? The fellow, who by this time began to " ſmoke his gueſts, ſaid, " We have exceedinging " good French wines, of all ſorts, an' pleaſe your " honour. Would your honour have a bottle of " champagne, or burgundy, or claret, or"—" No, " no, none of your wiſhy-waſhy, outlandiſh, rot- " gut for me; interrupted the citizen.—" A tan- " kard of Alderman Calvert's whole ſtout beats all " the red claret wine in the French king's cellar.— " But come, bring us a bottle of ſound old port: " and, dy'e hear, let it be good."

While the waiter was gone, the good man moſt ſadly lamented, that he could not have his pipe; which the wife would by no means allow, " be- " cauſe (ſaid ſhe) it is ungenteel to ſmoke, where " any ladies are in company." When the wine came, our citizen gravely took up the bottle, and holding it above his head, " Aye, aye, the bot- " tom has had a good kick.—And mind how con- " foundedly it is pinced on the ſides—not above " five gills, I warrant. An old ſoldier at the Jeru- " ſalem, would beat two of them. But let's ſee " how it's brewed."

He then poured out a glaſs; and, after holding it up before the candle, ſmelling to it, ſipping it twice or thrice, and ſmacking his lips, drank it off; and declaring that ſecond thoughts were beſt, he

filled

filled another bumper; and toſſing that off, after ſome pauſe, with a very important air, ventured to pronounce it drinkable. The ladies, having alſo drank a glaſs round, confirmed it was very good, and felt warm at the ſtomach; and even the old gentleman, relaxed into ſuch good humour by the time the bottle was emptied, that out of his own free will and motion, he moſt generouſly called for another pint, and charged the waiter to pick out an honeſt one.

While the glaſs was thus circulating, the family amuſed themſelves with making obſervations on the garden. The citizen expreſſed his wonder at the number of lamps, and ſaid it muſt coſt a great deal of money every night to light them all: the eldeſt miſs declared, that for her part ſhe liked the Dark-walk beſt of all, becauſe it was *ſolentary*; little miſs thought the laſt ſong mighty pretty, and ſaid ſhe would buy it, if ſhe could carry home the tune; and the old lady obſerved, that there were a great deal of good company indeed; but that the gentlemen were ſo rude, that they perfectly put her out of countenance, by ſtaring her through with their ſpy-glaſſes.———In a word, the tarts, the cheeſe-cakes, the beef, the chicken, the ounce of ham, and every thing ſeemed to have been quite forgot, till the diſmal moment approached, when the reckoning was called for. As this ſolemn buſineſs concerns only the gentlemen, the ladies kept a profound ſilence; and when the terrible account was brought, they left the paymaſter undiſturbed, to enjoy the miſery by himſelf: only the old lady had the hardineſs to ſquint at the ſum total, and declared it was pretty reaſonable, conſidering.———

Our citizen bore his misfortune with a tolerable degree of patience. He ſhook his head as he run over the articles, and ſwore he would never buy

meat by the ounce again. At length, when he had carefully ſummoned up every figure, he bade the drawer bring change for ſix-pence: then pulling out a leathern purſe from a ſnug pocket in the inſide of his waiſtcoat, he drew out ſlowly, piece by piece, thirteen ſhillings; which he regularly placed in two rows upon the table. When the change was brought, after counting it very carefully, he laid down four halfpenny in the ſame exact order; then calling the waiter,—"There, "ſays he, there's your damage—thirteen and two "pence.—And, hark ye, there's three pence over "for yourſelf." The remaining penny he put into his coat-pocket; and chinking it—"This, "ſays he, will ſerve me to-morrow to buy a paper "of tobacco."

The family now prepared themſelves for going; and as there was ſome light drops of rain, madam buttoned up the old gentleman's coat, that he might not ſpoil his laced waiſtcoat; and made him flap his hat, over which ſhe tied a pocket handkerchief, to ſave his wig; and as the coat itſelf had never been worn but three Sundays, ſhe even parted with her own cardinal, and ſpread it, the wrong ſide out, over his ſhoulders. In theſe accoutrements he ſallied forth, accompanied with his wife with her upper petticoat thrown over her head, and his daughters with the ſkirts of their gowns turned up, and their heads muffled with coloured handkerchiefs.

I followed them quite out of the garden: and, as they were waiting for their hack to be drawn up, the youngeſt miſs aſked, "When ſhall we come "again, papa?"——"Come again! (ſaid he) "what a pox, would you ruin me? Once in "one's life is enough; and indeed I think I have "done very handſome. Why, it would not have "coſt me above four pence half-penny to have ſpent

" ſpent my evening at Sot's-hole; and, what with " coach hire, and altogether, here's almoſt a " pound gone, and nothing to ſhew for it."—— " Fye, Mr. Roſe, I am quite aſhamed for you, " replies the old lady. You are always grudging " me, and your girls, the leaſt bit of pleaſure; " and you cannot help grumbling, if we do " but go to Little Hornſey to drink tea. I am " ſure, now they are women grown up, they ought " to ſee a little of the world—and they ſhall."—— The old don was not willing to purſue the argument any farther; and, the coach coming up, he was glad to put an end to the diſpute, by ſaying, " Come, come, let us make haſte, wife; otherwiſe " we ſhall not get home time enough to have my " beſt wig combed out again; and to-morrow, " you know, is Sunday."

## *The Hiſtory of the Marquis de* MIRANDOR *and* EUDOCIA.

THE marquis de Mirandor was a younger brother, when he married the beautiful Eudocia. She was the widow of a perſon of diſtinction, who had left her in the poſſeſſion of a large fortune; ſhe was deſerving of a better huſband; but love, which makes the moſt ſenſible people commit great errors, determined the amiable Eudocia to unite herſelf to a man of the baſeſt principles.

This marriage put his affairs in good order, for with part of her fortune he paid his debts, and, inſtead of reclaiming him, made him launch out into greater extravagancies. Mirandor was extremely

intimate with a young gentleman, whom we ſhall conceal under the name of Evander; he had a great value and eſteem for the marquis, and had lent him, at different times, conſiderable ſums of money, for he was never out of a gaming-houſe.

Eudocia began now to repent her marriage with a man of ſuch a character; one who treated her with the utmoſt contempt. Evander ſincerely pitied the ill uſage which the lovely Eudocia was doomed to bear, and was charmed with her prudent behaviour: pity ſoon ripened into love; which, though ſhe perceived, ſhe never gave him the leaſt encouragement. In the mean time, the Marquis de Mirandor loſt a conſiderable ſum at play: he was at a loſs how to pay his debt of honour, not having courage to aſk it from his friend.

Evander, however, imagining the cauſe of his diſcontent, offered him whatever ſums he had occaſion for, and gave him notes to the value of a thouſand pounds, which was infinitely more than he was indebted. After he had paid his debts of honour, he took a miſtreſs into keeping, to whom he was ſo biggotted, that he, through her perſuaſions, robbed the lovely Eudocia of all her jewels, to preſent to her.

Evander perceiving that Eudocia reſented this behaviour of the marquis, thought it was the beſt opportunity to declare his own paſſion; but ſhe ſoon gave him to underſtand, that he was miſtaken, if he thought any behaviour of the marquis, how groſs ſoever, could make her deviate from the rules of honour and virtue; ſhe inſiſted, if he had any regard for her peace of mind, never to mention it any more.

The marquis had long obſerved the regard which Evander had for Eudocia; and, ſuſpecting that they were

were too familiar with each other, was determined to get rid of him; for being conſcious of the many obligations he lay under to him, he was aſhamed to look him in the face: for this purpoſe, he employed a fellow who frequented the gaming-table; a wretch, who, for the ſake of gold, would be guilty of the blackeſt crimes.

This man, when Evander was returning home at a late hour, firſt ſtabbed him, and then rifled his pockets, that it might appear as if it had been done by a ſtreet-robber. The watch-men found him in this condition, but before any aſſiſtance could be procured, the poor unhappy gentleman had breathed his laſt.

The marquis pretended to be under the greateſt anxiety for the loſs of his dear friend. Eudocia ſhed a few unfeigned tears for the untimely fate of Evander, which the marquis perceiving, "What, "cried he, do you weep for your ſpark? your "minion? your gallant?" "Do not injure me, "cried ſhe, (her eyes at the ſame time ſtreaming "with tears at his cruelty) my tears have another "cauſe. They flow from your cruelty and indif-"ference!——I have no other concern for his "death, but that he was—your friend;——but "death demands a tear, and we muſt feel for hu-"man woe."

The marquis de Mirandor, ſome time after, by the careleſſneſs of Eudocia, who left her keys in her cabinet, glad of this opportunity to examine the contents, flew to it with the utmoſt rapidity, in hopes of finding ſome letters from Evander, to confirm his ſuſpicions; but his ſearch was fruitleſs, for he only found one, which was dated the day before his murder, which had thrown her into deſpair.

The marquis began now to feel all the horrors of a wounded conſcience: his friend, who had al-

ways, with a liberal hand, ſupplied his neceſſities, he had cauſed to be murdered: his imagination was tortured with ghaſtly phantoms!—ſleep was an utter ſtranger to his eye-lids!—his never-failing conſcience, rung the alarm, and was continually upbraiding him for his cruelty and ingratitude to the lovely and innocent Eudocia.

The wretch, whom he had ſuborned to murder Evander, died ſome years after; he lives now on tolerable terms with Eudocia; but conſcience, that faithful monitor! which neither power nor riches have the faculty to ſubdue, is conſtantly tormenting him.

Thus vice, though attended with wealth and titles, has no power over the mind (that free and unconfined being, which neither time nor place can have the leaſt dominion over) and though to the world the hypocrite appears, fair and unblemiſhed, yet he is corrupt and abominable; and under thoſe gaudy trappings, and that circle of honour, appears the colluſive ſtateſman!—the treacherous and ungrateful friend!—the bad huſband!——the inhuman father!—and, to ſum up all, the conſummate villain!—for the man who had denied his God, (for he is an Atheiſt and Freethinker) can never be true to his king, his country, or his friend!———

*He has profan'd the ſacred name of friend,*
*And worn it into vileneſs.*
*With how ſecure a brow, and ſpecious form*
*He gilds the ſecret villain! Sure that face*
*Was meant for honeſty; but Heav'n miſmatch'd it,*
*And furniſh'd treaſon out with nature's pomp,*
*To make it work more eaſy.*

## *The Hiſtory of* BLANCA RUBEA *of* Padua.

OF all the heroines recorded in hiſtory, the moſt extraordinary, the moſt intrepid, and the moſt beautiful, was a woman but little known out of the precincts of her native country, where her name is at this day reverenced with the moſt ardent eſteem; and a ſort of games every year celebrated at Padua, to continue the remembrance of her virtues. The woman we mean, was Blanca Rubea.

Blanca was the daughter of a nobleman of Padua, and was born in the year 1235; from her infancy, ſhe teſtified the moſt extraordinary degree of courage, even greater than that uſually found among men. Her beauty ſurpaſſed her mental endowments, and as ſhe grew up, it procured her numberleſs ſuitors. But ſhe diſdained them all, declaring, that it was unworthy a generous woman to marry any who owned themſelves to be ſlaves; and profeſſing, that while her country continued in bondage, ſhe diſdained to be a bride. All her ardour, however, was unable to rouſe her diſpirited country into a ſenſe of their freedom; wherefore, ſhe undertook to ſhew them, in her own perſon, an example of heroic fortitude.——Petrarch deſcribes her, as moſt patient of labour, and undergoing fatigue, with the moſt ſurpriſing conſtancy. Moderate in diet, but altogether abſtaining from ſtrong liquors, though, at the ſame time, much in faſhion among the ſofter ſex. Ever modeſt

deſt, but ever daring. She utterly abjured the needle and her diſtaff; and, inſtead of theſe, buckled on her brazen armour, graſped her ſpear and target, and remained whole nights without ſleeping, and whole days without taking any reſt. If neceſſity at any time compelled her to ſubmit to fatigue, the earth was her bed, and her ſhield ſerved her for a pillow. She abandoned the ſociety of women, and all her companions were ſelected from ſuch commanders as had gained reputation in war. But though ſhe converſed with ſuch, yet ſhe kept a conſtant reſpectful diſtance, and was as much an enthuſiaſt in guarding her virtue, as in the poſſeſſion of arms. She was the woman that undertook to break the bonds of her country, and vindicate their ancient freedom.

Among the number of thoſe who at that time reſided in Padua, was Baptiſta Porta, a young ſoldier of fortune, who appeared the moſt forward to imitate her example; and, though a foreigner, ſeemed more touched with the miſery of the people, than they themſelves appeared to be. His valour charmed her, but his wiſdom more: in ſhort, after having, in the moſt ſolemn manner, promiſed to labour with her in the reſtoration of the city's liberties, ſhe conſented to be married to him, and their nuptials were accordingly celebrated with the utmoſt pomp.

Acciolinus was at that time the tyrant of the place, and held the citizens in the moſt unſufferable bondage: however, being obliged, upon a certain occaſion, to leave the city with his forces, Baptiſt and Baſianus, who was deputy governor, cauſed the gates to be ſhut, and ſoon after ſent Acciolinus a bold defiance, and openly aſſerted the cauſe of liberty.

It is impoſſible to expreſs the rage and reſentment of Acciolinus upon this occaſion; but, moderating

rating his paſſion, he pretended to be willing to accede to a treaty, and propoſed to the citizens ſuch terms, as they found it their intereſt not to refuſe.

In the mean time, however, all theſe negociations were but a pretence to cover his real deſign, for in the night he had placed in ambuſh, near one of the gates, a body of the moſt courageous of his troops, ordering them, that as ſoon as the gates ſhould be opened, to admit thoſe who were to tranſact the negociation, that they ſhould ruſh into the city, and put all the inhabitan.s, without diſtinction, to the ſword.

Theſe orders were executed with punctuality, and, unfortunately for the unhappy citizens, with too much ſucceſs. A ſcene of ſlaughter enſued upon opening the gates; murders, rapes, and all the horrid cruelties of an incenſed, barbarous, avaritious enemy enſued.

In the midſt of this carnage, Baptiſta was ſeen manfully fighting, with the intrepid Blanca his wife by his ſide. Their courage, for a while, ſeemed to make victory doubtful; but, at laſt, the huſband, oppreſſed with wounds and fatigue, fell without a groan. Blanca ſtill, however, ſtood over his dead corpſe with a portended ſpear, and fought with ſurpriſing intrepidity: but what could ſhe do againſt a multitude? the citizens were almoſt all ſlain, and ſhe was an only ſurvivor. In ſhort, when no longer able to wield her ſword, ſhe was taken priſoner, and brought before Acciolinus, the conqueror.

Neither fatigue nor ſorrow yet impaired her beauty; ſhe appeared before him in all the luſtre of charms, and even his ſavage nature was moved at her diſtreſs. He therefore gave orders, that ſhe ſhould be attended in the moſt elegant manner, and mixed a look of compaſſion with his natural ſeverity.

rity. Soon, however, his pity was converted into love, and he ſtrove, by all the arts of inſinuation and flattery, to accompliſh his deſigns; but he found her inexorable. He now, therefore, was reſolved to try more forceable methods, and had her brought up to an apartment two ſtories high, where he began to execute his brutal purpoſes; but ſhe bravely running to the window, threw herſelf out, and fell, ſeemingly, lifeleſs upon the pavement.

She was at laſt, however, though with much difficulty, recovered from her fall; and no ſooner was her former health again reſtored, than the tyrant again renewed his baſe ſolicitations: ſtill, however, finding that ſhe deteſted him, he ordered her to be bound hand and foot, and in this manner forced from her, what he had ſo long deſired to poſſeſs.

At length, being looſed from thoſe hateful and inſufferable bonds, ſhe pretended to diſſemble her ſorrow, and ſo far prevailed on her attendants, as to be permitted to viſit her dead huſband in his tomb.

It was an old burying-place belonging to her family, and there ſome poor ſurviving citizen had carried the body of Baptiſta, all covered over with wounds. Upon entering this gloomy manſion, with a lamp in her hand, ſhe quickly ſaw the dead body, and hanging over it for ſome time in ſilent agony, at length ſhe broke forth into the moſt paſſionate exclamations, calling out upon the dead corpſe, to lend ſome pity, to look upon her forlorn ſituation, and to regard the miſerable wretch that over-enjoyed the light: in this manner ſhe continued for ſome time, when hearing the trampling of her attendants feet, coming to take her away, with all the force ſhe was poſſeſſed of, ſhe pulled the ponderous tomb-ſtone, down upon her, which falling, cruſhed her to death in an inſtant;

and

and thus ſhe found a common grave with the object of her affections. The ſame ſtone ſtill continues to cover this brave and conſtant couple, and is ſhewn to travellers who viſit Padua to this day.

## *The Story of* CLEORA.

I WAS the only daughter of a half-pay captain: my father was the younger branch of a poor, noble family, and my mother a diſtant relation before marriage, but had no fortune. As I was their only child, they ſpared no coſt on my education; and if my circumſtances were to be judged by the manner in which I was brought up, no one would have imagined but that I was to have had five thouſand pounds, at leaſt, to my portion; but inſtead of this, I had not the leaſt proſpect of a ſixpenny-piece, from any one relation or friend whatever.

My father uſed often to comfort himſelf with ſaying, that as his Cleora was nobly born, he was reſolved ſhe ſhould have an education ſuitable to her birth. But, alas! when I was about twenty-one, in leſs than a month I loſt both father and mother, and had nothing to ſupport me, but my genteel education, and had little to boaſt of, but the nobility of my parentage.

I was now at a ſtand how to diſpoſe of myſelf; for as I was bred to no buſineſs, nor inured to any ſervice, I ſeemed to be excluded from the two only means to get my bread. While I was revolving in my mind, a maiden aunt of mine, (by my father's ſide) who had for many years been ſtarving genteely on a ſmall annuity, invited me to her houſe.

She

She was one of thoſe people who cloath and feed themſelves with the thoughts of their nobility: and as I frequently expreſſed my deſire of getting my livelihood, either by binding myſelf to ſome genteel buſineſs, or by ſerving ſome lady as her maid, ſhe as often flew in a paſſion, and told me, there had not been a trade in her family for theſe two hundred years, and ſhe had rather ſee me ſtarve than go to ſervice. I thought this an odd way of reaſoning; for, proud as ſhe ſeemed to be, ſhe was mean enongh to ſolicit, and accept of private charities, her annuity being fifteen pounds a year.

She had a part of a houſe to herſelf; her parlour was elegantly furniſhed, her beaufet adorned with ſeveral pieces of old family plate; and, I verily believe, ſhe would rather have wanted bread (which, by the bye, ſhe very often did) than have ſold a tea-ſpoon that had the family arms upon it. But, alas! how different was that part of her furniture which was out of ſight! for while her parlour looked like that of a princeſs, her bed-chamber reſembled that of a beggar. Her whole converſation was the genealogy of her family; and all her thoughts ſeemed to be taken np in conſidering, how ſhe ſhould conceal her poverty, and at the ſame time convince the world that ſhe was nobly born.

In this ſplendid diſtreſs I ſpent a twelvemonth, and heartily tired was I of my ſituation: for my aunt, though ſhe had too much pride to let me ſerve any body elſe, ſuffered me, nay often obliged me, to do things, which the loweſt maid ſervants think beneath them. And while ſhe kindly entertained me on charity, as ſhe called it, ſhe frequently made uſe of my living with her, as an argument to procure bounty from her friends. This I could not bear, and reſolved to leave her at any rate; but in endeavouring to avoid this poor, proud,

mean

mean, well-born lady, I narrowly escaped an evil of a more dreadful nature; for I was young, not ugly, and evidently in distress: a gentleman that lodged opposite to us, having, as I afterwards found, fixed on me as a prey, took an opportunity, when my aunt was gone a visiting (rather begging) to introduce himself, and artfully begin an acquaintance, which a correspondence soon improved into friendship.

He extorted complaints from me, seemingly entered into my distress, pitied me, and protested that he loved me: and, alas! I almost believed him, which I really think, if I know myself, was more owing to my miserable situation, than any motive of esteem for him: however, as I thought I could not be more unhappy, I one day resolved, though with fear and trembling, to throw myself at once into his protection, and rely upon his generosity: this I had promised him, and this I should certainly have done, had I not received a letter from him that afternoon to justify my fears, and convince me, that instead of a protector, I had only found a betrayer. But here, in the heighth of my misery from this disappointment, an accident of an extraordinary kind relieved me from my distress.

My good aunt, returning home about five, disappointed of a dinner where she went, desired me to broil the remains of a pound of mutton chops, left the preceding day; but as she said her grand pappa, my lord ———, was very fond of shallots with roast mutton, she ordered me to fetch some, and put a halfpenny into my hand for that purpose; for, as she knew the alliances of her family for one hundred years, so she was particularly acquainted with their respective tastes, with which she constantly entertained me; and, as I suppose, to prove, that people who were nobly born, were formed of different materials from the vulgar; a

thing ſhe herſelf verily believed.——I went on my errand to the next herb-ſhop, where the woman, who had always taken me for a ſervant, thinking I deſerved a better place, gave me a bill of the univerſal regiſter office, then juſt ſet up, which, after reading, unexperienced as I was in life, I determined to apply to for relief; and, as diſtreſs makes even one's ſoul bold, I went and entered myſelf for a nurſery maid's place, whereby, in a few days, I got into a very good family; nor had I been a month in my nurſery, before my lady diſcharged her own maid, and being acquainted with my ſtory, generouſly preferred me to attend upon herſelf.

I now began to feel real joy, after the danger I had avoided from my lover, and could not help viewing my aunt's notions with the higheſt contempt. What a change of ſituation was here! from pride, poverty, idleneſs and miſery, ſupported only by the conſideration of being nobly born, to that of being honeſtly and uſefully employed, kindly treated, poſſeſſing every convenience and comfort of life, and nothing to interrupt my happineſs, but the thought of being a ſervant.——Alas! what a bugbear has falſe-pride made ſervice to our ſex!—For my own part, the difference I conſider between miſtreſs and ſervant is but the name; for as to happineſs, they are, or may be, on equal terms. It is often ſaid, that one misfortune generally treads on the heels of another, although I have never heard the ſame acknowledged for good fortune. But this only ſhews, that the world in general are more ready to complain of what they ſuffer, than to acknowledge what they enjoy.

I am very ready to ſay, I eſteem my removal from my aunt into this ſervice, as a happineſs; as I muſt ſay the ſame of my removal from that happy ſervice, to that of marrying a worthy tradeſman,

who,

who, though he has no nobility of blood to boaſt, yet, if honour may juſtly be defined honeſty of heart, in that excellent quality he is exceeded by none. But, what would make one laugh, I received a letter, full of reſentment, from my aunt, in which ſhe charged me with diſhonouring her family, by marrying a tradeſman; and ſaid, ſhe was reſolved not to take any notice of me, do any thing for me, or give me a morſel of bread, were I ſtarving.

Upon the whole, the great bleſſing I found in perſeverance, inclines me to perſuade all parents to educate their children in proportion to their circumſtances, and to aſſure all thoſe of my ſex, who labour under the prejudices of education, and whoſe minds are poiſoned with falſe pride, that induſtry generally meets with ſucceſs; that in England ſervice is no ſlavery; nor is it any diſgrace, but rather an honour to any one, be their birth or education what it will, to be a ſervant, when it becomes neceſſary for their ſupport; for ſure, nothing can be ſhameful that is honeſt. The rooting this falſe pride from their hearts, would preſerve thouſands from deſtruction.

## *The Hiſtory of* EUDOCIUS *and* SELINDA.

SOME time ago, being at a friend's houſe in the country, I took a ride abroad one day, in order to divert myſelf, whilſt my friend made a viſit, in which I did not incline to accompany him.

As I was returning, in the afternoon, towards home, I caſt my eye on a ſmall houſe, at a little diſtance from the road: the elegance of the ſtructure, the beauty of the ſituation, and the neatneſs of the ſurrounding gardens, inclined me to take a nearer view of it. As I drew towards the entrance of a ſhady avenue of trees, which led directly up to the houſe, a gentleman, who was walking there with a book in his hand, approached me very civilly, and enquired my buſineſs? I told him, that coming down to ſpend the ſummer at Mr. Such-a-one's, I had made a little excurſion, in order to ſee the country, and could not paſs by ſo charming a ſeat without indulging my curioſity to take a nearer view of it. "The gentleman you "mention, ſaid Eudocius, (for ſo I ſhall call him) "is a perſon for whom I have a very great eſteem; "be ſo good, Sir, as to alight, and if there be "any thing about my houſe worthy of your ob-"ſervance, I aſſure you, you are very welcome to "the ſight of it." I complied with his requeſt; and he ſhewed me all the principal rooms of the houſe, which were hung with good paintings, and ſo exactly furniſhed, that they contained what was plain and uſeful, without any thing ſuperfluous or gaudy.——He afterwards conducted me into his gardens, which were extremely elegant; and adorned with ſeveral antique ſtatues. At the deſcent of his parterre ran a beautiful canal, on the other ſide of which lay a park, where the eye, after being entertained with a multitude of agreeable objects, had its views terminated at a conſiderable diſtance by a delightful grove of trees, in the centre of which ſtood a little marble edifice, furniſhed with a collection of the beſt authors.—— Here Eudocius drew out of his boſom the book which he had in his hand when I firſt ſaw him: it was a Virgil, which opened of itſelf at the ſtory of

Orpheus

Orpheus and Eurydice. But night coming on, we returned to the houſe, where, after taking a glaſs or two of wine, I took my leave; though not without my being obliged to promiſe to make him a ſecond viſit, as ſoon as I had an opportunity.

On returning home, I reflected I had not ſeen any woman, ſo much as a ſervant, about the houſe, nor the leaſt thing in any of the rooms which could be ſuppoſed to belong to any of the ſex. Eudocius, though a perſon of the moſt polite behaviour, had yet ſuch a ſettled melancholly in his countenance, that, although he endeavoured to aſſume an air of chearfulneſs in his converſation, yet I could perceive he thereby laid a reſtraint on his inclination, and that it was impoſſible for him to put on even the appearance of gaiety, without a viſible reluctance. When I came home, I related this adventure to my friend, and entreated him to acquaint me with the hiſtory of this gentleman.

" Eudocia, ſays he, is now about five-and-twenty, " poſſeſſed of near one thouſand pounds a year, " and deſcended of a very honourable family.—— " Both his parents, dying when he was very young, " left him to the care of Mentor, who had alſo " been his father's tutor: Mentor managed both " his pupil's education and eſtate with the utmoſt " prudence, till Eudocius reached his eighteenth " year, when Mentor dying, every thing devolved " entirely to his own management; in which, not- " withſtanding his youth, he demeaned himſelf ſo " judiciouſly, that he gained the reputation of be- " ing one of the fineſt gentlemen in the country.— " About three miles from Eudocius lived Severus, " a moroſe old man, of about two thouſand pounds " a year real, beſides an immenſe perſonal eſtate; " all which, after his deceaſe, would deſcend to " his only daughter, Selinda, a young lady whoſe " beauty and merit more than deſerved it. Eu-

" docius, by education, family and intereſt, was " attached to one party: and Severus, by a natu- " ral obſtinacy in his temper, violently biaſſed to " the other. This occaſioned little intercourſe with " the two families, except their ſometimes viſiting " at the ſame places.

" It was at one of thoſe accidental meetings, " that Eudocius ſaw Selinda. This firſt interview " created in him a tender regard which ripened, " by degrees, into a violent and laſting paſſion.— " It would be needleſs for me to give you an unne- " ceſſary detail of the ſeries of this amour; it is " ſufficient to inform you, that the love of Eudo- " cius was received with reciprocal tenderneſs by " Selinda, and that Severus's conſent was only " wanting to make them happy.

" A friend, whom Eudocius had made his con- " fidant in this affair, was employed to ſound the " old gentleman's inclinations on this head. But " no ſooner was it mentioned to Severus, than, " with his uſual vehemence of temper, he poſi- " tively declared, if his daughter wedded Eudo- " cius, he would not only turn her out of doors, " but at his death would deprive her both of his " bleſſing and his eſtate.

" Too well the lovers knew the obſtinate tem- " per of old Severus, to hope, either by gentle " methods, or length of time, to ſoften him into a " compliance. Selinda, beſides the riſk ſhe ran " in diſobeying her father, was too dutiful to think " of marrying either without or againſt his conſent. " The following expedient, therefore, was reſolved " on, as beſt ſuited to the preſent juncture of their " affairs: Eudocius was to go abroad, under pre- " tence to travel; but indeed, that Severus might " not ſuſpect he entertained any farther thoughts of " his daughter. Selinda, on her part, ſolemnly " promiſed, never to think of any other for a

" huſband,

" huſband, notwithſtanding any perſuaſions, or
" even threats her father might make uſe of to in-
" duce her to the contrary. They flattered them-
" ſelves, that this cruel ſeparation could not laſt
" long, ere death, by taking away Severus, who
" was now near four-ſcore, and miſerably afflicted
" with the gout, would thereby remove the ſole
" obſtruction to their happineſs.

" Alas! how eaſily do our inclinations impoſe
" upon our judgments, and how readily do we
" credit what we wiſh to be true? The lovers
" imagined that Severus was effectually blinded;
" but in this, unfortunately they were miſtaken.
" Old age is naturally ſuſpicious: he began to have
" ſome apprehenſions on that head; and, with-
" out taking the leaſt notice of it to Selinda,
" (which he rightly judged, if it were ſo, would
" only make her the more cautious) by placing
" private ſpies on her conduct, and by corrupting
" a favourite maid of her's, whom ſhe had made
" her confidant, he at laſt came to know all.——
" No ſooner was he maſter of the ſecret, but, brid-
" ling the natural impatience of his temper, he re-
" ſolved to purſue ſuch meaſures as would puniſh
" her diſobedience, and fruſtrate her paſſion for
" Eudocius; and all this too, without letting her
" know he was in the leaſt acquainted with the
" matter.

" In order to carry on the ſcheme he had form-
" ed, he ſuffered the three or four firſt letters
" which Eudocia wrote to Selinda, to be ſafely de-
" livered to her, the laſt of which was dated from
" Paris; and the contents were, that ſome reaſons
" inclined him to continue there for ſome time.—
" After this, Severus having it in his power, con-
" ſtantly intercepted them for the ſpace of three
" months; during which time, you may imagine,
" the lovers ſuffered the moſt intolerable anxiety.

" Severus

" Severus thought it now time to put his deſign in " execution: he inſtructed a fellow for that pur- " poſe, and having furniſhed him with a dreſs and " equipage ſuitable to the appearance of a perſon " of diſtinction, he brought him to his own houſe, " as a gentleman from London, who made him a " viſit. At dinner, Severus took occaſion to aſk " him for news.

" I am, ſaid the ſtranger, about a fortnight ago " come from Paris, and the day before I ſet out, " Eudocius (who, I am informed, is your neigh- " bour in this part of the country) was married to " a lady of that city, of great quality and an im- " menſe fortune."

" Scarce had he pronounced theſe words, ere " Selinda fell from her chair upon the ground; " ſhe was immediately conveyed from thence to " her chamber, and from that minute was ſeized " with a fever. Her father, who imagined her " illneſs might be ſoon removed, was over-joyed at " at the ſucceſs of his plot: but this ſatisfaction was " overturned in a few days, by the phyſicians ac- " quainting him, that it was impoſſible to ſave Se- " linda's life. Stung with the thoughts of having " murdered his daughter, he ran to her bed-ſide, " where, on his knees, and with a flood of tears, " he diſcovered the whole contrivance, producing, " at the ſame time, the intercepted letters from " Eudocius, and conjuring her, if poſſible, to make " herſelf eaſy on the head, and to forgive him.— " In the midſt of this unhappy ſcene, a letter was " delivered him from Eudocius, who, unable to " bear the pain of a ſeparation from Selinda, joined " with that cruel uneaſineſs ariſing from his not " being able to hear from her, was arrived the " day before privately at his own houſe, where " receiving information of Selinda's being at the " point of death, he wrote to her father in the

" moſt

" moſt moving terms, to intreat his permiſſion to
" ſee her. Severus gave orders he ſhould be admit-
" ted immediately, and notwithſtanding Selinda's
" extreme illneſs, he cauſed them to be married
" in his preſence.——But, alas! this indulgence
" came too late; for although the next day ſhe
" appeared ſomewhat better, yet the day after
" the diſeaſe returned with ſuch violence, that to-
" wards the evening the unhappy bride expired in
" the arms of her beloved Eudocius.

" Extream grief and vexation, in about a fort-
" night's time, carried off Severus, whoſe vaſt eſ-
" tate, by his dying without a will, deſcended to
" a perſon, who was a very diſtant relation.

" Eudocius, to divert, in ſome meaſure, his ex-
" ceſſive melancholy, cauſed his old family ſeat to
" be pulled down, and in its ſtead erected, after
" the Italian manner, that ſtructure you ſo much
" admire.

" It is there, that, perfectly retired from the
" world, he paſſes his days in a continued ſolitude,
" ſcarce ſeeing any company, and never ſuffering
" a woman to come within his doors.——He con-
" fines himſelf wholly within the compaſs of his
" own gardens, where he ſpends his time moſtly
" in ſtudy, and the peruſal of the ancients; and
" yet, in ſpite of all his wiſdom and philoſophy,
" gives way to an immoderate grief, and fruitleſly
" bewails the loſs of his Selinda."

## *The* PREVALENCE *of* BLOOD.

ONE of the warm nights of ſummer, an ancient gentleman of Toledo, with his wife, a little ſon, a daughter ſeventeen years old, and a maid-ſervant, were coming back from taking their diverſion by the ſide of the river: the night was clear, the hour eleven, and the path ſolitary; and they walked ſlowly, in order not to loſe by wearineſs, the pleaſures which the river and the meadows about it afforded. The good old man and his little family came along, with all the ſecurity which the ſtricteſt government and civil manners of the inhabitants of the city could encourage, not dreaming in the leaſt of meeting with any diſaſter. But as moſt misfortunes happen when they are leaſt foreſeen, contrary to their expectation, they were ſurpriſed with one which marred all their mirth, and gave them cauſe to lament for ſeveral years.

There was a young gentleman of the ſame city, about two and twenty years of age, whom riches, high birth, a lewd inclination, riotous liberty, and wild companions, tranſported into irregularities, which were a ſcandal to his quality, and drew upon him the character of diſſolute and impudent. This cavalier, whoſe name I ſhall for good reaſons conceal, and change to that of Rodolfo, with four of his mad acquaintance, all young, ſprightly and inſolent, were coming down the ſame hill, the old gentleman and his train were walking up. The two companies met, that of the ſheep and the wolves;

wolves; and Rodolfo and his comrades covering their own faces, with an audacious rudeneſs unveiled thoſe of the mother, the daughter and their maid. The old gentleman was alarmed, and reprimanded them ſeverely for their boldneſs; they anſwered him rudely with jeers and ſcorn, and without offering any farther affront, paſſed on.—But the beauty of the face Rodolfo had ſeen, which was Leocadia's, the gentleman's daughter, ran ſo in his mind, that it fired his heart, and awakened in him a deſire to enjoy her, at the expence of any inconveniencies which might attend it He opened his deſign immediately to his aſſociates, who readily determined to go back, and carry her off, to pleaſe Rodolfo; for the rich never want thoſe who will patronize their vices, and ſupport them in all their outrages. Thus the forming this vile intention, the communicating it, the approving it, the reſolving to effect it, and the actual execution of it, was all diſpatched in a moment. They tied their handkerchiefs over their faces, and drawing their ſwords, marched back, and ſoon fell in with the unhappy family, who had juſt been giving thanks to Heaven for delivering them from the hands of this boiſterous crew. Rodolfo faſtened on Leocadia, who had not ſtrength enough to reſiſt him, and ſeizing her in his arms, fled as faſt as he could; the fright deprived her of her voice, and loſing her ſight and ſenſes in the ſwoon, ſhe neither perceived who carried her away, nor whither they hurried her. Her father cried out, her mother ſhrieked, her little brother ſcreamed, and the maid howled and ſtamped, and tore her hair; but their exclamations were not heard, their roaring was in vain, their ſad laments were not regarded, and their raging did no ſervice. The ſolitarineſs of the place, and the deep ſilence of the night, favoured the action, and the brutal cruelty of the raviſher was deaf

deaf to pity. In a word, the laſt went away rejoicing, while the other ſtaid behind full of ſorrow. Rodolfo arrived at his houſe without any impediment, and Leocadia's parents returned to their's grieved and afflicted, and overwhelmed with deſpair; they were now become blind and ſolitary, having loſt the fair eyes of their beauteous daughter, which were the light of their's, and wanting her delightful company. In their confuſion they were unable to reſolve what method to purſue; if they gave information of their diſgrace to the magiſtrates, they were afraid they might thereby raſhly make themſelves the principal inſtrument of publiſhing their own diſhonour. Beſides, they had little or no intereſt, as being poor, though nobly deſcended, and knew not of whom to complain, unleſs of their own ill fortune.

Rodolfo in the mean while had the cunning to carry Leocadia directly home to his own apartment; and though ſhe continued in a ſwoon all the way, he cautiouſly bound a handkerchief over her eyes, that ſhe might not ſee the ſtreets through which they paſſed, nor the houſe nor the room into which he brought her; he introduced her thither unperceived by any one, becauſe his father, who was yet living, allowed him a ſeparate apartment, and he had the keys of all that quarter of the houſe. A great inadvertency this, in parents to truſt their children to live in private by themſelves, and without obſervation.

Before Leocadia recovered from her fainting, Rodolfo had accompliſhed his vile deſire; the impure tranſports of youth ſeldom or never regarding ſeaſons or circumſtances, but hurrying them on without reſtraint. The light of his underſtanding being extinguiſhed, he robbed Leocadia in the dark of the beſt jewel ſhe had; and as the criminal appetites of ſenſe generally ſubſide as ſoon as they

are

are gratified, Rodolfo preſently reſolved to rid himſelf of poor Leocadia, and turn her into the ſtreet, as ſhe was in a ſwoon. But juſt as he was going to do it, he perceived ſhe was come to herſelf, and began to ſpeak: Where am I, unhappy wretch? cried ſhe; what darkneſs is this? what ſhades ſurround me? Heaven help me! who touches me? am I in a bed? am I diſhonoured? doſt thou hear me, my dear mother? my worthy father, are you within my call? Ah, what a condition am I in, ſince it is plain my parents hear me not, and my enemies have me in their arms; happy ſhould I be if this darkneſs would always continue, and my eyes were never to view the light of day again; what place am I in? whatever it is, I wiſh it might hide me for ever, ſince diſhonour, which is concealed, is better than honour which depends on the opinion of the vulgar. Ah! I now recall to memory, what I could not recollect before, that a little while ago I was in my parents company, and was aſſaulted; and I ſee and am convinced it is beſt for me never to appear in the world again. O thou, whoever thou art, that art here with me, (and at this ſhe graſped Rodolfo's hands) if thou haſt a mind which can be moved by intreaties, I beſeech thee, that ſince thou haſt triumphed over my reputation, thou wilt alſo triumph over my life; take it this moment, for I ought not to prolong it, ſince I have loſt my honour. Think that the horrid cruelty thou haſt committed in injuring me, will be ſoftened by the mercy thou wilt ſhew in killing me; and thou wilt thereby be compaſſionate, as well as ſevere.

Leocadia's words confounded Rodolfo, who being a giddy-brained young man of little experience, knew not what to ſay or do; his ſilence ſurpriſed Leocadia the more; ſhe ſtretched out her hand to touch him, to ſatisfy herſelf whether it was a phan-

tom that was with her, or a real perſon: but when ſhe felt a living body, and remembered the force which had been offered her, as ſhe was walking with her parents, ſhe clearly apprehended her diſgrace. At this thought ſhe began to purſue her expoſtulations, which her many ſighs and ſobbings had interrupted.

Audacious youth, ſaid ſhe, for thy actions teach me to judge thou art far from being in years, I forgive thee the injury thou haſt done me, if thou wilt only promiſe me, and ſwear, that as thou haſt concealed it in this darkneſs, thou wilt ſuppreſs it in perpetual ſilence, and never mention it to any. It is a ſmall recompence I aſk for ſo great a wrong; but to me, it is the greateſt I can deſire, or thou canſt grant. Conſider, I have never ſeen thy face, nor wiſh to ſee it; for though I muſt remember my inſult, I would not remember my inſulter, nor fix the image of the wicked author of my ruin in my mind. Heaven and myſelf alone ſhall hear my complaints, while I ſtifle them from the world, which judges not of things by their merit, but according to its own prejudiced opinion. I know not how I happen to repeat ſuch truths as theſe, which are generally the effect of much experience, and the obſervations of many years, whereas mine ſcarcely make ſeventeen; yet this I know, that grief both ties and looſes the tongue of the afflicted; ſometimes aggravating the ſufferings, in order to gain a belief of them; at other times being quite mute, becauſe there is no remedy in view. Yet whether I am ſilent or ſpeak, I cannot fail ſurely of being both believed and helped by you; for not to believe me, you muſt be ignorant of what has happened, and not to aſſiſt me, muſt render yourſelf miſerable; and I am unwilling to deſpair of relief from you, becauſe it will coſt you little to give it: what I mean is this; imagine

gine not with yourſelf, that length of time will abate the juſt reſentment which is kindled in my ſoul againſt you; nor attempt to repeat the injury on me, for you ſhall not renew your joys again; and the having once accompliſhed your unchaſte deſire, ought to extinguiſh it for ever: ſuppoſe with yourſelf, if you pleaſe, that you have abuſed me by accident, but preſume not to plead in excuſe of it; and I will ſuppoſe, either that I was not born, or that I am born only to be unhappy. Put me out into the ſtreet immediately, and conduct me near the great church, from whence I ſhall eaſily know the way to my own houſe. But ſwear, I charge thee, not to follow me, nor to find out where I live; nor enquire after my parents name, or mine, or that of my relations, who are ſo rich and noble, that they ought not to be involved in my misfortunes. Anſwer me to this; and if thou art afraid I ſhould know thee by thy voice, I aſſure thee, that excepting my father and confeſſor, I never talked with a man in my whole life, and have too ſeldom heard any ſpeak in common diſcourſe to be able to diſtinguiſh them by their voices.

All the reply Rodolfo made to this prudent and moving reaſoning of Leocadia, was to embrace her, and give plain tokens that he was willing to multiply his crime, and her diſhonour; at which, with greater ſtrength and courage than her tender age ſeemed to promiſe, ſhe defended herſelf with her feet, her hands, and teeth, and tongue: Know, traitor, infamous wretch, ſaid ſhe, whoever thou art, that the baſe victory thou haſt won from me, is no other than what thou mighteſt have had over an inanimate ſtock or ſtone, and redounds to thy infamy and ſhame. Thou ſhalt not compaſs thy attempt again, but by my death. Thou haſt diſhonoured and undone me, while I was

in a ſwoon; but now I am myſelf, thou ſhalt ſooner kill than conquer me; for ſhould I quietly ſubmit to thy wickedneſs, while I am in my ſenſes, thou mayeſt imagine my late trance, when thou hadſt the lewd inſolence to blemiſh me, was only feigned.

In a word, Leocadia made ſuch a brave and reſolute reſiſtance, that Rodolfo's ſtrength and deſires began to flag; and as the rudeneſs he had offered her aroſe from no other principle than a laſcivious impulſe, which never produces true and permanent love, but quickly vaniſhes, and is ſucceeded by inward repentance, and ſome faint inclination to purſue it; Rodolfo being thus rebuffed and wearied, without ſaying a word, left Leocadia in his chamber, and locking the door, ran to find out his comrades, in order to conſult with them what to do. Leocadia perceived ſhe was locked in alone, and getting out of bed, walked round the room, groping about upon the walls with her hands to find the door, or a window out of which to make her eſcape. At laſt ſhe found the door, which was faſtened, and after that a window; and having with ſome difficulty opened the ſhutters, the moon ſhone in ſo brightly, that ſhe could diſtinguiſh the colour of ſeveral curious hangings which adorned the chamber. The bed ſhe perceived was gilded, and ſo richly made, that it ſeemed rather that of a prince, than of a private gentleman. She counted the ſtools and the eſcrutores, and remarked whereabout the door was placed; and though ſhe ſaw ſeveral pictures hanging on the wall, ſhe could not diſcern what they were. The window was large and handſome, and ſecured with a thick iron grate; it looked into a garden, which was alſo ſurrounded with a high wall, all which diſappointed her deſign of getting down into the ſtreet. By what ſhe diſcovered of the ſpa-

clouſneſs and noble furniture of the room, ſhe apprehended that the maſter of it muſt be ſome conſiderable perſon, and very rich, and upon an eſcritore by the window ſhe had the good fortune to ſpy a ſmall crucifix of ſolid ſilver; ſhe reached it down, and put it into the ſleeve of her gown, neither out of devotion nor theft, but out of a very prudent and well-laid intention. Having done this, ſhe ſhut up the window, as it was before, and returned to the bed, expecting what would be the end of ſo ſtrange and unhappy a beginning.

In leſs than half an hour, as ſhe imagined, ſhe heard ſomebody open the chamber door, and coming up to her, without ſaying a word, drew a handkerchief over her eyes, and taking her by the arm, led her out of the room, and locked the door after them. It was Rodolfo, who had been to ſeek his comrades, to lay his caſe before them, but changed his mind by the way, reflecting that it was very wrong to call in witneſſes of what had paſſed that night between himſelf and the lady, and that it would make a much better ſtory to tell them, that repenting of his crime, and moved by her tears, he had releaſed her in the middle of the road. Accordingly he paſſed back in all haſte to carry Leocadia out to the great church, as ſhe had deſired, before break of day, leſt the light ſhould prevent it, and oblige him to keep her in his lodging another night, which he did not deſire; for as he had no deſign to uſe any farther force with her, he was unwilling to run the hazard of being diſcovered. He hurried her into the ſtreet, and having conducted her to the place called Ayutamiento, told her, with a feigned voice, in half Portugueſe and half Caſtilian, that ſhe might go home ſecurely, for nobody ſhould follow her; and before ſhe could unmuffle her eyes, he had conveyed himſelf out of ſight.

As ſoon as ſhe was left alone, ſhe pulled off the handkerchief; ſhe knew the place where ſhe was, and having looked round her every way, ſaw nobody, yet ſuſpecting ſome might follow her at a diſtance, at every ſtep ſhe made a ſtand, and in this cautious manner ſtole on gently towards her own houſe, which was not far off; and to deceive any ſpies, who might obſerve her, ſhe went into a houſe, the door of which ſtood open, and from thence privately removed to her own, where ſhe found her parents full of grief, and ſitting up in their cloaths without the leaſt thought of going to bed, or taking reſt. When they ſaw her, they ran to her with open arms, and received her with tears in their eyes. Leocadia, full of confuſion and ſurprize, deſired them to go aſide with her into a private room, where in a few words ſhe related to them her misfortune, with all the circumſtances of it, adding, that ſhe had not the leaſt knowledge of this invader and robber of her honour. She informed them of the particulars ſhe had remarked in the deteſted theatre where this lamentable tragedy was acted; as the window, the garden, the iron grate, the eſcrutores, the bed and the hangings, and laſtly, ſhe ſhewed them the crucifix which ſhe had brought away. Before this image they all renewed their tears, poured out earneſt ſupplications for relief, implored vengeance, and begged Heaven to ſend ſome miraculous chaſtiſements on the guilty. She told them likewiſe, that though ſhe did not deſire to know her injurer, yet if they thought it was beſt to diſcover him, they might do it by the means of that crucifix, by procuring the clerks to publiſh in the pulpits of every pariſh in the city, that whoever had loſt ſuch an image, might have it again of ſuch a prieſt, and that finding by this who was the owner, they might find the houſe and the perſon of her enemy.

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This were right advice, daughter, anſwered her father, if common caution did not maliciouſly defeat thy ingenious propoſal: for ſince it is plain, this image may not be immediately miſſed out of the chamber you mention, and that the owner of it will take it for granted, the perſon who was with him in the lodging took it away, when he underſtands that it is left with ſuch a prieſt, he will rather diſcover thereby who left it with him, than ſuffer us to detect who he is that loſt it; for perhaps ſomebody elſe may call for it, to whom the right owner has deſcribed the marks; in which caſe, we ſhould be confounded rather than informed, even though we ſhould uſe the ſame artifice as we ſuſpect may be employed againſt us, and deliver it to the prieſt by a third hand. All you can do, child, is to lay it by, and wait for ſome opportunity when it may be of ſervice; and conſider, that a grain of public diſhonour is heavier than a pound of ſecret ſhame; and ſince you may appear abroad without blemiſh in the eyes of Heaven, do not afflict yourſelf for having ſuffered infamy in private. True diſhonour conſiſts in vice, and true honour in virtue; and it is by our words, our intentions and actions, that we anger Heaven; and ſince thou haſt offended by none of theſe, think thyſelf ſtill unſpotted, for ſuch thou art to me, and I ſhall always look on thee with the fondneſs of an affectionate father.

With ſuch tender and perſuaſive arguments he comforted the dejected Leocadia; and her mother embracing her again, endeavoured alſo to make her eaſy. She ſighed, and melted into tears afreſh, and ſubmitting to her condition, hid her head, as they ſay, living perfectly retired under the protection of her parents, and wearing very plain, tho' decent clothes.

Rodolfo

Rodolfo in the mean time coming back to his chamber, miſſed the crucifix, and readily imagined who had got it; he took no notice of it, being too rich to regard the loſs, nor did his parents aſk him about it; and three days after he delivered up every thing in his chamber to a ſervant-maid of his mother, and ſet forward on his intended voyage to Italy: his father, who had formerly been there himſelf, having preſſed him to it, and told him they were no gentlemen who were ſuch only in their own country, and that he ought to ſhew himſelf to be one in foreign parts. By theſe and other reaſons Rodolfo was perſuaded to comply with his father's deſire, who gave him bills for conſiderable ſums at Barcelona, Genoa, Rome and Naples. He departed inſtantly with two of his old companions, being wonderfully pleaſed with the account he heard by ſome ſoldiers of the plenty of inns there were in Italy and France, and of the freedom the Spaniards take there in their quarters. His imagination was in raptures at the reliſhing ſound of fine chickens, lovely pigeons, charming ſauſages, proclaimed by a jolly well-thriven hoſt, and a long roll of other delicious names of this ſort, which the ſoldiers ran over, who repreſented to him very movingly the vaſt difference there was between the fat victualling-houſes in thoſe countries, and the ſtarving inns of Spain. In ſhort, he began his expedition with a heart full at eaſe, and with no more remembrance of what had paſſed between Leocadia and himſelf, than if no ſuch affair had happened.

She, poor lady, in the mean time, lived at home with her parents with all the privacy of a recluſe, not ſuffering herſelf to be ſeen by any, leſt they ſhould read her ſhame in her face. In a few months, ſhe found herſelf under a neceſſity of doing what ſhe hitherto had done out of choice,

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of keeping retired, for ſhe found herſelf with child; this drew again thoſe tears into her eyes, which had in ſome degree been ſuppreſſed, and her ſighs and lamentations began to break out anew, notwithſtanding all the pains her tender mother took to comfort her.

Time quickly rolled away, and the hour arrived for her delivery, which was managed with the utmoſt ſecrecy; her mother ſupplied the place of a midwife, and aſſiſted her to bring into the world as lovely a boy as can be imagined. With the ſame caution as it was born, they conveyed it to a little village, where it was nurſed four years, at the end of which the grandfather brought it into his own houſe, under the quality of his nephew, and gave it a virtuous, though not a coſtly education. The child, who was named Lewis, was very handſome, of a ſweet diſpoſition, and an excellent genius, and in all the actions which could proceed from ſo green an age, he gave proofs that he was begotten by ſome honourable perſon: and his mother's parents were ſo enamoured of his beauty, his parts, and his diſcretion, that they began to account their daughter's misfortune a happineſs, in having given them ſuch a grandſon. When he walked along the ſtreets, he had a thouſand bleſſings poured upon him by all beholders; ſome bleſſed his beauty, others the mother who bore him; theſe the father who begat him, and thoſe the perſon who had trained him up ſo well. At ſeven years old, he made ſome progreſs in Latin, and could write pretty well: for the good old people deſigned to make him wiſe and virtuous, ſince they could not make him rich; wiſdom and virtue being thoſe riches over which robbers, and that which is called fortune, have no power.

It happened one day, that the boy, going on an errand for his grandmother to a niece of her's, chanced

chanced to paſs through a ſtreet where ſeveral cavaliers were running a horſe-race. He ſtopped to look on, and as he was croſſing to the other ſide of the ring for the ſake of planting himſelf more commodiouſly, he was trampled down by one of the horſes, the rider not being able to hold him back in the fury of his career. The horſe ran over him, and left him for dead on the ſpot, the blood iſſuing out from his head in great plenty. Juſt at this inſtant, an ancient gentleman, who was beholding the race, diſmounted very nimbly, and taking up the child, ſnatched him out of the arms of them who held him, into his own, and without regarding his own grey hairs, and his authority, which was very great, carried him home as faſt as he could walk, and bid his ſervants run immediately for a ſurgeon to dreſs him. Several gentlemen followed him, extremely concerned for the misfortune of ſo lovely a child, for the word was preſently given out, that little Lewy, the nephew of ſuch a gentleman, naming his grandfather, was rid over by a horſe. The cry flew from mouth to mouth, till at laſt it reached the ears of his grand-parents, and his diſconſolate mother. Being convinced of the truth of this melancholly accident, they ran out of doors like ſo many mad people, to look after their darling; and as the gentleman who had taken him home, was of the firſt rank, and generally known, almoſt every one they met directed them to his houſe. They came in juſt as the boy was under the ſurgeon's hands: the gentleman of the houſe and his wife, ſuppoſing them to be its parents, begged them not to make any lamentations, becauſe it would affect and prejudice the child. And the ſurgeon, having dreſſed him with extraordinary tenderneſs and ſkill, told them the wound was not ſo dangerous as he feared at firſt.

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In the midſt of the operation, poor Lewy held out his hands, and eagerly ſtrove to get to his relations, who weeping aſked him, how he was? he anſwered, Well, only his body and his head aked very much. The ſurgeon enjoined them not to talk to him, but leave him to reſt; they did ſo, and the grandfather began to thank the maſter of the houſe for the affectionate care he had taken of his nephew. The gentleman replied, he did not deſerve his thanks; and aſſured him, that when he ſaw the poor boy, as he lay on the ground, he imagined he ſaw the face of his own dear ſon; and this moved him to take the child into his arms, and bring him home, where he would keep him during the time of his cure, and give him the beſt entertainment poſſible. His wife alſo, who was of a noble family, ſaid the ſame, and added promiſes yet more kind. The others ſtood aſtoniſhed at ſo ſhining a chriſtian temper; but the mother was in the greateſt ſurprize; for the encouraging account the ſurgeon gave her, having compoſed the diſorder of her ſpirits, ſhe looked narrowly about the room, and clearly perceived by various tokens, it was that where her honour was violated, and her misfortune began; and though the hangings, which were then in it were removed, ſhe knew the figure of it, and ſaw the grated window which opened into the garden; and becauſe it was ſhut to keep out the cold air from the wounded child, that ſhe might be certain of the thing, ſhe aſked whether that window did not look out upon a garden. They anſwered yes. But what ſhe remembered moſt diſtinctly was the bed; and particularly the eſcrutore, upon which the crucifix ſtood which ſhe had taken away. In a word, the truth of her ſuſpicions was put beyond all doubt by the ſtairs which ſhe had counted when Rodolfo led her down blindfold out of the chamber; and as ſhe

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went home, after taking leave of her ſon, ſhe had the prudent caution to tell them over again, and found the number agreed exactly; and comparing one ſign with another, ſhe was fully convinced that her ſuppoſition was right, and related the whole to her mother, who like a diſcreet woman had informed herſelf whether the gentleman, at whoſe houſe her grandchild was, had a ſon; and underſtanding that he who was called Rodolfo was he, that he was then in Italy, and reckoning up the time they ſaid he had been out of Spain, ſhe found it was juſt ſeven years, her little grandſon's age. She appriſed her huſband of this, and they and their daughter agreed to wait and ſee how Heaven would diſpoſe of the child, who in fifteen days was out of danger, and in ſo many more got upon his legs again.

All this while he was viſited by his mother and grandmother, and the gentleman of the houſe and and his wife treated him as if he had been their own. As Donna Eſtefania, ſo was the gentleman's lady called, was talking once with Leocadia, ſhe told her, the child was ſo ſurpriſingly like her ſon in Italy, that ſhe could never look on him but ſhe thought ſhe had the other before her eyes; upon which Leocadia took occaſion, as they were alone together, to impart to her ſome circumſtances which her parents agreed it would be proper for her to mention. Madam, ſaid ſhe, the day that my parents had heard their nephew had received this miſchance, they were in a ſtrange conſternation, and imagined Heaven was ſhut againſt them, and the world fallen to pieces about their ears; they ſeemed to have loſt the light of their eyes, and the ſtaff of their old age in the loſs of this boy, whom they loved ſo dearly, that in many reſpects their fondneſs exceeded that which other parents bear to their children; but

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as it is ſaid, When God ſends the wound, he ſends alſo the cure; this accident of their nephew has drawn me to this houſe, and I here call to mind ſome things which it is impoſſible I ſhould forget while I live. I am well born, madam, for my parents are ſo, as were all my anceſtors, who with a moderate portion of the goods of fortune, have preſerved a very unblemiſhed reputation wherever they lived.

Donna Eſtefania was amazed at what Leocadia ſaid, and ſtood in ſuſpence. She thought it incredible, though ſhe ſaw it, there ſhould be ſo much diſcretion in ſuch early years; for by all appearance ſhe judged her to be ſcarcely more than twenty; and therefore inſtead of making any reply, ſhe waited for Leocadia's finiſhing her ſtory, who proceeded to inform her of Rodolfo's proceedings, and her own diſhonour, of his ſeizing her, and blinding her eyes, and carrying her home to his own apartment, and mentioned the tokens by which ſhe knew the chamber they were now in to be the ſame as ſhe ſuſpected. To confirm it, ſhe drew the cruciſix out of her boſom: This, ſaid ſhe, is a witneſs of the violence I ſuffered from your ſon; I took it from the top of that eſcrutore while he was out of the room, in hopes it might one day be of ſervice to me, and have preſerved it ever ſince as a perpetual memorial of my misfortune. Let this juſtify what I have told you. Believe me, madam, the child to whom you have been ſo extremely kind, is indeed your own grandſon: — Heaven permitted him to be hurt by the horſe, that by his being brought into your houſe, I might find here, as I hope I ſhall, what I ought to find, if not the remedy which is moſt proper and adapted to my mournful diſaſter, at leaſt the means which will make it leſs ſevere.

Having ſaid this, ſhe embraced the crucifix, and fainted away in Donna Eſtefania's arms; who joined her cheek to her's, and ſhed ſuch a flood of tears on her, that there was no need to ſprinkle water on her face to bring her to her ſenſes. As they were both in this condition, Donna Eſtefania's huſband happened to enter the room, leading little Lewis by the hand; when he ſaw his wife weeping, and Leocadia in a ſwoon: he ſtarted, and begged to know the occaſion; and the poor child ran and embraced his mother, and the lady his grandmother, taking them to be only his couſin and his benefactreſs, and aſked them, why they cried? I have important things to tell you, anſwered Donna Eſtefania to her huſband, the ſum of which is this; you are to look on this poor lady as your daughter, and this child as your grandſon. What I ſay is truth; I have heard it from the mouth of this fair creature, who has ſupported it by evident proofs, and the features of the child alſo confirm it, in which both of us have obſerved the perfect image of our Rodolfo. Unleſs you explain this more at large, replied the gentleman, I cannot underſtand you. Here Leocadia awakened; and embracing the crucifix, ſeemed to be diſſolved in tears. This put the gentleman into the utmoſt confuſion, from which he was recovered by his wife's relating to him all that Leocadia had told her; and Heaven was pleaſed ſo to ordain it, that he believed it without heſitation, as readily as if it had been atteſted by ſeveral unexceptionable witneſſes. He embraced Leocadia, chearing her very tenderly, then kiſſed his pretty grandſon, and diſpatched a courier the ſame day to Naples, to require his ſon to come home with all ſpeed, becauſe he had concluded a marriage for him with a woman of incomparable beauty, and the moſt proper for him in the world. They would

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not ſuffer Leocadia nor her ſon to go back to her parents, who being tranſported with their daughter's unexpected good fortune, returned infinite thanks for it to Heaven.

The courier arrived at Naples; and two days after he received the letter, Rodolfo, being impatient to poſſeſs ſuch a beautiful woman as his father deſcribed to him, embraced the opportunity of ſome gallies juſt departing for Spain, and went on board with both his companions, who had never forſaken him. They had ſuch a proſperous paſſage, that in twelve days he reached Barcelona, and in ſeven more Toledo, and came home to his father's ſo alert and genteel, that he ſeemed the perfection of gallantry and politeneſs.

Leocadia was in ſuſpence, and viewed him from a private corner, where ſhe could not be ſeen, in compliance with Donna Eſtefania's directions. Rodolfo's companions would have taken leave and gone to their own lodgings directly, but Eſtefania would not permit them, becauſe ſhe wanted them for the deſign ſhe had in hand. It was near night when Rodolfo came in, and, while ſupper was preparing, Eſtefania called his companions aſide, not doubting but they were two of the three Leocadia ſaid were with him the night he abuſed her, and begged them very earneſtly to tell her whether they remembered her ſon's running away with a woman one evening, ſo many year's ago; becauſe it concerned the reputation and eaſe of all his relations to know the truth of that report. She deſired it of them ſo preſſingly, and gave them ſuch aſſurances that they ſhould receive no damage by the diſcovery, that they frankly acknowledged, themſelves and one more, as they were rambling abroad one ſummer night with Rodolfo, ſeized a young woman, whom Rodolfo conveyed away, while they kept the family in play, who endeavoured to de-

ſend her with their outcries, and that Rodolfo told them the next day, he had carried her home to his lodgings; and this was all the information they could give her concerning what ſhe aſked.

This confeſſion unravelled all doubts, and gave light to the whole affair; and Eſtefania now reſolved to execute the honourable deſign ſhe had formed. Accordingly, while ſupper was preparing, ſhe retired into a room with Rodolfo; and putting a picture into his hand, Son, ſaid ſhe, I will give you a moſt delightful entertainment to-night, by ſhewing you your excellent ſpouſe; this is her picture; but I muſt appriſe you, that what ſhe wants in beauty, is ſupplied in virtue; ſhe is well-born, prudent, and moderately rich; and ſince ſhe is your father's choice, and mine, you may be certain ſhe is the fitteſt match you can have. Rodolfo viewed the picture very archly; Painters, ſaid he, are generally prodigal in beſtowing beauty upon the faces they draw: and I ſuppoſe the charms of this piece are owing to their bounty; and that the original is homely enough. I confeſs, madam, it is juſt and proper that children ſhould pay obedience to their parents' commands; but it is alſo very convenient, and much better, that parents ſhould allow their children to embrace what condition of life they like beſt; and ſince marriage is a knot which is untied only by death, both parties ſhould be entirely ſatisfied in the tying it. Virtue, nobility, and the goods of fortune, are fine qualifications in a wife, to pleaſe her huſband's mind; but I am of opinion, it is impoſſible deformity ſhould pleaſe his eyes. I am a young man, it is true; yet I know what I ſay, and that the delight married people very lawfully take in one another, may conſiſt perfectly well with the holy vows and purpoſes of matrimony; but if this mutual complacence is wanting, the marriage is maimed,

maimed, and fails in a principal circumſtance. And to think a homely face which a man muſt have conſtantly before his eyes, at bed and at board, can give him delight, I repeat it once again, is impoſſible. I beg you therefore, madam, to provide me a conſort who may be a joy to me, and not a burden; that ſo we may both of us carry the yoke comfortably, without flouncing and ſtarting aſide out of the road. If this lady be noble, prudent, and rich, as you ſay ſhe is, ſhe cannot fail of a huſband, with whom ſhe may be much happier than with me. Some deſire nobility, and ſome admire diſcretion; ſome prefer money; others beauty; and I agree with the laſt: for as to nobility, I thank Heaven, my anceſtors have left me that by inheritance; and as for diſcretion, provided, a woman indeed be not an abſolute changeling, and an ideot, if ſhe has good plain ſenſe and underſtanding, it is ſufficient: and there is no need of her being a lady of bright parts, and a wit: then as to riches, my parents have provided for me ſo well, that I am in no great danger of coming to poverty. I give the preference therefore to beauty, and deſire no other dowry with it, than honeſty and a ſweet behaviour; and if my wife brings me that portion, I ſhall ſerve Heaven with pleaſure, and prove a bleſſing to my parents in their old age.

Rodolfo's mother liked her ſon's diſcourſe well, as perceiving it favoured her own deſign. She told him, ſhe would take care he ſhould marry as he deſired; and that ſhe would have him under no concern about it; for the treaty with the lady whoſe picture ſhe ſhewed him, might eaſily be diſſolved. Rodolfo thanked her; and ſupper-time being come, they went into the common room; and juſt as the father and mother, Rodolfo, and his two companions, were going to ſit down to table: "Mercy on me, (cried Donna Eſtefania,

" ſtarting as if ſhe had forgot herſelf) how finely I " have uſed my gueſts! run, and call the lady " Donna Leocadia, (ſaid ſhe to one of the ſervants) " and beg her to make no ſcruples of modeſty, " but to honour us with her company, for we have " nobody here but our own family."

Donna Eſtefania had ingeniouſly invented this contrivance, and appriſed Leocadia of it beforehand; who ſoon made her appearance, and preſented to them, on a ſudden, the moſt lovely object which artificial or natural beauty could produce. She was clad in a gown of black velvet, (for it was winter) diverſified with buttons of gold and pearls; ſhe had a diamond girdle and necklace; her hair, which was long and bright, was beautifully formed, and the caul which adorned her head, and the ribbands, and curls, and the ſparkling diamands, ſprinkled up and down in the treſſes, dazzled the beholders' eyes.

Leocadia was of an amiable temper, and had a great deal of wit and ſpirit; ſhe led her little ſon by the hand, and before her walked two maids, lighting her along with wax-candles in ſilver candleſticks. The whole company roſe to do her reverence, as if ſhe had been ſome miraculous appearance from heaven, and gazed on her with ſuch amazement, that they had not power to ſpeak to her. She ſaluted than all with a low court'ſy, and a graceful air; and Donna Eſtefania taking her by the hand, placed her next herſelf, directly facing Rodolfo, and the child was ſeated by his grandfather. Rodolfo viewing the incomparable beauty of Leocadia more cloſely,——" If the lady that " my mother deſigns me (ſaid he to himſelf) has " but half the beauty of this, I ſhall be the happieſt man upon earth. Bleſs me! what do I " ſee? is it not ſome angel I have before me?"— Thus the enchanting image of Leocadia entering at his

his eyes, took poſſeſſion of his heart; and ſhe alſo, ſeeing herſelf ſo near to him, whom ſhe loved more than her life, now and then ſtole a languiſhing look, and began to revolve in her imagination what had paſſed between her and Rodolfo; the hopes his mother had given her of his becoming her huſband, began to vaniſh, and ſhe was afraid the narrowneſs of her fortune would render Donna Eſtefania's promiſes ineffectual.

She reflected ſhe was now on the eve of being happy or unhappy for ever; the thoughts of which made ſo deep an impreſſion upon her mind, that her heart was troubled, and ſhe began to change her colour on a ſudden, and fainted away, and her head ſunk down upon Donna Eſtefania, who was frighted at the ſight, and ſupported her very tenderly in her arms. The company were all confounded, and, riſing from the table, ran to help her. But he who appeared to be moſt affected was Rodolfo, who, in the hurry of his haſte to get to her, ſtumbled twice, and fell down. They unlac'd her, and ſprinkled water in her face, but without effect; and the heaving of her breaſt, and the weakneſs of her pulſe, rather gave tokens of approaching death; at which the ſervants, having no conſideration in them, ſet up their voices, and bauled out that ſhe was dead.

Theſe diſmal tidings in a moment reached the ears of Leocadia's parents, whom Donna Eſtefania had concealed in another apartment, for a more welcome occaſion. They could no longer reſtrain themſelves, according to her injunction, but ruſhed into the room, with the curate of the pariſh, who was alſo with them by her appointment. The curate went up to Leocadia, to ſee whether ſhe gave any ſigns of repenting of her ſins, that ſo he might abſolve her; and expecting to find only one perſon in a ſwoon, he found two; for Rodolfo lay in the

ſame

ſame condition, with his face upon Leocadia's breaſt; his mother allowing him that freedom with her, ſince ſhe was to be his own. But when ſhe ſaw him in a trance, ſhe had like to have followed him, and would certainly have fainted, if Rodolfo had not preſently recovered. He was aſhamed they had ſeen him in ſuch a ſtrange emotion; but his mother, imagining his confuſion,—"Be not aſhamed, ſon, (ſaid ſhe) of this paſſionate "tranſport, but be aſhamed of one which you "ought to have avoided; when you underſtand "ſomething, which I will no longer hide from "you: you muſt know, my dear ſon, that the "fair creature, who is here in my arms in a ſwoon, "is your true wife. I can call her the true, for "ſhe is the perſon thy father and me have cho-"ſen for thee, and the picture I ſhewed thee is a "fiction."

When Rodolfo heard this he was in an extaſy of love; and the name of huſband removing all thoſe reſtraints which ariſe from modeſty and decorum, he laid his face cloſe to Leocadia's and joining his mouth to her's, ſtood like one expecting to breathe out his ſoul, and tranſfuſe it into her's.

Leocadia returned to her ſenſes, and with her returned all the joy and gladneſs, which the danger had baniſhed from the breaſt of every one about her. Leocadia finding herſelf in Rodolfo's arms, made a modeſt ſtruggle to break from them; "No, madam, (ſaid he) reſtraining her, this muſt "not be; you muſt not endeavour to force your-"ſelf from the arms of him, who tenderly em-"braces you in his ſoul."

Theſe words reſtored Leocadia perfectly; and Donna Eſtefania proceeded to finiſh her former reſolution, and deſired the curate immediately to perform the rights of marriage between her ſon and Leocadia:

Leocadia; which he did accordingly; for as this happened in thoſe times when eſpouſals depended only on the will of the parties, without that tedious train of impediments which are now in uſe, the ceremony ſuffered no delay.

I leave it to the reader's imagination to conceive the general joy; the embraces Leocadia's parents gave Rodolfo; the thanks they paid to heaven; the mutual vows of friendſhip; and the aſtoniſhment of Rodolfo's companions, to ſee ſuch an extraordinary wedding celebrated the very night of their arrival, and eſpecially when they underſtood by what Donna Eſtefania ſaid before them, "that "the lady was the ſame that her ſon had carried "away formerly in their company:" at which Rodolfo himſelf was alſo amazed; and to be ſatisfied of the truth, begged Leocadia to mention ſome token which might lead him into an abſolute knowledge of it, though indeed he could not doubt it, ſince his parents ſeemed to be fully convinced.—— "When I came to myſelf (ſaid ſhe) out of a for- "mer trance, I found myſelf in your arms, but "ſtripped of my honour, which, at preſent, I "think was well beſtowed, ſince upon my reco- "very from my laſt fit, I found myſelf again in "your arms, but, with my honour, entirely reſtor- "ed and ſafe. If this token is not enough, let "that of a crucifix, which nobody could ſteal "from you beſides myſelf, ſuffice; if you miſſed it "that morning, and it is the ſame which the lady "Eſtefania has now in her keeping, you are my "lord and life, and ſhall be ſo as many years as "heaven ſhall vouchſafe to grant me." At this Rodolfo embraced her again, the benedictions were renewed, and the congratulations were redoubled.

Supper now came in, and with it came the muſicians, who had been ready ſummoned for the occaſion.

caſion. Rodolfo ſaw himſelf reflected as in a mirror in the face of his little ſon; the parents on each ſide wept for gladneſs, and there was not a corner in the whole houſe but abounded with jubilee, and exultation. Though night flew on nimbly with her ſable wings, to Rodolfo ſhe ſeemed to move a cripple's pace, ſo raptured was he with his lovely ſpouſe! At laſt, the expected hour came; the company broke up, and withdrew to reſt, and the houſe was quickly hufhed in profound ſilence; but this extraordinary hiſtory will never be ſuppreſſed in ſilence, as ſo large and illuſtrious a poſterity proceeded from this happy pair, who lived in mutual delight and felicity many years at Toledo, and ſaw their children, and children's children; all which was owing to the gracious appointment of Heaven, and the *Prevalence of that Blood* which the worthy and generous grandfather of young Lewis ſaw ſpilt, by an accident, on the ground.

## *The Character of* MALVOLIO.

MALVOLIO has wit, learning and diſcernment, but tempered with an allay of envy, ſelf-love and detraction: Malvolio turns pale at the mirth and good-humour of the company, if it centers not in his perſon; he grows jealous and diſpleaſed when he ceaſes to be the only perſon admired, and looks upon the commendations paid to others as a detraction from his merit, and an attempt to leſſen the ſuperiority he affects; and by this very method, he beſtows ſuch praiſe as can never be ſuſpected of flattery. His uneaſineſs and diſtaſtes are ſo many ſure and certain ſigns of another's title to that glory he deſires, and has the mortification to find himſelf not poſſeſſed of.

*The*

## *The* MAIDEN TOWER.

THERE lived (ſay Turkiſh Chronicles) at Chryſipolis, a very rich and noble earl, extremely favoured by the Grecian emperor, with whom he frequently hunted, and us'd to continue abſent twelve or fourteen days together. The counteſs, a well-diſpoſed lady, being dead, left a daughter, of the greateſt beauty, wit and other excellencies, which could adorn a female mind and perſon; ſhe often mourned her father's abſence in a lonely ſorrow, ſtill forſaking company and pleaſure, to ſing or read, amidſt the ſhadowy groves and pleaſant meadows, which afforded ſweet retirements, not far diſtant from her father's ſeat.

Her beauty became celebrated by the youth of both court and country: every father wiſhed his ſon this maid's poſſeſſor; and the ſons of every parent forſook all other pleaſures, and, enchanted by her graces, flocked in numbers to ſolicit her affections. But the aged earl, entirely doating on his daughter's converſation, never liſtened to their largeſt offers, bent, if poſſible, to keep her ſingle, that he might, as long as he ſhould live, enjoy her company.

Accidentally, in the abſence of her father, as an amorous young gentleman was taking a penſive walk along the banks of a delightful current, he met this lovely fair, leaning penſively beneath the ſhelter of a ſpacious oak, and reading ſoftly with fixed attention. Never was joy more unexpected and tranſporting, as he had long languiſhed for her favour, but, till now, had never gained the ſmalleſt opportunity to let her know how much he loved her;

her; having been denied admiſſion by her father's obſtinacy.

Love is ſeldom wanting to inſpire his ſubjects with rhetorical aſſurance: he addreſſed the lady with ſo graceful, yet becoming, reſolution, that a ſudden inclination and regard ſeized the regions of her virgin boſom. Various arguments, with mutual ſatisfaction, paſs'd away the time in ſympathetic pleaſure, and ſuch powerful charms did each diſcover in the other's perſon, that they agreed to meet in the adjoining grove, at the ſame hour every evening, not chuſing any other place, leſt the lady's father ſhould diſcover the intrigue, and hinder them from proſecuting their reſolved affection. I need not tell the ladies, that the rules of virtue, and her female modeſty, obliged the daughter of the abſent earl to ſeem more backward than her eager lover, in the amorous ſettlement of their intended meetings. In ſhort, upon aſſurance of her lover's honourable meaning, ſhe permitted him to hope, he might at laſt be happy in her poſſeſſion; and, for many weeks, met undiſcovered in the ſecret grove, whereby they taſted all thoſe innocent delights which lovers may enjoy, without the ſmalleſt tincture of criminal converſe.

Alas! how ſoon decay the brighteſt ſcenes of human life! The earl, long ſince returned, had often obſerved his daughter abſent herſelf in the evenings, and that ſhe always choſe one certain hour to leave the houſe, and refuſed having any attendants. His natural jealouſy required no fewel to increaſe its fire, and to affect a diſcovery, he reſolved to watch which way his daughter took, diſguiſed in the habit of a ſhepherd.

Soon ſhe met the object of her love; and ſitting down upon a bank, as uſual, tenderly reclined her head upon his boſom, and they began to ſay a thouſand ſoft endearing things, believing they

they were then as private as before; till in a manner ſtupified with eager paſſion, both neglected every object but each other's perſon, not perceiving the ſuſpicious father, who had gone a little round, below the brow of an impending hill, and now ſtalked forward undiſcovered, till he came ſo near behind the lovers, buſied in courtſhip, that he overheard, with eaſe, each fond expreſſion that paſſed between them.

The ſurprized and angry earl, tranſported with rage to hear his daughter give herſelf away to one whom he had before denied; and, for certain family diſputes, extremely hated, he drew a ſword, which he had privately conveyed, and running violently at the ſtarting nobleman, who drew in his defence, the earl was unfortunately killed.——It is impoſſible to expreſs the grief and aſtoniſhment which overwhelmed her breaſt with a tempeſtuous hurricane, to hear the ſhepherd's dying voice ſo plainly ſpeak her father's accent; and upon a nearer approach, ſhe knew him, notwithſtanding his diſguiſe.——While the lover, diſtracted at the fatal accident, prepared to ſpeak his wonder and her comfort, ſhe ran with violence about the fields, forgetting love and all its conſequences but this laſt unhappy one, which ſhe proclaimed aloud to every ſervant of her father's houſe, to which ſhe flew with ſhrieks and horror. The ſervants ſeized the nobleman, who ſtood confounded like a ſtatue, gazing on the body of the murdered earl.

News was carried to the emperor of every circumſtance of this unhappy accident: who, maturely conſidering every particular, gave the gentleman a preſent pardon; but to prevent them from converſing with each other for ever after, ordered the young lady, with two aunts and all the family, to be confined in a high tower built in a place, called Stony Iſland, giving command to all who guard-

ed it, that they ſhould never ſuffer her to get away, nor give admiſſion to any perſon, except ſuch as were authorized to demand it from a royal paſſport.

For ſome time, the lady mourned ſo exceſſively for her father's death, and the deſponding lover for the action he had committed, that neither thought upon the hardſhip of their cruel ſeparation: but when fleeting time preſented to their minds the ſharpneſs of their fate, they both forſook all hopes of comfort. She, in priſon, grew quite weary of an hated life; and he, at large, became abandoned to the moſt immoderate grief; melancholy, ſilent, and increaſing grief, amidſt the tracts of diſregarded liberty.

Twelve tedious months were now rolled over, and the diſcontented lover ſtill continued every day to viſit the remembered ſcenes of former bliſs and preſent miſery. He would often walk diſconſolately up and down the banks of that delightful river, which was uſed to murmur out a melancholy harmony to ſooth their minds, oppreſſed by fear of ill ſucceſs in their commenced affection.

At length, deſpairing ever more to ſee his dear contracted miſtreſs, he began to wiſh a period to life, which only ſerved to lengthen out his miſery. ——As he walked one day, he perceived a rock, wherein he had heard of ſome dark cave, ſo diſmally forbidding, that no man had ever yet been found, who durſt attempt to enter it. Diſdain of danger, from a wearineſs of living, urged him on to ſeek the place, with a reſolution to enter, regardleſs of the conſequence. He found, after ſome ſearch, the gloomy entrance of the horrid place, which opened downwards with a very dangerous ſlope; and, not waiting for a ſecond thought, he went boldly in, and crept along the rugged ſide; a narrow channel from the neighbouring river, running

ning through a paſſage between the rocks, directly in the middle, for about one hundred yards. He made ſhift to crawl, with wonderous difficulty down a very ſlippery deſcent, but there perceived the water, which, till then, had ran confined to proper bounds, increaſed in breadth to ſuch a vaſt degree, that there was left no more dry ground to ſtand upon.

However, as deſiring death, he was reſolved to tempt it, and continued his advances through the water, ſometimes ſcarce above his knees, then to his neck; here running ten or twenty yards indifferently ſmooth, then falling many feet, and roaring round his head like ſome Egyptian cataract. Sometimes he fell, half drowned with the fury of the impetuous torrent: ſtill he crept as near as poſſible to ſome one ſide, and held upon the edges of the rocks he met with, till reflecting on the place he walked in, and how impoſſible it was to reaſcend thoſe watery paſſages he had already paſſed, he was reſolved to live as long as he could, and to obſerve by touch and ear, what farther wonders the deſcent might lead him to; for it was ſo void of the leaſt glimpſe of comfortable light, that he had then no uſe of eyes, for none could pierce one inch the ſurrounding darkneſs. He came at laſt ſo far, that he perceived a ſenſible decreaſe in breadth, for he could ſtretch his arms with eaſe, and touch both ſides: but, on the contrary, the depth increaſed exceedingly; by the water's roaring, and beating back as from ſome wall, he found the cavity no farther capable of giving room to continued progreſs: yet, conſidering there muſt be ſome paſſage of emiſſion, and little caring whither it might lead, he dipped his head and body under water, and with much ado ſhot ſwiftly with the eddy through a ſhort and narrow neck, and found himſelf immediately enlarged, but covered over

with a flood of waters, which he took to be the ſea; and finding breath grow ſhort upon him, he made uſe of ſtrong and artful ſtrokes, which he had learned by ſwimming when a boy. But he was much ſurprized, when he perceived his head above the water, and as ſoon as he could ſee, beheld himſelf within a well or ciſtern, almoſt level with the brim. He ſwam a while from ſide to ſide, at laſt obſerved a channel, into which the ciſtern diſengaged her riſing. Here he ſoon emerged, extremely weak by his ſubterraneous journey, when the firſt object he diſcovered, was his deſdamona walking in a garden, with a penſive countenance. The unexpected ſhock was much a-like to both.—But the lady, affrighted at the odd appearance of a drooping man, who looked like ſome inhabitant of an inferior world, began at firſt to ſhriek and fly; but when he faintly called her by her name, ſhe knew the voice, miſtook him for a ghoſt, and fainted to the earth, unable to ſupport the weight of ſo ſurprizing a diſcovery.

To conclude, the guards came upon the ſhrieking lady, and immediately laid hold on the adventurous viſitor. However, when the emperor was told the ſtory, he commanded both the lover and the miſtreſs to be brought before him, when he immediately reverſed his former ſentence, had them married in his royal preſence, graced them ever after with particular favours, and, in memory thereof, commanded that the caſtle be called *The Maiden Tower*; which commemorative name it bears at this day.

## *The Atheiſtical Friends.*

CAPTAIN Mac-Fitz had been every thing in his prime; he had killed his man, ruined his woman, broke his taylor, kicked waiters out of windows, and hummed the parſon; he had been what the world calls a fine gentleman——a free ſpeaker; quite the thing, as a toaſt-maſter, and one of the higheſt fellows, formerly, about the Garden. All the women of ſpirit, both on and off the town, were fond of him: there was not one remarkable club, fit for a genius, and a man of faſhion to be admitted into, but he was made a member of it.

But alas, as the fineſt linen may, when grown old, and much worn, be made into tinder; ſo natural it is for bloods about town, when old, and worn out, with tinder-like conſtitutions, to twinkle to the laſt in the ſame rotten condition.

The Captain had for ſome time paſt been a caſual dependant on a publican, for board and lodging; but the poor gentleman, falling ſick was removed out of the ale-houſe garret, and carried into an untenanted houſe, to an uncurtained bedſtead, a flock bed, and two or three hoſpital blankets, laid for him to die in.

It is common for chimney-ſweepers, to mark a houſe which is not inhabited, and ſteal up the firſt time they find the door open to get the ſoot away: the maid of the ale-houſe had, that morning, very early, been to ſee how the Captain was, becauſe ſhe had dreamed three times of him, that night, ſucceſſively: coming down careleſs, ſhe left the door a jar;

this the two chimney-ſweepers boys obſerved, and they darted into the room, where the Captain was, who, at the very inſtant, had taken up the chamber-veſſel, and was kneeling on the bed, but at their appearance, down he ſunk, frighted, overſet the urinal, and crept under the bed-clothes, in a very wet, terrified, and pitiful condition.—The boys did not mind him, but went about their work up the chimney.

Doctor Space preſently came up ſtairs to ſee the Captain; they had been many years intimates; the Doctor was a great materialiſt, and diſprover of revealed religion, a philoſopher, orator, and ſyllogiſm-maker to the Farthing-field ſociety. Now, although the phyſician was a ſcholar; the Captain, who was a fine gentleman, was no thinker at all, but took his friend's opinion, as he did his medicines, upon truſt.

Space, walking up the room, with all imaginable conſequence, came to the bed-ſide; called out, Captain, Captain Mac-Fitz; the Captain ſhoving up the bed-clothes with his head, diſcovered under a dirty night-cap his lank cheeks, lengthened by the fright, like an optical picture, and large globules of ſweat ſtanding in the wrinkles of his forehead, like pebbles in a plough furrow,—looking ghaſtfully on his friend,—the Doctor ſeating himſelf on the bed-ſide, taking hold of his patient's hand, the following dialogue paſſed between them.

Doctor. "My dear Captain Fitz, pray how do "you do?"

Captain. "Do—do—Why, I am damned, that's "all, and you are damn'd, and we are both damn'd, "and there are two little devils gone up the chim-"ney, waiting 'till the wind riſes, to carry away our "ſouls."

Doctor. "Captain, your ideas are coagulated; "your *Pia* and *Dura Mater* act inconcluſively; the

"*Senſorium*

" *ſenſorium* of your *Pineal Gland* is obnubilated;
" and the *valves* of your imagination being too
" much relaxed to retain contact, you have a *lucid*
" *Caput.*"

Capt. " *Capot:* yes, yes, it is a *Capot*, and a *repi-*
" *que* too; Lucifer will *repique* us, and we are
" damn'd, I tell you: can't you ſay one prayer for
" us both? do, try, perhaps that would drive the
" devils off for an hour or two——ſtay, I can ſay
" ſome of the belief myſelf——" As it was in the
" beginning, is now"——but I can't go on with it.
" Lord, Lord, what a rogue have I been! I muſt be
" a fine gentleman, indeed, and cut jokes upon
" Heaven, juſt to make me howl for it.—What will
" become of me?——If I could live my time over
" again, before I'd be a Buck, or a Blood or a high
" fellow, I'd black ſhoes. How many fine women's
" reputations have I taken away wrongfully?—I ſhall
" be toſs'd upon the points of their pitchforks,
" from one devil to another for that.—How many
" people's pockets have I picked at picquet and
" billiards.——The imps will pick out my eyes for
" that——then I debauched my friend's wife, and
" told of it afterwards.—They'll pull out my tongue
" with red hot pincers, for that."

Doct. " Captain, I intreat attention.—Corporeal
" ſenſibilities are extinguiſhed upon a diſſolution
" of the material organs; therefore ſuccinctly will I
" elucidate diſcriminately, that ſuch phantoms are
" heterogeneous."

Capt. " O Lord! no more of your unintel-
" ligibleneſs, you uſed to tell me there was no hell,
" and I was ſuch a fool as to believe you; for I
" was too fine a fellow to read myſelf. Now, what
" ſignifies all your arguments, when there's two little
" devils come to confute them?"

Juſt at that inſtant, the boys had filled their ſack, and dropt it down on the hearth:—the room was inſtantly

inſtantly filled with ſoot duſt.—The Doctor was ſtruck ſpeechleſs; and the Captain once more retreated between the bed-clothes; and creeping out at the feet, bending like a poſture-maſter, got that way under the bed, praying all the while, as well as he could, that they would carry his friend away without him.

The two boys lugged the ſack along the room, which the Doctor obſerved; and turning down the blankets, and not finding his friend in bed, firmly believed the devils were dragging him off; and fearing that his turn would come next, opened the ſaſh, crept out upon the penthouſe, and ſlid off into the ſtreet; but luckily for him, a baker's boy with an empty baſket on his ſhoulder, going by, received him; but the weight brought them both to the ground—the Doctor crying out, for God's ſake, help, help, there are two devils in that houſe flying away with my friend.

Away a croud ran up ſtairs, juſt as the two boys had brought the ſack out of the room to the landing place; but hearing people below, went a pair of ſtairs higher, and left the ſack upright at the door. The mob, ſeeing ſomething black ſtand upon the ſtair-head, halted, and called a council. The Captain who, by this time, had put his head and two hands from underneath the bed, and looked like half an overgrown turtle, at the ſound of the human voices, got out. His wet ſhirt was now dirt dried, covered with woolly ſweepings, his night-cap off, and hair all frizzled, he looked like a mad hottentot. In that figure, barefoot, he padded to the room door—the mob below ſeeing him coming, called out the devil! and ran down ſtairs. He tumbled over the ſack, the ſoot came out after him, and all covered with duſt, tramped out of doors, and ran over the way. It happened to be a barber's ſhop, who had juſt lathered a cuſtomer: confuſion immediately took poſſeſſion of the family——the man

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in the ſuds run one way, the barber another; the apprentice hid himſelf in the neceſſary houſe and the wife crept into the waſhing-tub, while Captain Fitz, availing himſelf of his affright, unperceived, crept up into the firſt floor, which was rented by a girl of the town, and ſhe was drunk in bed. Into the bed, by her, in that miſerable condition, the Captain crept; but what the girl ſaid when ſhe awoke, we are entire ſtrangers to; but this we are certain of, that he recovered of his illneſs, and during the remainder of his life, he behaved very penitently, and at laſt died a good Chriſtian.

## SOPHRONISCUS *and* LUCINDA.

THE word Beauty is not to be defined, tho' the power of what is denoted by it is felt by every body; nothing can be more myſterious than its nature, or more obſcure than its eſſence; to explain what it conſiſts in is impoſſible, ſince it is ſo far from being the reſult of a ſet of features or a complexion, that thoſe may be faultleſs, and yet the perſon to whom they belong, by no means conſidered as a ſtriking beauty. That which pleaſes the ſight is generally allowed to be beautiful, but what this pleaſing ſomewhat is founded upon, is not eaſy to determine; for my part, I have been always of opinion, that it is owing to the qualities of the mind being impreſſed upon, and viſible in the features; and I doubt not but the ſtory I now ſend you will be thought ſufficiently to ſupport an opinion which many have adopted as probable.

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A gentleman of a philoſophic turn of mind, who choſe to reſide at Cambridge, where he had diſtinguiſhed himſelf in a particular manner, by outſhining moſt of his competitors in learning, ſo entirely devoted himſelf to ſtudy, that his acquaintance thought him incapable of every other paſſion. This gentleman, whoſe real name I ſhall conceal under that of Sophroniſcus, had formed a reſolution to live ſingle all his life; but this reſolution, like that of Benedict in the play, was counteracted by the wanton god, whoſe power is ſometimes moſt felt by thoſe who have moſt called it in queſtion.——The beautiful Lucinda, whoſe charms were capable of making an impreſſion upon the heart of a ſtoic, ſoon engaged the attention of the philoſopher, and for a time took him off from the inveſtigation of ſpeculative truths. Sophroniſcus was aſſiduous in his courtſhip of Lucinda, and his paſſion was far from being diminiſhed by repeated viſits, that every day he ſaw her appeared to be the firſt. His happineſs was rendered compleat by marriage, and the raptures of the lover, inſtead of being extinguiſhed, received new force from enjoyment. In a word, the continuance of Sophroniſcus's paſſion fully refuted the remark of the poet, that

" Beauty ſoon grows familiar to the lover,
" Fades in his eyes, and palls upon the ſenſe."

Philoſophers are as liable to make falſe ſteps as other men: Sophroniſcus himſelf formed a deſign which proved totally deſtructive of his happineſs.—He reſolved to go to London with Lucinda, as retirement had no longer any charms for a man who had loſt all reliſh for ſtudy, and ſhe had frequeatly diſcovered an inclination to ſee the capital.

Our married philoſopher had not been long in London, till he found an alteration in the behaviour of his wife, which gave him great uneaſineſs.

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——It happened with her as it does with a great many other Ladies who quit the country for the town, inſtead of acquiring new accompliſhments, ſhe contracted a variety of foibles, which ſhe had before been free from; and inſtead of improving in politeneſs, her deportment, which has been unexceptionable, was ſpoiled and rendered ridiculous by affectation. Her beauty did not indeed loſe its luſtre, but the folly and levity of her behaviour made it entirely loſe its effects.

She no more appeared to Sophroniſcus to be the ſame Lucinda, whom he never beheld without rapture; nor could her eyes, by affectation rolling into a ſquint, make any longer an impreſſion upon his heart. He every day neglected her more and more, and this was to her a matter of perfect indifference, for ſhe could not help conceiving a ſecret contempt for her huſband, when ſhe compared him to the ſmarts and men of faſhion of the town. The coldneſs between them became mutual, and they ſoon agreed in the article of ſeparate beds.—They lived in the ſame houſe, as if they had been perfect ſtrangers to each other. Sophroniſcus imagined his eyes had been under the power of faſcination, when Lucinda appeared beautiful to him; and Lucinda could not conceive how ſhe could ever have a liking for ſo aukward and unbred a man as Sophroniſcus.

To ſuch a pitch did the indifference of the latter arrive, that he was not even ſuſceptible of jealouſy at ſeeing the encouragement given by Lucinda to ſome young fellows, who were her declared admirers, and who diſcovered their paſſion for her, in a manner that would have alarmed an huſband who had any remaining affection for his wife.——Jealouſy, as Rochefaucault juſtly obſerves, is always born with love; but Sophroniſcus's love for Lucinda had been long ſince dead, and jealouſy could

could not gain admiſſion to his breaſt. He did not apprehend that the virtue of Lucinda was in danger, and he was entirely regardleſs who had poſſeſſion of her heart.

While this couple lived, as it were, in a ſtate of celibacy, and ſeemed to have made a tacit conſent to conſider each other as perfect ſtrangers, Lucinda fell dangerouſly ill of the ſmall-pox; and the little concern ſhewn by Sophroniſcus upon that occaſion, though there was great reaſon to think her life in danger, was a complete demonſtration, that his affections were entirely alienated from a wife to whom he had once vowed eternal love. Lucinda eſcaped with life, but the conſequence of her diſeaſe was to her more dreadful than death itſelf: ſhe was deprived of what has been thought by many to be dearer to a woman than life; ſhe was deprived of her beauty, and this was to her a ſource of unutterable affliction. So great was her regret at loſing that beauty, which was her pride and diſtinguiſhing perfection, that it ſeemed almoſt to juſtify the the obſervation of Monſ. St. Evermond, that "the "laſt ſighs of a beautiful woman are leſs for her life "than her beauty."

Whilſt the females whom Lucinda ſurpaſſed in perſonal attractions, were rejoiced to ſee her vanity thus humbled; and the men, who admired her before, looked upon her as an object of compaſſion: Sophroniſcus alone could diſcover no alteration, ſo long had her beauty, ſeen through the medium of diſtruſt, appeared deformity to his eye. Lucinda's grief was for ſome time exceſſive; but as her underſtanding wa naturally good, ſhe drew the higheſt advantages from an event, which ſhe at firſt conſidered as the worſt that could befal her. She became ſenſible of her folly and affectation, and her perſonal deformity was, as it were, a glaſs in which ſhe beheld the defects of her mind.—

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Her former levity of behaviour appeared to her in the moſt odious light; ſhe became diſcreet and reſerved in her converſation, and the pleaſures of the town having no longer any charm capable of engaging her attention, ſhe dedicated all her leiſure hours to ſtudy, ſo that her natural good ſenſe was in a ſhort time greatly improved by an acquaintance with books. Her acquired knowledge ſoon made her ſhine in converſation, her ſuperior underſtanding was acknowledged by the men, though they thought it but a poor compenſation for the loſs of her external charms; and the women, who had envied her as a beauty, at laſt dreaded her as a wit.

The conſciouſneſs of her want of perſonal attractions, prevented from giving way to the ſuggeſtions of pride; and as improvement in moral virtues was what ſhe had in view, her increaſe of knowledge was not attended with oſtentation; but prudence reſtrained her from indulging thoſe ſallies of wit, which rendered her formidable to all her female acquaintance.

Sophroniſcus was the laſt to perceive that improvement in Lucinda, which was viſible to every other eye; he thought her beauty was decayed, long before ſhe had loſt it in effect, and ſo much was he prepoſſeſſed againſt her, that her mental acquiſitions for a time eſcaped his notice.

He could not, however, continue long inſenſible to the merit of Lucinda; he was ſtruck with her improvement in underſtanding, and took pleaſure in converſing with her as a companion; at the ſame time he could not but behold her with ſeeming returns of affection: notwithſtanding, her conſciouſneſs of loſs of beauty, made her deſpair of ever recovering the place ſhe formerly held in his heart. This made her modeſt and diffident, and her modeſty rendered her converſation ſtill more engaging to

Sophroniſcus. His ſerious turn of mind was perfectly ſatisfied in the company of one who could reaſon with ſtrength and ſolidity, and who had ſo much reſpect for his judgment, that ſhe never differed from him in opinion. His former paſſion began to revive imperceptibly, and ſo ſtrong was the power of deluſion, that he at laſt came to think her as beautiful as ever.

Folly and affliction had before made him blind to her real charms, and her internal alteration produced an equal effect; he ſaw in her beauties, which had no longer any exiſtence, except in his imagination. In a word, Sophroniſcus became again the paſſionate lover; his friends thought Lucinda had recovered all her charms, and that her beauty was reſtored to its former luſtre. Nothing could equal the joy of Lucinda at ſeeing herſelf again poſſeſſed of her huſband's affections, at a time when ſhe thought herſelf entirely deprived of the power of pleaſing; and Sophroniſcus, whoſe ſatisfaction was compleat, reſolved to retire with her again into the country, where ſhe had firſt captivated his heart. This deſign was immediately put into execution, and our lovers lived happily for the reſt of their days: Sophroniſcus being completely bleſſed in the poſſeſſion of fancied beauty, and Lucinda, by the recovery of a heart which ſhe had loſtby her folly and affectation.

From this example, and many others of the ſame kind, the ladies may learn the great importance of mental qualifications, ſince they atone for the want of beauty, when poſſeſſed in any high degree, and ſince without them the higheſt external charms are not ſecure from neglect.

## *The Hiſtory of* MATILDA.

WHEN people have committed great errors, and in conſequence of thoſe errors, have experienced great misfortunes, it is a duty which they owe ſociety, to warn others of the rocks on which their own happineſs has been ſo fatally loſt.—From a conſciouſneſs of this duty, I have troubled the Printer with the following narrative, which is the hiſtory—the melancholy hiſtory—of my own life, and which, though I cannot preſumptuouſly hope it will prove entertaining, will, I flatter myſelf, at leaſt be productive of ſome advantage to the reader.

I was the only daughter of a gentleman, who held an employment under the government, amounting to five hundred pounds a year; yet though this employment was his principal dependance, and tho' he was always under a neceſſity of appearing rather elegantly in the world, ſtill no care was omitted to give his favourite Matilda a finiſhed education. I was therefore inſtructed at an early period in French and Italian, was taught all the faſhionable needle-works that keep young women regularly employed, without anſwering any one purpoſe of real utility, and made ſuch a miſtreſs of the harpſichord before I attained my fourteenth year, that I was conſidered by the connoiſſeurs on this inſtrument, as a kind of muſical miracle: Add to thoſe accompliſhments, that I ſung with ſome voice and much taſte, danced with remarkable grace, and poſſeſſed a perſon which was the inceſſant object of general adulation.

In giving this picture of myſelf, I ſhall not be ſuſpected of vanity, becauſe at the very period I am ſpeaking of, I was more entitled to pity than to

praiſe; my education had been elegant; but no way uſeful, and it rather ſerved to encreaſe my pride than to enlarge my underſtanding——inſtead of teaching me to be chearful, humble and obliging, it rendered me ſullen, froward and capricious; and therefore inſtead of modeſtly endeavouring to obtain the eſteem of thoſe with whom I converſed, I laid an inſolent claim to their admiration.—My poor father, who imagined the world beheld me with the eyes of his own partiality, rather encouraged than diſcountenanced the extraordinary value which I ſet upon my own accompliſhments, and neglected the cultivation of my mind, though he hourly ſacrificed to my vanity.——He fancied that the knowledge of a language or two, would neceſſarily give me good ſenſe, and believed the turn of my diſpoſition muſt be right, becauſe I ſung prettily and made a figure at my harpſichord.—Alas! how ſeverely has experience convinced me, that a ſingle ſcruple of diſcretion out-weighs all the benefits to be reaped from the French or the Italian; and how heartily do I wiſh, that the hours which have been ſo prodigally laviſhed in the attainment of mere embelliſhment, had been wiſely employed in the leſs faſhionable ſtudies of regulating a family.

Wiſhes, however, will not, to uſe the forceable language of a modern writer,

"Roll back the flood of never ebbing time,"

and therefore, from uſeleſs exclamations, I ſhall proceed with the ſimple relation of facts. Notwithſtanding my boundleſs vanity and the well-known ſlenderneſs of my father's circumſtances, I had ſeveral advantageous matches propoſed me before I reached my eighteenth year; but theſe were in general diſregarded, both becauſe no impreſſion had been made upon my heart, and becauſe I fancied my wonderful merits would at any time procure me a huſband

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with an affluent fortune. At length Mr. Markham, who had acquired a prodigious property as a Commiſſary during the laſt war, making overtures, my father, thought it prudent to conſent; and as I had no objection whatſoever to Mr. Markham's perſon or manner, we were married in a few weeks, and I found myſelf miſtreſs of a magnificent houſe in the neighbourhood of Groſvenor-ſquare.

Being thus happily ſettled, and indulged in every wiſh of my heart by Mr. Markham, my pride ſoon broke out into the moſt exceſſive extravagance, and I grew wholly indifferent to every enjoyment but my rage for admiration.—In vain my huſband exerted every argument of tenderneſs, and every act of generoſity, to ſhew me the folly, nay the danger of my purſuit.——His remonſtrance I conſtrued into inſolence, and imagined he was ſufficiently happy in the poſſeſſion of ſo invaluable a treaſure as myſelf, without putting a diſagreeable reſtraint upon my inclinations.—The truth was, he married me from a principle of affection, and I had given him my hand entirely from a motive of vanity.—He expected to have his paſſion returned with tranſport, and I looked for a continual round of glitter and diſſipation.——He pined to have me more at home, and I ſickened for every faſhionable amuſement.——The conſequence at laſt was, that he became gloomy in proportion as I grew indifferent, and this gloomineſs appeared, in my conception of things, very ungrateful. I determined to puniſh it as much as poſſible, by engaging myſelf abroad in an endleſs round of pleaſures, and by making little more than a ſleeping place of his houſe.

In this manner matters continued almoſt two years, during which time we had two children; but the maternal duties were much too vulgar for a woman of my ſuperior accompliſhments, therefore I did not honour home the more with my preſence,

on account of this increaſe in my family.—Notwithſtanding my continual engagements abroad, however, I was about this time informed of a circumſtance, which extremely mortified my vanity—and this was, that Mr. Markham and my woman, who was a very likely girl, had frequent meetings at a milliner's, in one of the bye-ſtreets of our neighbourhood.—Tho' I never felt any tenderneſs for Mr. Markham, this intelligence gave my pride a very ſenſible mortification: however indifferent I might be about him, there was no ſupporting the idea of his infidelity to me; I could bear to ſee him miſerable by my negligence, but it was intolerable to think of his being attached to any body elſe—it was a treaſon againſt the majeſty of my merit, and I determined in a fatal hour to be amply revenged on the criminal.—O ye daughters of reputation, beware of exerting a falſe reſentment, even where the perfidy of your huſbands may be evident.—Let not his errors lead you into actual crimes, nor madly make a ſacrifice of your own happineſs, and your own character, through a ridiculous notion of retaliating your wrongs—you can ſuffer no diſtreſs that will equal a fall into infamy. The affliction of the innocent is an elyſium, compared to the anguiſh of the guilty, and the ſtroke of calamity is always keen in proportion to the conſciouſneſs of having deſerved it. Had I prudently conſidered this, while the conſideration would have been uſeful, my bloom of life would not now be chilled by the blaſts of ſhame, nor had the ſtorm of reproach rooted up all the flattering proſpect of my future felicity the ſunſhine of tranquility would have ſmiled upon my morning, and my evening would have been wholly unimbittered with tears.—But alas! I muſt reſent where I ought to reconcile, and inſtead of recovering my huſband's affection, excite his deteſtation. It is unneceſſary to explain myſelf farther. 'Tis needleſs to tell you, that there

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are men enough to flatter a woman who has youth and a paſſable perſon, eſpecially where ſhe is a ſlave to diſſipation. This was unhappily my caſe, and in the raſh, the wretched moment of my indignation at Mr. Markham's infidelity, ſome demon rendered a profeſſed admirer of mine ſo very importunate, that I liſtened to him from motives of revenge, and yielding to his ſolicitation on purpoſe to puniſh my huſband, was utterly undone.

The inconſiderate, the unpardonable ſtep I had taken was not long concealed, nor did it ever ſtrike me till it was publiſhed, that without making my infamy univerſally known, I could enjoy no triumph over poor Mr. Markham. It was however no ſooner known, which was in a few days, through the vanity of my paramour, than I was overwhelmed not only with diſgrace, but with remorſe—and diſcovered that my reſentment againſt my unfortunate huſband was as unjuſtly founded, as the fatal indifference which originally gave birth to my crime.—Mr. Markham, indeed, had frequent meetings with my woman at the milliner's I have mentioned; but theſe meetings were perfectly innocent, nay they were perfectly laudable; the round of amuſements in which I was conſtantly engaged, and the avidity with which I liſtened to every coxcomb that offered up incenſe at the ſhrine of my vanity, had for a long time filled him with doubts of my honour, and he naturally enough imagined, that ſhe, who diſdained to preſerve the appearance of reputation, would entertain but little regard for the reality.—Actuated by a belief of this nature, and ſuppoſing that my woman muſt neceſſarily be my confidant in caſe of any illicit correſpondence, he had frequently appointments with her at the milliner's, not chuſing, for fear of ſuſpicion, to converſe with her privately in his own houſe.—Thus the very meaſures he took to ſave me from ruin became material cauſes of my deſtruction; and thus by

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the prepoſterous pride of a wretch, who was wholly unworthy of him, the happineſs of his family was eternally blaſted, while he earneſtly laboured for its reſtoration.

Had the unhappy conſequence however terminated here, I think it would have been poſſible for a life of penitence to give me ſome diſtant idea of comfort, and the diſgrace to which I am juſtly caſt out might be conſidered as a kind of expiation of my crime—but alas! the guilt of infidelity was to be attended with blood, and Mr. Markham was not only to be ruined in his peace, but my father!—Oh, Sir, the recollection, the bare recollection of the miſeries which my infamy has produced, almoſt drives me into madneſs; and I am aſtoniſhed that the laws do not cut off ſuch monſters as myſelf from the face of ſociety.—Mighty God! look down upon me with an eye of compaſſion——theſe tears are not the tears of diſappointed pride, nor theſe treſſes now torn from my miſerable head, becauſe my vanity is no longer to be indulged.—No, the anguiſh of my ſoul is now the genuine reſult of contrition; and I will hope for pardon in the future world, though I neither can look for tranquility or forgiveneſs in this:—but to go on.

The inſtant that my perfidy reached Mr. Markham's ears, he flew to me (I was then in my dreſſing room) and in a tone of the utmoſt deſpair exclaimed: "O Matilda! what have I done to deſerve this?—"Was it not enough to deſtroy my repoſe, without "murdering my reputation; or if you had no re-"gard for my honour, why were you loſt to all pity "for your helpleſs innocents? they have never of-"fended, though I have unhappily diſpleaſed, and "they were intitled to ſome little compaſſion, tho' "no pity whatſoever might be due to me:——but, "Madam, (continued he, raiſing his voice into a "fierceneſs that terrified me) though you have made

"me

"me wretched you ſhall not make me contemptible;
" —this moment you muſt quit my houſe, nor
" ſhall you enter my habitation more—the unhappy
" little ones will be carefully attended to, but they
" ſhall be taught to forget every trace of a mother
" who had covered them with infamy, and planted
" daggers in the boſom of their unfortunate father."
—Saying this, he hurried out, while I fainted in the arms of my woman, and remained ſo wholly ſenſeleſs for ſeveral hours, that my recovery was entirely deſpaired of.

On recovering the uſe of my ſenſes, (O what a misfortune is the power of recollection to the wretched!) I was removed, in obedience to Mr. Markham's poſitive order, to my father's.——Here, inſtead of receiving conſolation, I was to look for the keeneſt of all reproach; but, contrary to my expectations, the voice that hailed me was the voice of pity, and the venerable author of my being was almoſt in the agonies of death, as they led me trembling to his apartments.——He had been for a long time confined by the gout, and this unlooked-for calamity throwing it inſtantly into his ſtomach beyond the power of medicine, he lay patiently waiting for the moment of diſſolution.—On my entrance he was raiſed up in his bed, where he held forth his trembling hands, and with ſome difficulty articulated, " O Matilda, forgive your father—it was my
" miſtaken manner of education that has ruined
" my unhappy child!"—He could utter no more—his pangs came on him too faſt, and he expired before they could convey me from the dreadful ſcene to another room.—Here I was ſeized with a violent fever, and lay delirious ſeveral days.—When the violence of the diſorder was abated—I enquired—I ventured to enquire, after Mr. Markham and my poor children—the accounts I received were flattering, and greatly forwarded my recovery—but my

health

health was no ſooner re-eſtabliſhed, than I found theſe accounts to be entirely the pious frauds of friendſhip, and calculated only to haſten my amendment.—The truth was, Mr. Markham had been obliged to fly for killing the wretched partner of my guilt, in a duel, and he took the two children along with him—where he had taken refuge nobody could tell me; nor have I to this hour diſcovered the place of his retreat.—His houſe, his eſtates, his property in the funds, were all converted into money, and once a year I receive a cover containing a note for two hundred pounds—it comes from his appointment I am well convinced, but there is no poſſibility of tracing him, though it is now ſeven years ſince he juſtly ſpurned me from his protection.——O that he knew the anguiſh of my heart, or heard that my time is wholly paſſed in ſolitude, and tears.——O that he would bleſs me with one look at my poor children. ——'Tis true their mother is a ſcandal to them, and the mention of her name muſt tinge their young cheeks with an inſtant glow of indignation—but my ſweet babes—my lovely little ones, though your mother is an outcaſt—though ſhe is a wretch, ſhe feels for you with the keeneſt ſenſibility, and would ſacrifice her life with joy to be convinced that you are in health and ſecurity—ſhe muſt not dare to indulge the hope of ever ſeeing your highly injured father—that happineſs ſhe has eternally forfeited——could ſhe, however, claſp you for a moment, a ſingle moment, to her agonizing boſom, ſhe would.—O Mr. Markham, if this paper ſhould happily fall into your hands, beſtow one charitable thought upon a creature now humbled in the duſt, and bleeding with the deepeſt contrition for her crimes—as a wife ſhe does not preſume to mention herſelf—not mean to addreſs your tenderneſs, but to implore your humanity—have pity on her therefore, dear Sir—only ſay that you are well yourſelf, and that your children are

in health, and if the prayers of ſuch a monſter to the throne of mercy can be any way efficacious, the little remnant of her unfortunate life ſhall be employed in ſupplicating that happineſs for you and your's both here and hereafter, which ſhe can never enjoy in this world, and which without your forgiveneſs ſhe may poſſibly have forfeited in the next.

## *The* WIDGEON: *A* TALE.

JAck Sawwell, as honeſt a carpenter as ever drove nail in timber, lived as happy a life as man could live, till his good or bad genius (I know not which) inſpired him to do pennance for his ſins; I mean to marry. He married then; alas, the day!——Mrs. Ann—for ſo the good creature was called whom he deigned to make bone of his bone—took great care, like the reſt of her ſex, to put on her beſt airs before marriage: you would have ſworn ſhe could not ſay boh, to a gooſe; and yet, between you and I, ſhe was a very Xantippe. She liſped out "honour and "obey," in ſo humble, ſo compliant a tone; that Plumpjoles the parſon, turning up his eyes to heaven in admiration, compared this couple to the Primitive pair, and prayed heaven to ſhower down its choiceſt bleſſing upon them.

Well—the honey-moon, you may eaſily imagine, wained an uninterrupted ſcene of rapturous delight. Not ſo, egads! you are ſhrewdly miſtaken in your opinion: madam, whoſe temper like a brooding tempeſt, had kept lowering a while, only to pour down with greater impetuoſity, began the very next day

day to give him a ſpecimen of what he was to expect in *futuro*.

Honeſt Sawwell, aroſe the next morning, highly delighted with the paſſive obedience of his wife, and went to work as uſual; for he was an induſtrious, pains-taking man—none of your holiday-makers. Before he went out, he gave his ſpouſe half a guinea: "my dear (ſaid he) buy us ſomething nice for dinner, though it coſt a ſhilling extraordinary, let "us go through the week as merrily as we began "it." Would you believe it, Gentlemen, Mrs. Ann, for once in her life, paid an implicit obedience to her huſband's commands: probably her paſſion for tid bits reigned predominant that day; that is the only reaſon I am capable of aſſigning for her condeſcenſion. To market ſhe went, and purchaſed a wild duck, as ſhe thought, and as the poulterer ſwore; but we can aſſure our readers, from very good authority, that it was nothing more than a widgeon; which bears ſo near a reſemblance to the wild duck, that none but connoiſſeurs can diſtinguiſh the one from the other.

When her huſband came, "my dear (ſaid ſhe) "what do you think I have bought for dinner?"—"I don't know (ſays ſhe) mayhap you have bought "a gooſe.—"No, (replied ſhe) but I have bought "as fine a wild-duck, as ever you ſet your eyes on." Having depoſited her duck upon a diſh, poured her gravey over it, and added the neceſſary garniſh of ſlices of lemon, ſhe ſerved it up.

The carpenter now returned from whetting his knife upon the ſtairs, and caſting his eyes upon the the diſh——"Zounds! Nan, (cried he) why, ſure, "you did not buy this for a duck?"—"Not buy "that for a duck! why, what did I buy it for then? (cries ſhe, toſſing up her head)——"Why, 'tis no "more a duck than I am a duck (replied the carpenter) take my word for it, 'tis nothing but a "widgeon."

" widgeon."—" A widgeon; a fool's head! (cries " his wife in a rage) do you think I don't know a " duck when I ſee it, as well as you do? beſides, " the woman ſaid it was a duck."——" The wo- " man is a lying jade, (ſaid the carpenter) I'll war- " rant you imagine the woman knows better than I " do, who am a Lincolnſhire man, and have killed " ſcores of them in the Fenns." ——" Why now, " only behold the obſtinacy of the man (cries Mrs. " Ann) why, I tell you again it is a duck; and it " ſhall be a duck."—" My dear (ſaid the carpen- " ter, who had much of the philoſopher in his tem- " per) you do not conſider, that while we are " ſpending our time in idle diſputes, the widgeon " ſtands cooling."——" 'Tis no widgeon, I tell you " again (ſays the wife) but a duck."—" Well then, " my dear, (replied he) let it be a duck for peace " ſake."——" For peace ſake, or not for peace " ſake (continued ſhe) it is a duck, and I will take " my oath it is a duck.——" I own it (ſaid Saw- " well) it was I that was in the fault: let us agree " to drop the diſcourſe, and do you cut up the " duck."———His wife, reſolving to have the laſt word, continued to harp on the ſame ſtring all the time ſhe was carving:—" yes, (ſays ſhe) looking " attentively at her huſband) 'tis a duck; look as " ſpiteful as you pleaſe, 'tis a duck."

Sawwell, who had now loſt all patience, roſe from his chair: " Hang you, for a termagant huſſey, " (ſaid he) I have been fool enough to let you " have your own way, for the ſake of a quiet life, " and yet that will not content you, but you muſt " be bringing up the old ſtory again; hold your " tongue, or, by George, I'll cuff you handſomely." " Hold your tongue (ſaid ſhe) why ſhould I hold " my tongue, when I know it is a duck;—you cuff " me; I defy you, you villain! touch me, at your

" peril, I'll clapperclaw you, you rogue!—yet, 'tis " a duck; in ſpite of your teeth, 'tis a"——duck, ſhe would have ſaid, but a ſtout box from the huſband made the word recoil again down her throat: and now a moſt dreadful combat enſued;— pinching —ſcratching—tearing—cuffing—and bruiſing. The victory which had long remained doubtful, declared at length in favour of the huſband; and the wife, totally defeated, fled into the ſtreet, ſtill crying out, " 'tis a duck, 'tis a duck."——Sawwell, having lopped off a leg and a wing, marched away to the next public houſe, eat his dinner in peace, and returned to his evening work. When he came home at night, all was quiet; no mention made of the quarrel: they ſipped their lamb's-wool together, and went to bed; where Mrs. Ann conformed again to the doctrine of paſſive obedience, as ſhe had done the preceding night.

The next day at dinner, " my dear (ſays ſhe to " her huſband) I hope in God, we ſhall eat our " bit to-day, with a little more comfort than we " did yeſterday: you muſt confeſs, however, that " you were in a very ill-humour."——" Nay, my " dear, (replied the carpenter) don't ſay ſo, it was " the effects of your obſtinacy: did I not de- " ſire you to drop the diſcourſe? it ſeemed to me " as if you took a pleaſure in contradicting me, " and making me angry." " Nay, but how was " I to blame? (cries ſhe) I only ſaid it was a duck; " and a duck it was, that I am certain of."——— " Come, come, Nan, don't begin again, but let us " live peaceably and quietly, can't you?"——— " With all my heart (replies ſhe) I am ſure, if no- " body loved quarelling better than I do, there " would be more peace and harmony in the world " than what there is: but however, I am certain " as how, it was a duck, if I was to die this mo- " ment."—" Nan, hold your tongue, once again,

" (ſaid

" (ſaid the carpenter, who began to grow warm)
" Why ſhould I hold my tongue (replies ſhe) when
" I know it was a duck?"——" Zounds! woman,
" (cries Sawwell, whom her obſtinacy had irritated)
" if you will not be ſilent, I'll ſerve you as I did
" yeſterday."——" No, that I will not, (ſays ſhe)
" it was a duck; and I will ſwear it was a duck."—
And now, an hearty cuff from the carpenter gave the ſignal to engage. Mrs. Ann, with nimble fingers, ſeized with both hands upon a diſh, big with the remains of their dinner, and darted it at her huſband's noddle: but, by the interpoſition of ſome deity, the diſh took a contrary courſe, and fell amongſt a ſet of china, which Mrs. Ann had purchaſed the day before; three cups, two ſaucers, and the lid of a broken tea-pot fell ſacrifices to her fury.

The carpenter at length, tired of waging ſo unequal a fight, ſeized upon a crabſtick that ſtood near him, which was a twin brother of that of the famous parſon Adams, of whom Fielding in his excellent romance makes ſuch honourable mention; and the victory, which had hitherto been doubtful, began to declare itſelf in his favour, when the appearance of the neighbours, who had been diſturbed by the uproar, put a final concluſion to the combat. By their friendly interpoſition, the breach was again cemented, and they paſſed the enſuing night as lovingly as two turtles; but the next day at dinner the duck was brought upon the carpet, and a battle fought and won, as uſual, and from that time to this, not a day has paſſed, but has been productive of the like conſequences. . . .

I muſt inſiſt upon it, though it will undoubtedly ſeem a paradox to ſome ladies, that the wife is ever to blame, when ſhe perſiſts, tenacious of her argument, to conteſt with her huſband: in trivial

diſputes ſhe ought always to ſhew her condeſcenſion by ſubmitting. What benefit can poſſibly reſult to her from a victory gained at ſo dear a rate, as the loſs of her huſband's affections? let her rather, like the great Scipio, learn to gain a ſure and laſting victory by temporizing When her huſband has had leiſure to reflect, and becomes ſenſible of his miſtake; with what delight, with what inexpreſſible raptures will he behold the dear woman, or rather the dear angel, who could make ſo great a ſacrifice to his tranquility! he will amply repay, by a profeſſion of love and tenderneſs, the mortification ſhe underwent for his ſake.

## *Story of the* DUKE *of* TUSCANY.

COſmo de Medicis, Grand duke of Tuſcany, concerning whom, on account of his prodigious wealth, it was rumoured, that he had the art of tranſmutation. A noble Venetian, who, though he had but a ſmall fortune, was extremely well recommended to his highneſs, (and by his polite behaviour, added daily to his credit in that court) one day fairly put the queſtion, and aſked the duke, if he had the philoſopher's ſtone or not? My friend ſaid the duke, I have; and becauſe I have a regard for you, I will give you the receipt in a few words: "I "never bid another do that which I can do myſelf; "I never put off till to-morrow what may be done "to-day; nor do I think any matter ſo trivial as "not to deſerve notice." The Venetian thanked his ſerene highneſs for the ſecret; and by obſerving his rules, acquired a great eſtate.

## *The Fruitleſs* PRECAUTION.

IN the merry and licentious reign of king Charles the Second, the ſpirit of gallantry ſpread like a wildfire, from the court, to the moſt remote provinces of Britain. The rural ſcenes, till then the ſeat of Saturnian innocence, did not eſcape the geral contagion: gallantry, or libertiniſm, for the terms are ſtrictly ſynonimous, reigned with equal ſway in the ſplendid palace, and homely cottage.

A country 'ſquire, of good fortune, had long conceived an inclination to enter into the holy nooſe of wedlock; but being a perſon of too refined a way of thinking for the reigning faſhion of the times, he found it no very eaſy matter to ſuit himſelf in a conſort: long had he continued a fruitleſs ſearch from fair to fair; he ſtill found that levity and coquetry were the characteriſticks of every female he paid his addreſſes to. Heartily tired in the purſuit, he had thoughts of quitting the chace, and remaining a batchelor the reſt of his days; when fortune, who generally confers her favours when we leaſt expect them, thought fit to make him amends for all his paſt trouble and diſappointments; by bringing him acquainted with a young lady, the moſt accompliſhed of her ſex: at leaſt ſhe was ſo in his opinion.

This peerleſs Dulcinea had imbibed a part of her education, under the tutelage of an old antiquated maiden aunt, who lived in a very retired ſituation; and inveighed bitterly againſt the follies of the age, becauſe ſhe had loſt all hopes of par-

taking in them. In ſhort, ſhe was, what you may call her, a forlorn ſpinſter: ſhe had been a fine woman in her time, but had trifled away the ſpring of her life in quaintneſs and coquetry, till winter had ſtole upon her imperceptibly, and ſilvered o'er her head; and her admirers were all fled, before ſhe was aware of it, to a warmer climate: ſhe therefore deſpiſed the world, becauſe the world deſpiſed her; and "nobody cares for me, I care "for nobody," was now the burden of her ſong. She brought up her niece in ſuch perfect ignorance of the world, that ſhe had never heard of gallantry; nor was ſhe even acquainted with the idiom of the world. Her innocence and beauty made ſo ſenſible an impreſſion on the 'ſquire, that he married her, though far his inferior in point of fortune. The nuptials were celebrated at the aunt's houſe, who is ſaid to have ſighed, at the idea of joys ſhe was doomed never—cruel thought!—never to experience. After a few days ſpent in carouſing, as is uſual upon ſimilar occaſions, the new-married pair ſet out for the huſband's ſeat, where they loved, and cooed like two turtles; finding no delight, but in the ſociety of each other.

The 'ſquire, one day in the midſt of his dalliance with his charming bride, received a letter from London, informing him of the death of a near relation, who had bequeathed him a very conſiderable legacy, and made him his executor; and his preſence was abſolutely neceſſary in London, in order to prove the will. The 'ſquire was not a little embarraſſed upon the occaſion, as he muſt be under a neceſſity of quitting, for a while, his beloved wife, and knew not what might be the conſequence; for at that period, the ſanction of the court, rendered the debauching of a man's wife as glorious a feat, as the gaining of a victory over the common enemy. Love of mammon, and love of wife, cauſ-

ed

ed an alternate conflict in his breaſt; this moment he reſolved to forego the treaſure, and, like Anthony, ſacrifice All for Love; the next he changed his reſolution, and reſolved to ſacrifice love to intereſt.

Oh! for the glowing genius, and energetic expreſſion of an Homer; then, courteous reader, would we entertain you with the poetical deſcription of a battle: Plutus and Venus, ſhould have a ſound bout at fifty-cuffs, like any porter and oyſter-wench in town; there ſhould be clawing and ſcratching, cuffing and tearing till the paper ſmoked again; but ſince the muſes are coy, and do not deign to inſpire us, we ſhall e'en proceed, according to our ordinary method, in plain intelligible proſe

The ſacred thirſt of lucre gained the predominance, and the 'ſquire reſolved to go to London; but knowing his ſpouſe to be the ſimpleſt, beſt natured creature living, he could not think of parting till he had firſt given her a little wholeſome advice, how to regulate her conduct in his abſence. Having brought his ſermon to a concluſion, he told her he had one favour to aſk, which he conjured her not to refuſe him: the good creature was all condeſcenſion, and promiſed faithfully to perform his commands. Having ſworn her to obedience: "my dear, (ſaid he) the favour I would aſk, and "which I entreat you, as you love me, ſtrictly to "obey, is this: that if any man, let him be who "he will, ſhould ſpeak to you during my abſence, "you will anſwer—No—to whatever queſtions he "aſks you." She replied, with a gracious ſmile that pierced him quite through the heart, that his injunctions were too eaſy not to be complied with; and that ſhe wiſhed he would make trial of her love and obedience, by ſome more difficult taſk. No married man, we believe, will doubt but that this

this amiable condeſcenſion in his ſpouſe, ſent the 'ſquire off as contented as a prince.

As ſoon as his back was turned, his loving wife, who grieved as much for a ſhort abſence, as others do for the death of an huſband, took a ſolitary turn in the garden, to endeavour to alleviate the violence of her affliction. At that very inſtant, who ſhould ride along the garden wall, but a ſpruce young officer, gallantly capariſoned. The army, as we all know, are the very quinteſſence of gallantry; and a red coat carries with it the ſame irreſiſtible magic, as a purſe of guineas; that is, when it is covered with lace: whether or no it would retain its virtue deſpoiled of that ornament—Quere—The officer remained, for ſome time, wrapt in admiration at the ſight of ſo beauteous an object: lillies and roſes were nothing compared to the native bloom on her cheeks; he felt himſelf touched with that ſoft, that tender paſſion, which poets deſcribe as a nectareous cup, which the gods do not diſdain to taſte; while the graver divine inveighs againſt it as a poiſonous draught, whoſe venom deals certain death: yet, true Mahometan-like, will drink privately, the liquor he decries in the pulpit. The officer, like an undaunted hero, reſolved immediately to attack the fortreſs: the only point that remained undecided was, whether to proceed by ſap, or by ſtorm. After ſome little heſitation, he determined on the former, as the ſureſt method; and doubted not but to have undermined the walls, before the garriſon was aware of his intentions. He took off his hat, and making a low bow, "Ma-
"dam (ſaid he, in a voice more charming than that
"of Philomel) I humbly intreat your indulgence,
"for the liberty I take of intruding upon your pri-
"vacy; I am quite a ſtranger in theſe parts, and
"and have loſt my way; pray do me the favour
"to inform me, if this is the road to London?"

The

The lady, yielding due obedience to her husband's commands, answered him in the negative. He begged she would tell him what road to keep, and still received the same answer.

The officer, finding something remarkable in the adventure, resolved to vary the discourse. "Madam, (said he) would it be displeasing to you, if "I do myself the honour of taking a turn with "you in the garden?"——"No, Sir," (replied she) "I hope (continued he) that you will not be offended, if I entreat the favour of you to open "the door." "No, Sir," said she, immediately opening it.

The officer alighted in raptures, kissed her hand in an extasy, and took a turn round the garden with her; but was not a little surprized, that she should always answer in the negative to every question he asked. However he did not cease entertaining her upon the score of gallantry, with which he thought she did not seem displeased. "Madam, (said he when dinner time approached) you "would not have me leave you, I presume?"—— "No, Sir," (said she) "You will not be displeased, if I do myself the honour of dining with "you?" she still answered in the negative.

The officer having put up his nag, waited upon his fair incognita into the dining-room, where they found the dinner ready served; and dined together. When the table was uncovered, the officer, whose good fortune had increased his usual flow of spirits, seeing a lute lie in the window, took it up, and having obtained a negative permission from the lady, to entertain her with a specimen of his singing, sung the following air:

SONG.

## SONG.

To win a fair maid,
All arts I eſſay'd,
Now courtier, now beau, and now 'ſquire;
Now merry and glad,
Now pining and ſad,
But, egad, I drew never the nigher.

With piteous moan,
I made my caſe known
To a matron, experienc'd and wiſe;
Says ſhe, "Take the aid
"Of red coat and cockade,
"I'll warrant, you'll carry the prize."

I took her advice,
And whip, in a trice,
Cloathed in uniform, gallantly lac'd;
My buſineſs was done,
For her heart I ſoon won,
This recipe——probatum eſt.

Having ended his ſonnet highly to the approbation of the fair lady, who was infinitely delighted with that ſprightlineſs and freedom of behaviour common to gentlemen of the army; he propoſed a ſecond tour in the garden, which was readily accepted by the willing dame. During this ſecond tour, the officer entertained her with all the vivacity and good humour he was maſter of, hoping to make an impreſſion on her in his favour. When it drew towards evening, he aſked her if ſhe would be diſpleaſed at his attending her to the tea-table; and receiving the uſual negative in the affirmative, he immediately waited on her thither. Egad, thinks he

he to himſelf, if ſhe does but continue a little longer in this humour, I would lay an even wager, that I come in for a night's lodging before I have done. When they had ſipped their tea, and the equipage was removed; "will you be offended, lovely "fair, (ſaid he) if I ſtay ſupper with you, and "lie here to-night."——"No, Sir," replied ſhe as before.

When ſupper time came, down they ſat, cheek by jowl. The wine, which was generous, was a reinforcement to the officer's courage, and ſoon elevated him to ſuch a pitch, that he drew near his charmer, and claſping her in his arms; "my "dear, (ſaid he) I am ſure you will not be angry "if I raviſh a kiſs from theſe ſweet pouting lips?" "No," replied ſhe in a languiſhing tone, expreſſive of the ſoft deſires that glowed within her breaſt. The officer, tranſported to find her ſo compliant, he imprinted numberleſs kiſſes on her ruby lips, and reſolving to ſtrike home while the iron was hot, "my angel (ſaid he) will it not be diſagreeable to "you, to give me part of your bed to-night?"—— The comelineſs of the young officer, together with his gallantry and good humour, had made ſo compleat a conqueſt of her heart, that ſhe found little difficulty in anſwering No, according to her dear huſband's directions. The officer immediately offered her his hand, and conducting her to her bed-chamber, they ſtept into bed together.

Here we muſt beg leave to draw the curtain, and cloſe the ſcene till the enſuing morning; when the officer aroſe, and having expreſſed his gratitude, in the politeſt terms, for all favours received, inſiſted on her accepting, for his ſake, a diamond ring which he wore upon his finger; and ſhe, as ſome other ladies would have done in her place, ſaid No, but took it.

The

The officer, having ſaddled his horſe, purſued his journey, not a little diverted with his romantic adventure. He reached the metropolis about dinner time, put up his horſe at an inn, and ordered ſomething to be dreſſed for his dinner; but on the landlord's informing him there was an ordinary in the houſe, to which five or ſix gentlemen were juſt ready to ſit down, he agreed to make one with them, for the ſake of company. After the cloth was taken away, the bottle began to circulate pretty freely, and the diſcourſe turning upon gallantry, the young officer could not withſtand the temptation he had, to relate the adventure of the garden, little imagining that any one in company took any intereſt in it; but the huſband's ill ſtars had conducted him to the very ſame ordinary, in order to make him witneſs of his own diſhonour. The officer, 'tis true, omitted to inform the company of the lady's name, and the name of the village where ſhe reſided; for, in reality, he was ignorant of both, but had he neither deſcribed the houſe, nor the lady's perſon, the circumſtance of her anſwering in the negative to all his demands, was ſtrong enough to convince him, he was become a member of the horned fraternity. However, he diſſembled his chagrin, and reſolved, if poſſible, to ſcrape an acquaintance with the officer, for which purpoſe he begged to have the honour of his company that night, which requeſt he very civilly complied with.

During the time of ſupper, after diſcourſing upon other topics, the huſband aſked him, "what "ſtay he propoſed making in town?"—"but two "days, at fartheſt," replied the officer. The huſband finding by his diſcourſe, what he too well knew before, that they ſhould both travel the ſame road, told the officer that, intending to ſet out about the ſame time, he ſhould be glad of his company;

company: and as his houſe would be but very little out of his way, inſiſted upon his promiſe to ſup with him, and ſtay a-night; to which kind requeſt the officer, who was a boon companion, and who diſtruſted nothing of his deſign, readily accepted the invitation.

The huſband immediately diſpatched his ſervant, with invitations to the principal relations of his wife, to ſup with him on the night of his arrival: his deſign being, to make the officer relate his adventure again in their preſence, that they might be ſenſible in how tender a point his wife had injured him; and make no oppoſition to his obtaining a divorce.

His ſpouſe, little dreaming what a ſnare had been laid for her, provided a very great entertainment. The relations were punctual to their appointment; but the huſband, who was apprehenſive his gueſt might remember the houſe again, took care not to arrive till pretty late. When they came in, they found the company ſeated, and ſupper ready to be ſerved up. The officer, with his uſual gallantry, ſaluted the ladies round; and his quondam miſtreſs among the reſt: but as he had not the leaſt ſuſpicion of meeting her here, and was beſides engaged in ceremonials with the reſt of the company, he did not recollect her at that time; but ſhe, whoſe attention was not ſo much engaged, ſoon recollected the features of her lover. She wondered what his buſineſs could be with her huſband, and trembled leſt he ſhould be indiſcreet enough, to diſcloſe the ſecret of their amours. She would gladly have ſpoke to him, but that was impoſſible, as her huſband had ſeated him next himſelf, and engaged him ſo cloſely in converſation, in order to withdraw his attention from his wife, that, *malgré* all her repeated endeavours, ſhe could not obtain a regard.

As the majority of the company conſiſted of females, it was ſome time before the firſt peal of converſation was rung: at length, however, wonderous to relate, a ſhort interval of ſilence enſued, during which, the huſband took an opportunity of intreating his gueſt, to favour the company with a repetition of the pleaſant adventure he had related at the inn; and the officer, who was a man of conſummate politeneſs, and never required preſſing, immediately complied with his requeſt.

While the officer proceeded in his narration, the huſband, who hugged himſelf in the ſucceſs of his ſcheme, eyed his wife very attentively, to ſee whether he could obſerve any alteration in her countenance; but he ſhould have remembered the old proverb—" a woman's wit is ready at invention."

His ſpouſe, who knew her honour was at ſtake, and that all was loſt, unleſs ſhe found an expedient to make herſelf known to her gallant, immediately addreſſed herſelf to him——" Sir, (ſaid ſhe) you " have not drank one glaſs of wine yet; give me " leave to hob-or-nob with you?" and, calling the ſervant, ordered him to bring two glaſſes of port, into one of which ſhe privately conveyed the ring he had given her at parting, and preſented it herſelf to the officer; who, having almoſt brought his ſtory to a concluſion, would have finiſhed it before he drank, but ſhe inſiſted ſo obligingly on his compliance, that he could not in good manners refuſe. In drinking, he perceived the ring at the bottom of the glaſs; which he knew to be the ſame he had preſented to his fair bed-fellow; but how great was his aſtoniſhment, when he recollected in his hoſt's wife, the features of his miſtreſs! he endeavoured to ſhift the diſcourſe, by the introduction of ſome foreign topic; but the huſband, who waited impatiently for the concluſion of the ſtory, preſſed him to continue. At the inſtant, Mars, that

cuckold

cuckold making deity, intreated, nor intreated in vain, his fair miſtreſs Venus, not to leave her votary, a brother ſoldier, in the lurch; but kindly to extricate him from the difficulty he laboured under. "Why, what more would you have? (re-"plied the inſpired officer) juſt as I got into bed to "her, one of the window ſhutters ſlapt too with "ſuch violence, that it awakened me; in no very "good humour, you may imagine, to find myſelf "thus diſappointed in my imaginary ſcene of "bliſs."——"Bleſs me! (cries madam, who was "now recovered from her pannic) it was nothing "more than a dream, then?"—"Nothing more, "I aſſure you, madam," replied the officer, who by this ſubtile evaſion, preſerved the reputation of his miſtreſs inviolate; and defeated the ſcheme the poor cuckold had formed, to render her diſgrace public.

## *The two Rogues.*

A Certain attorney, of the city of London, whom, for peculiar reaſons, we think fit to introduce under the fictitious name of Gooſequill, had occaſion to purchaſe an horſe; not, like your poor, petty larceny raſcals, to take a purſe upon the road, and be decently tucked up for it next ſeſſions——no—Mr. Gooſequill had too great a veneration for the law, to infringe any of its maxims; and though he made no more ſcruple of rifling a man, than other brothers of the pad, yet he always took care to do it according to act of parliament.

The occaſion of his journey was this;—'ſquire Hedgditch, a keen young foxhunter in Nottinghamſhire, happened, in the heat of the ſport, to

croſs a corn field belonging to Goodman Hobnail, a neighbouring farmer.

Hobnail, being at work in the field, ſaw the 'ſquire make up to a gate which ſtood open; and happening to be within reach, ſhut the gate, and ſtopt him in his career. This treatment, which to every lover of the ſport was a little provoking, irritated the 'ſquire, who, in the heat of his paſſion, ſtruck the farmer acroſs the ſhoulders with a ſwitch he had in his hand; which Hobnail happened to complain of, at the very inn where Gooſequill, who was come down to attend at the aſſizes, had put up at.—Our lawyer, who, like the cat, was ever upon the watch for her prey, and had as keen a ſcent too, takes the farmer aſide: "Friend (ſays he) take "my word for it, you may recover—" "Reco-"ver, maſter, (interrupted Hobnail, ſtaring like a "ſtuck pig) wounds, Iſe bent zuch a ghicken nei-"ther: noy, for matter of that, a didn't hurt me "much; but then, ben't it damn'd provoking, to "zerved in zuch a manner? why, an Iſe hadn't "been vorth a varthing, a could have uſed one "vorſe. D'have um to know Iſe have undred "good pounds a year; and am as well qualified to "carry a gun as he be."

This account, though delivered in ſo uncouth a manner, was more grateful to the ear of Gooſequill, than the moſt elaborate diſcourſe he had ever heard pronounced at the bar; and reſolving not to loſe a good cauſe, if he could help it, he proceeded to render his meaning more intelligible to the farmer; and backed it with ſo many arguments, that the poor fellow ſuffered himſelf to be perſuaded, to bring an action for the battery; and even refuſed a very advantageous accommodation, which the 'ſquire, when he cooled, propoſed to him.

Mr.

Mr. Gooſequill had conſequently occaſion for a vehicle, to convey him from London to the aſſizes, which were now approaching; when the trial was expected to come on: and he imagined it would turn out more to his advantage, to buy an horſe for the journey, and diſpoſe of him at his return, than to hire one. He accordingly applied to an inn-keeper: a mighty honeſt, conſcientious man, as will appear by the ſequel. The inn-keeper ſhewed him a variety of cattle, and failed not to laviſh the moſt extravagant encomiums on them all. Now ſo it was, that Gooſequill underſtood juſt as much about horſefleſh as the inn-keeper did of law: he therefore judged it more adviſeable, to depend entirely on the inn-keeper's honeſty, than truſt to his own judgment; whence we may infer, he was exempt from a fault which ſome people labour under, of meaſuring another's corn by their own buſhel; otherwiſe he would never have truſted to the inn-keeper's conſcience.

The inn-keeper was no ſooner acquainted that our lawyer was no jockey, than he ordered all the horſes he had ſhewn him, to be led back to their ſtables; and producing one ſo poor and ſo lean, that at a diſtance, one would have ſworn, that it was but the ſkeleton of that noble animal. "Sir, "(ſaid he) in appealing to my conſcience, you "have touched me in a very tender point: if a "gentleman is opiniated, and will rely upon his "judgment, 'tis not my fault, if he makes a bad "choice; but when a perſon depends upon my "honeſty, I cannot, in conſcience, put a bad beaſt "into his hands; and you know, Sir, without "conſcience——" Here he regaled the lawyer with the remnant of a ſermon, delivered with as affected a cant, and perhaps with as much ſincerity, as at a certain tabernacle not far from town. When Gooſequill objected to the leanneſs, and judiciouſly

remarked, that he looked not unlike one of Pharaoh's lean kine. " Ah! bleſs me, Sir, (quoth he) " 'tis a ſign indeed, that you are not very conver- " ſant in horſefleſh. Why, Sir, this horſe was got " by,"— here he entered into a long genealogy of the horſe's pedigree, and made him firſt couſin, at leaſt, to the moſt famous racers that ever beat turf; ſwore he refuſed twelve guineas for him an hour before, and ſold him to Gooſequill for ten; who immediately ſet forward on his journey, very well pleaſed with his bargain.

But he had ſcarce got out of the ſmoak of London, when his courſer, unable to proceed any farther, fell under him; and in deſpight of whip and ſpur, which were both applied very laviſhly, he diſdained to budge, and lay as tranquil as a lap-dog on a cuſhion. Gooſequill ſwore, and curſt like any trooper, but all to no purpoſe: Roſinate was deaf to his remonſtrances. At length, as good luck would have it, an empty cart happened to paſs that way, which, in conſideration of a teſter, that Gooſequill promiſed well and truly to pay, or cauſe to be paid, the carman conveyed both beaſts to the next inn. By the way, our lawyer, in whom all the cunning of that profeſſion may juſtly be ſaid to have centered, reſolved in his mind many different ſchemes of revenge; fully determined to give the inn-keeper a Rowland for his Oliver, as ſoon as he returned. Having hired a freſh horſe at the inn, he proceeded on his journey; laying ſtrict injunctions upon the hoſtler, to take care of his horſe: and ſpare no coſt, to get him in fleſh by the time he came back.

Gooſequill after many pleas, and counterpleas, demurrers, and rejoinders, at length terminated the law ſuit: in which, though the 'ſquire was caſt, poor Hobnail had no great reaſon to rejoice; for inſtead of pocketing the ten guineas, with which the

'ſquire

'ſquire offered to compromiſe the matter, he found himſelf double that ſum out of pocket; and got the character of an ill-natured, litigious man into the bargain: for a battle at law, may very aptly be compared to a battle at fifty-cuffs; in which the conquerer often comes off, in worſe plight than the vanquiſhed. Gooſequill having drained his country clients to the laſt drop, verified the old adage, "no longer pipe, no longer dance," and turned his back on his friends in diſtreſs: for, with Mr. Gooſequill, friendſhip and money, were ſynonimous terms. But this is a conduct ſo conſiſtent with the preſent mode, that we dare not comment upon it; leſt we expoſe ourſelves to ridicule, for ſetting up in oppoſition to ſo reigning a faſhion. We ſhall beg leave, however, to introduce one phyſical remark, which may have eſcaped the obſervation of many of our readers; I mean, the wonderful effects of ſympathy, between friendſhip and a bag of money. While the bag continues to ſwell, friendſhip continues to glow with redoubled ardor: but as that decreaſes, how ſurpriſingly doth friendſhip decreaſe in its warmth, and vaniſh entirely with the laſt guinea. But we beg our readers indulgence for being thus unſeaſonably learned; and promiſe to be more conciſe for the future.——To proceed then: Mr. Gooſequill having reached the inn, where he had left his galloper, and provided himſelf with another, would have been at ſome loſs to have known his own horſe again, had he not been ſhewn him: good feeding, and no labour, had effected a ſurpriſing change. His hide, which before was as rough as a bear's ſkin, was now poliſhed like a cheſtnut; and the bones, which were ſtarting through the ſkin, were covered three fingers deep. Gooſequill, having tipt the hoſtler for his care, aſked him what he thought the beaſt might be worth? "Why, really, Sir, (replied the hoſtler) I would

"not

" not venture above four pieces on him: he makes " a fine appearance at preſent, but, by G—d, he " is damnably foundered: and it is my opinion, he " will never carry you to London." Gooſequill hearing this, ſent immediately to take a place in the ſtage-coach, and conſigned his keffil to the care of the waggoner, that he might proceed to London by eaſy journeys.

Gooſequill, having got to London, took all poſſible precaution to keep his arrival a ſecret from the conſcientious inn-keeper, till his horſe came to town; when he mounted, and rode fair and eaſy into the inn, as if he had juſt come off his journey. He alighted, and calling for the landlord, deſired him to keep his horſe at livery, for five or ſix days, when he would call for him again. The inn-keeper, who could ſcarce credit his own eyes, began to enquire how the horſe had carried him; and Gooſequill, who could ſwallow a lie with as much eaſe as you or I could a bumper of rheniſh, devoted himſelf to all the devils in hell, which, by the bye, was giving them no more than their due, if the horſe had not carried him better than ever he was carried in his life: " Nay, (added he) let his good plight " ſpeak in his favour, for, by G—d, if he had " not been a nonſuch, he could never have held " out, for I worked him plaguy hard: this I may " truly ſay, that no man ever croſſed a better nag: " he might more juſtly be ſaid to fly than go; and " yet, if you'll obſerve, he has not loſt much fleſh, " neither."

The inn-keeper ſwallowed the bait: I muſt have been deceived in this horſe, thought he to himſelf, he is much better that I imagined him to be.—Before Gooſequill left the inn, my honeſt hoſt aſked him if he ſhould help him to a chap for his horſe? " No, (replied Gooſequill) I do not much care to " part with him; for ſhould I have occaſion for an

" horſe

" horſe again, I do not know where I could meet " with his fellow; though (added he) were any " one to take a fancy to the horſe, and offer me a " handſome price, he ſhould go, though he were a " ſecond Bucephalus: aye, (continued he) I would " even ſell myſelf; if any body thought me worth " their market."

He would now have taken his leave, but the inn-keeper had caught him faſt by the button, and would not ſuffer him to depart, till he had fixed a price on his horſe. Gooſequill ſwore he would not ſell him, not even to his father, under twenty guineas. The inn-keeper was quite thunder-ſtruck, for he thought to buy him again for about half the price he had ſold him; ſhook his head, and letting go the button: " God bleſs your ſoul, maſ- " ter, (ſays he) I cannot afford to give half that " money."—" As you pleaſe, (replied Gooſequill) " I am very indifferent about the matter; for, as I " told you before, I do not want to part with " him:" ſo ſaying, he left the inn and returned home, in order to give the inſtructions neceſſary for carrying on his deſign.

Tom (for ſo this genius was vulgarly called) had not a whit more averſion for roguery than his maſter; ſo that, to ſum up his character in brief, we need only remind our readers of the proverb: " like maſter, like man." Tom being previouſly decorated with a laced waiſtcoat and a bag-wig of his maſter's, went to the inn, and calling for the landlord, told him he wanted a good ſtrong horſe; one that was capable of doing a deal of work. The hoſt ſhewed him ſeveral, which he defied him to match in England; but mentioned not a tittle in praiſe of Gooſequill's horſe, becauſe he thought him a good one.—Tom, to whom his maſter had deſcribed the horſe, and indicated the place where he ſtood; aſked, if he was to be ſold? but

the

the inn-keeper, deaf to his enquiry, continued to launch out into the praiſes of the others. Tom, according to his inſtructions, declared that he had taken a great liking to Roſinante; and repeated the queſtion, whether he was to be ſold? "Why—" yes (replied the inn-keeper heſitating, and ſcratch-" ing his noddle) but I fear you will be frightened " at the price."—"What's beſt, is cheapeſt, (re-" plied Tom) the beaſt is a good one, according to " my judgment, and a trifle ſhall not part us."—The hoſt, finding what a tractable ſort of a cuſtomer he had to deal with, told him, that the loweſt price was thirty guineas. Tom agreed to give him his price; and paid him a guinea earneſt to bind the bargain: then calling to the hoſtler, gave him a ſhilling and ordered him to give the horſe a feed of corn, ſaying he would return preſently with the remainder of the money, and take him away.

Tom, having brought matters to this criſis, poſted home immediately, to inform his maſter that the bargain was ſtruck; who, having firſt booted himſelf, ſet out for the inn. When the inn-keeper came out to know what he wanted; "Saddle my " horſe immediately, (cries he) for I muſt ſet out " directly upon buſineſs of the utmoſt importance, " and have not a moment's time to loſe." "Why, " Sir, (replied the inn-keeper, ſcratching his head) " you ſaid this morning, as how, you ſhould not " want him this five or ſix days." "True, (ſays " the lawyer) for I then knew nothing to the con-" trary. Here, hoſtler—," "Sir, (ſays the inn-" keeper, interrupting him) you ſhall take your " choice of all the other horſes I have in my " ſtable, but you cannot poſſibly have your own, " for I have juſt now diſpoſed of him." "Diſpoſ-" ed of him, man! zounds! what do you mean? " why, I would not have ſold him, at this critical " juncture, for double his worth: here am I retard-

" ed,

" ed, by your imprudence, in an affair of the great-
" conſequence." The hoſt, who was not the meekeſt tempered man in the world, began to vociferate in his turn: " Sir, (ſays he, telling out " twenty guineas upon the table) you ſet a value " on your horſe, and I have ſold him; there is your " money, and now you may do your worſt. D—n " it! I am not to be bullied neither."

Gooſequill pocketed the caſh with much ſeeming reluctance; and the inn-keeper, to conſole him, promiſed to make him amends another time; and rejoiced not a little when he got rid of his gueſt: for he expected every moment, that the buyer would return with the remainder of the purchaſe-money, and congratulated himſelf upon his acquiſition of ten pieces with ſo little trouble. But the purchaſer never returned, from that day to this, and we dare anſwer for it, never will.

Sometime afterwards, Gooſequill happened to meet the inn-keeper in the ſtreet: " Well, my " honeſt friend, (ſays he) I dare ſwear you made a " pretty penny by the ſale of the horſe." " No, " by Jove, didn't I, (replied he) the horſe is ſtill in " my ſtable; the fellow never came again: ſome " ſneaking ſcoundrel I'll warrant, though he had " the appearance of a gentleman." " Well, well, " (ſays Gooſequill) I cannot pity you, faith; 'twas " a judgment upon you, for depriving me of ſo " valuable a beaſt." " Sir, he is ſtill at your ſer-" vice," reſumed the inn-keeper. " 'Tis too late " (replied the lawyer) the loſs of that horſe made " ſo ſenſible an impreſſion upon me, that I have " ſworn never more to deal in horſe-fleſh."

## *The Spaniſh* HUSBAND.

DON Miguel de Coſtanſo, a young Spaniard of birth and fortune, became paſſionately enamoured of a young lady his neighbour, named Donna Guzman. But though ſhe was miſtreſs of numberleſs amiable accompliſhments, ſhe was ſo much his inferior in point of fortune, that his father could never be prevailed upon to conſent to the match; and thinking it more adviſeable to nip their paſſion in the bud, than to give it time to proceed to maturity, he ordered his ſon to prepare for a journey to Italy; in order to go through his courſe of academical exerciſes. Don Miguel, though he found he could not, without the greateſt violence, tear himſelf from the ſight of his beloved Donna Guzman, was nevertheleſs, under a neceſſity of complying with his father's commands, who refuſed to admit even of a month's delay. He found means, however, before his departure, to procure a farewel interview with his miſtreſs. They met; and after repeating every thing the moſt tender paſſion could inſpire, exchanged reciprocal vows, and took heaven to witneſs, that time ſhould not abate the ardor of their loves. Don Miguel, aſſured of his miſtreſs's fidelity, took leave of his father with a tolerable grace, and proceeded on his journey.

Don Alphonſo, an old Spaniſh grandee, who was turned of his grand climacteric, had long paid his addreſſes to Donna Guzman without ſucceſs; nor had he yet quitted the purſuit; flattering himſelf, that his quality, joined to the vaſt extent of his eſtate, would more than over-balance all perſonal defects.

defects. Don Miguel's father, who was intimately acquainted with the old Don, was no ſtranger to his pretenſions to Donna Guzman; and harbouring ſome ſuſpicion that his ſon ſtill carried on a correſpondence with her; fully perſuaded, that ſhe would not have been proof againſt two ſuch prevalent temptations, as title and riches, had he not made her ſome flattering promiſes before his departure, he revolved to interrupt their amours; and, by endeavouring to perſuade her of his ſon's inconſtancy, to remove the grand obſtacle, which, as he thought, impeded her marriage with Don Alphonſo. He revolved many ſchemes in his head; and at length fixed on one, which he thought would infallibly inſure him of ſucceſs. Having communicated his project to Don Alphonſo, and inſtructed him how to demean himſelf upon the occaſion, he waited on Donna Guzman, who was not a little ſurprized at ſo unexpected a viſit.

After common ceremonials had paſſed between them; he told her, he had taken the liberty of waiting on her upon a very extraordinary occaſion; and begged ſhe would deal ingenuouſly with him, and inform him, whether ſhe had any promiſe of matrimony, under his ſon's hand? Donna Guzman, after ſome little heſitation, occaſioned by the oddneſs of the queſtion, aſſured him upon her honour ſhe had not. "Alas!" exclaimed the old gentleman, giving marks of the utmoſt deſpair; which might have deceived a perſon of more penetration and experience than Donna Guzman, "how unfortunate am I! I was in "hopes he had given you a promiſe under his hand; "you would then be able to found a prior claim, "and we might get his marriage annulled, with "very little difficulty." "His marriage, Sir!" exclaimed Donna Guzman haſtily.——"His marriage, "madam, (replied the father) the hypocritical raſ-"cal, though I often urged the celebration of his

" marriage with you, for whom he feigned ſo great
" a regard, had always ſome objection to make;
" and when, at length, by my repeated inſtances, he
" was put to his wits end for an excuſe, he told me,
" truly, that there were certain genteel accompliſh-
" ments he ſhould be glad to attain firſt, in order to
" render himſelf more deſerving of ſo accompliſhed
" a lady, and propoſed a tour to Italy; to which I,
" poor credulous man, was ſimple enough to give
" conſent, imagining his intentions had been inge-
" nuous and ſincere; but, alas! it was all pretence
" and diſſimulation! the varlet has taken a for-
" mer miſtreſs with him, to whom he paid his ad-
" dreſſes unknown to me, and has now the aſſurance
" to write me word, that he is married to her, and
" hopes I will forgive him, and permit him to re-
" turn. But I'll puniſh the villain."——" Juſt
" Heaven!" (exclaimed Donna Guzman, who had given an implicit belief to the forgery) " could all
" his vows and proteſtations be feigned! Donna Guz-
" man, (ſaid he to me when we parted, with tears
" in his eyes) I take Heaven to witneſs the purity
" and ſincerity of my love: though we ſhall ſoon be
" ſeparated, by the ſtern decree of a parent, to whom
" I owe obedience; yet your loved idea ſhall ever
" remain inſhrined within my heart. In ſhort, Sir,
" we—" " Ah, the traitor, the perjured traitor,
" (interrupted the father in a well feigned rage) how
" could he abuſe ſo much innocence, and accuſe a
" father of cruelty, whoſe moſt ſanguine wiſhes
" would have centered in ſeeing him united to ſo
" amiable a lady."

Donna Guzman's heart was too full, to permit her to ſpeak any more; and pride forbad the tear to fall, that ſtood trembling in her eye; ſo that there now enſued an interval of ſilence: during which, the old gentleman, perceiving that his ſcheme ſucceeded to his wiſh, took an opportunity of taking his leave:

and

and a moment after his departure, arrived Don Alphonſo; as had been previouſly concerted between them. He could not have enjoyed a more critical moment than the preſent: Donna Guzman, naturally of a moſt jealous diſpoſition, gave credit to every circumſtance that had been related; and her paſſions being naturally very violent, ſhe reſolved to retaliate on the innocent Don Miguel. Don Alphonſo failed not to urge his ſuit as uſual, and was not a little ſurprized, though privy to the plot, to meet with a reception ſo very different from what he had been accuſtomed to. In ſhort, not to keep our readers in ſuſpence, matters were brought to ſo ſpeedy a concluſion, that Don Alphonſo obtained a promiſe from her, to make him happy the very next morning — Had ſhe taken time to cool, ſhe would, probably, not have been ſo precipitate; for it is not improbable, but that ſhe repented of her promiſe before the next morning arrived. However, her honour was now too far engaged; and the greatneſs of her ſpirit would not permit her to retract.

We will now leave Donna Guzman awhile, to enjoy the ſweets of her marriage; and return to Don Miguel; who, having received intelligence of the whole tranſaction, from an intimate of his, to whom Don Alphonſo, vain of his atchievement, had truſted the ſecret, ſet out immediately incog. for Madrid.— Upon his arrival there, he proceeded to the houſe of his friend, where he learned, that the new married couple were gone to reſide at a country ſeat, ſome eight or ten miles diſtant from the capital; and being informed withal, that Don Alphonſo had lately diſmiſſed his valet de chambre, for ſome miſdemeanour, and was not yet provided with another; he reſolved not to let ſlip ſo favourable an opportunity, of puniſhing him for his perfidy. Having communicated his deſign to his friend, to whom Don Alphonſo had applied for a valet, he obtained from him

a recommendation. Then, equipping himſelf in a livery, colouring his eye-brows, and covering his hair with a peruke, he ſet forward on his expedition; and, in conſequence of his friend's letter, met with a favourable reception.

He had diſguiſed both his perſon and voice ſo completely, that he impoſed even upon Donna Guzman herſelf; who, though ſhe thought there was a faint reſemblance between the features of Fabricius, (for ſo he was called) and thoſe of her dear Don Miguel, was far from ſuſpecting him to be ſo near her. Don Miguel ſought all opportunities of obtaining a private audience of his miſtreſs, but Don Alphonſo being always at home, and ſo paſſionately fond of his wife, that he would never ſuffer her a moment from his ſight, rendered this deſign impracticable. He reſolved therefore to inform her by letter, of the ſchemes which had been put in practice, to diſſolve their union. This deſign he put into immediate execution: and having found means to ſlip the letter into her hand (unperceived by her huſband) he expected the event in that pleaſing, wretched ſtate of mind, which every true lover muſt feel, though it is beyond the power of words to deſcribe.

The letter was wrote in the moſt moving and paſſionate terms, and carried with it ſuch an air of truth and ſimplicity, that Donna Guzman did not heſitate to pronounce Don Miguel innocent. She was now convinced of the artifice that had been made uſe of to deceive her. She lamented her credulity, and more, the precipitate lengths to which her paſſion had hurried her. How willingly would ſhe have recalled the fatal, the irrevocable—yes—bane to every future hope of happineſs! But, alas! it was too late.——The tears trickled apace, down her cheeks; and ſhe remained for ſome time diſſolved in ſorrow. At length, the ſame greatneſs of ſpirit which had proved the chief cauſe of her wretchedneſs,

neſs, again aſſumed the predominance: ſhe wiped the tears from her bright eyes, and reſolved to revenge herſelf on her deceiver, by wounding him in the tendereſt point; and, that her revenge might be the more compleat, to render him ſubſervient to her diſhonour.

That a woman's wit is ready at invention, is known to a proverb. Donna Guzman ſoon planned out her ſcheme of revenge; in conſequence of which, ſhe wrote the following anſwer to her lover:

" Is it poſſible Don Miguel ſhould yet retain a " tender idea of Donna Guzman? Can he compaſ- " ſionate the ſorrows of one, who could entertain ſo " mean an opinion of him, as to diſtruſt the ſince- " cerity of his affection; and think him capable of " a breach of the moſt ſolemn vows?—Alas! were " you thoroughly acquainted with the long chain of " artifice, to which I owe my undoing, I ſhould " ſurely appear to you in a degree far leſs culpable. " —Oh? how I now abhor the ſight of my—I can- " not call him huſband: our banns are ſurely diſ- " ſolved, in the face of Heaven, ſince he obtained " by fraud, a title which you had a prior right to. " Can the moſt ſcrupulouſly virtuous of our ſex cen- " ſure me, if I give a looſe to the ſweets of revenge; " and deceive the deceiver, by yielding to the de- " ſires of him, whom alone I can call my huſband? " —If you have as good an opinion of my ſince- " rity, as I have of your courage, ſteal ſoftly to my " bed-chamber at mid-night, where your Donna " Guzman will be ready to receive you."

Don Miguel, upon the receipt of this letter, began to heſitate; and was not without ſome ſuſpicion, of her having ſhewn his letter to her huſband: for what benefit could he hope to reap in accepting the invitation, when he was very certain Don Alphonſo and ſhe never ſlept aſunder. However, leſt his refuſal ſhould be looked upon as the effect of fear, and

wrong the good opinion ſhe ſeemed to entertain of his courage; he reſolved to venture, let the conſequence be what it would.

The clock had no ſooner ſtruck twelve, than our hero ſallied from his chamber, naked in his ſhirt: but he had taken the precaution, at all events, to arm himſelf with a ſtout oak cudgel. He found the door unlocked: and having opened it gently, entered on tip-toe into the apartment. He was now at a loſs to know on which ſide his fair-one lay; for the window-ſhutters being faſtened, not a glimpſe of light could poſſibly enter, to aſſiſt our lover in the the diſcovery. But Donna Guzman did not ſuffer him to remain long in this perplexity: ſoftly as he had entered, ſhe heard him; and with an affected heigh ho! directed him where to approach. When he came to the bed-ſide, ſhe took him by the hand, and conjured him, in a whiſper, not to be intimidated at any thing he ſhould hear; then addreſſing herſelf to her huſband, whom ſhe awaked from ſound ſleep, "My dear, (ſaid ſhe) I have a queſtion to "aſk you: pray tell me, which of all your domeſ-"tics do you think moſt faithful to you, and moſt "firmly attached to your intereſt?" "Why that "queſtion, my dear?" quoth Don Alphonſo. "I "will reſolve you that bye and bye," replied Donna Guzman. "Why really then, (ſaid he) as far as I "am capable of judging, 'tis Fabricius." "How "apt we are to be deceived by appearances! (ex-"claimed ſhe) would you imagine it that he has "had the aſſurance to make love to me; and has "even ſollicited me to what I cannot comply with, "without a breach of my duty to you?"

Don Miguel, upon hearing this, made ſure he ſhould be delivered up to the reſentment of the huſband, and endeavoured to withdraw his hand; but Donna Guzman kept ſo faſt an hold; and, by a geentle ſqueeze, gave him to underſtand, that his apprehenſions

apprehenſions were groundleſs.—" How, (replied " Don Alphonſo) Fabricius ſpeak to you of love!— " impoſſible!—but what anſwer did you make him?" " Why, my dear, (ſaid Donna Guzman, with a ſim- " plicity that might have calmed the moſt jealous " diſpoſition) in order to convince you of the juſt- " neſs of the accuſation, for I know that he is ſo " riveted in your good opinion, that nothing but " ocular demonſtration can convince you of his per- " fidy: I pretended to condeſcend to his deſires, and " promiſed to give him the meeting to-night, at " half an hour paſt twelve, in the ſummer-houſe, at " the bottom of the garden; and he will be ſoon at " the rendezvous, for the clock has already ſtruck " twelve. Now, if you deſire to make yourſelf an " eye witneſs to his inſolence, and puniſh the tray- " tor as he deſerves, ſlip on my petticoat and night- " rail, and go to the rendezvous in my ſtead: the " night is ſo dark, that it is impoſſible to diſtinguiſh " objects; and you may reſt aſſured, that as he ex- " pects me, he will not have the leaſt ſuſpicion of " the cheat."

The good huſband reliſhed this advice mightily; and having equipped himſelf in his wife's regimentals, was haſtening to the ſummer-houſe; but Donna Guzman called him back: " My dear, (ſaid ſhe) if " he ſhould not be arrived yet, wait a while; for he " will not be long, you may depend upon it." Don Alphonſo promiſed to follow her advice, and ſallied forth into the garden, pleaſed with the thoughts of convicting Fabricius; who failed not, the moment his back was turned, to occupy his place, and revel in a profuſion of delight, within the arms of his beauteous miſtreſs. Donna Guzman, at length, fearing leſt her huſband ſhould grow impatient, and return, preſſed the amorous Don Miguel to be gone, having firſt inſtructed him in the method he was to purſue, not only to reinſtate himſelf in his maſter's

good

good opinion, but alſo to acquire a greater ſhare in his confidence hereafter. Don Miguel, though with much reluctance, complied with her commands, and proceeded, as had been concerted between them, accompanied by his truſty cudgel, to the ſummer-houſe at the bottom of the garden, where Don Alphonſo waited his coming, with no little impatience.

As ſoon as Don Alphonſo heard him approach, he repeated, in a ſoft effeminate tone the better to imitate his wife. "Is it you, my love?" "Yes, Ma-"dam," replied the falſe Fabricius, who could ſcarce refrain from laughter. "Ah! my love, (continued "Don Alphonſo) I have been waiting for you this "half hour: come, let us retire into this alcove." "Ah! infamous wretch, (cries Don Miguel, ſaluting "his ſhoulders with his cudgel) is it thus you requite "the affection of the beſt of huſbands; and imagine "me capable of diſhonouring my dear maſter? What "I ſaid, was in order to make trial of your virtue: "and, but that I value my maſter's peace, who I am "certain doats on you to diſtraction, I would this "inſtant make him acquainted with your miſcon-"duct, that he might puniſh you as you deſerve.— "In this conſideration, the adventure of to-night "ſhall be for ever buried in oblivion: however, that "your crime may not go wholly unpuniſhed, I will "now give you a ſovereign balſam to allay your "wantonneſs:" ſo ſaying, he continued to diſcipline him till he was tired; the poor cuckold, not daring to complain, leſt Fabricius ſhould diſcover the cheat.

When Don Miguel, tired of baſtinading him, permitted him to make his retreat, he returned to his chamber again in an extaſy; for the joy he experienced in the virtue of his wife, and the fidelity of his ſervant, rendered him almoſt inſenſible of the blows he had received. "Ah! my dear, (ſaid he to his "wife, embracing her) how cruelly you wronged

"Fabricius,

" Fabricius, by your ſuſpicions! Fabricius, the " moſt faithful of ſervants, who only intended to " make trial of your virtue; and who has beat me " like ſtock-fiſh, imagining that it was you he chaſ- " tiſed: but I do not value the blows I received, " ſince they have ſerved to convince me both of your " virtue, and his fidelity." Madam, you may be ſure, who was perfect miſtreſs of the art of diſſembling, failed not to affect the greateſt aſtoniſhment; and aſſured her huſband, ſhe ſhould ever hereafter have the greateſt eſteem for Fabricius, which ſhe failed not to manifeſt, as often as ſhe found a convenient opportunity.

Thus was poor Don Alphonſo deceived in his turn; and acted the part of a contented cuckold; and remained ſo well ſatisfied of the fidelity of his truſty Fabricius, that he would ſcarce have credited his own eyes, had he afterwards found him in bed with his wife.

## *The Fortunate* PEASANT.

WE often find, in men of obſcure birth and mean education, latent ſeeds of ſuperior genius and underſtanding; which, had they the advantage of a proper cultivation, might be productive of the richeſt fruits: while, on the other hand, we ſee many noble perſonages, who, were their natural parts aſſiſted by a ſuitable education, might cut a very ſignificant figure at a plough-tail. What pity then, that ſo many bright geniuſſes ſhould be loſt to ſociety, merely from want of means to procure a liberal education! what pity, that a ſet of rich clodpoles, whoſe only merit conſiſts in their wealth, ſhould, without one grain of ſenſe or diſcernment, be advanced

to

to the higheſt ſtations. *O tempora, O mores!* O times! O manners! -- but to proceed to our tale.

A certain potent king, of what regions we have never been able to learn, nor is it at all material to our readers, took great delight in travelling the country in diſguiſe. He was a learned, and a virtuous prince; and had, by long ſtudy and experience, acquired ſo profound a knowledge of mankind, that he could calculate the intrinſic value of a man's genius, as truly as a jeweller can the worth of a diamond; and, like a good lapidary took a pleaſure in poliſhing, and drawing from obſcurity, thoſe valuable gems, which he found rough as from the quarry.

In one of his excurſions, he met with a peaſant, who was tilling a ſmall tract of land that lay before his cottage, with great aſſiduity and chearfulneſs.— "God ſave you, tiller of the earth," ſaid the king, pleaſed with his induſtry. "And you alſo, Lord of "of the earth," replied the peaſant, who knew him, notwithſtanding his diſguiſe. "Why do you "give me that title? (reſumed the king) do you "know who I am?" "No, Sir, (replied the peaſant, perceiving he choſe to be incog. I do not: "but I called you ſo, becauſe God having created "the earth for the uſe of man, he may not improperly be ſtiled the maſter." The king perceiving by this rational anſwer, that he was a man of deeper penetration than the generality of his vocation reſolved to have a little farther chat with him "Friend, "(ſaid he) you ſeem to labour very hard, although "you do not appear to be very young." "True, "Sir, (replied the peaſant) for there are older than "myſelf, whom I am obliged to maintain by the "ſweat of my brow." "Pray, how much can you "earn in a day, ſaid the king?" "I earn, Sir, (replied he) taking one day with another, about "eight pence." "And is that ſufficient to maintain you?" ſaid the King. "Ah! Sir, (replied he, "ſhaking

" ſhaking his head) my own are the moſt trivial of my " expences." " Pray inform me then, how you lay " it out," ſaid the king. " I ſpend two-pence (an- " ſwered the peaſant) every day for the maintenance " of myſelf and wife: with two pence more, I diſ- " charge my debts: two-pence I lend; and the re- " maining two pence I give away." " You ſpeak " enigmatically, friend, (quoth the king) I wiſh you " would render your meaning a little more intelli- " gible; for really I do not comprehend you."—— The peaſant proceeded: " I ſpend two-pence, Sir, " as I ſaid before, for the maintenance of myſelf and " my wife; and, by the ſmallneſs of the ſum, you " may gueſs the coarſeneſs of our fare. With two- " pence more, I pay debts: for my father and mo- " ther are ſtill living, ſo old and infirm, that they " are quite paſt their labour; and as they provided " for me, with a parental tenderneſs in my youth, " it is but juſt that I acquit myſelf with filial piety, " of what I owe them, by ſupporting them in their " old age. The two-pence I lend, are for the main- " tenance of my children, who, by reaſon of their " infancy, are incapable of providing for them- " ſelves; which I hope they will be grateful enough " to repay me, when bending beneath the weight " of years and infirmities, I ſhall be unable to main- " tain myſelf by my daily labour. The two-pence " I give away, are for the maintenance of the two " daughters of my wife, by her former huſband; " and which I have no hopes of ever being repaid, " as they cannot be ſuppoſed to entertain the ſame " affection for me, as my natural children; and will " probably intermarry with thoſe, who will hinder " them, were they ſo inclined."

The king was highly delighted with the peaſant's diſcourſe; and thought he had found a gem, which would be well worth his poliſhing. " Friend, (ſaid " he) I have been highly entertained with your con-

" verſation,

" verſation, and am reſolved to be of ſervice to you;
" promiſe me only, that you will not relate to any
" one, what has paſſed between us this day, until
" you ſee me again. Look at me ſteadfaſtly, that
" you may know me another time: and I charge
" you, once again, not to divulge a tittle of our
" diſcourſe, till you ſee my face." The peaſant aſſured him he ſhould yield due obedience to his commands; and the king returned to his palace, very well pleaſed with his adventure.

The next day, having aſſembled thoſe of his courtiers who valued themſelves moſt upon their wit and ingenuity, he propoſed to them the problem he had learned from the peaſant, and gave them three days to expound it; with the promiſe of a reward, worthy the royal donor, to him who ſhould be able to explain it to his ſatisfaction.

Having exerciſed their wit, and put their invention to the rack to no purpoſe, they gave up all hope of ſucceeding: one only excepted, who, wiſer than the reſt, reſolved, if poſſible, to find out the peaſant, and bribe him to the ſolution of the riddle. Having gained information which way the king walked that day, he was ſo indefatigable in his enquiries, among the peaſants who inhabited that part of the country, that he at length found his man; who made no ſecret of his having converſed with the king, whom he aſſured him he knew perfectly well, notwithſtanding his diſguiſe.——The courtier then, deſired to be informed of the ſubject of their diſcourſe: but this requeſt the peaſant refuſed to comply with; as the king had commanded him ſilence upon that head. The courtier, a craſty old fox, well verſed in the arts of a court, did not deſpair of obtaining his wiſh: he had yet one argument left, the perſuaſive force of which he himſelf had often experienced: and drawing a handful of gold from his pocket, he conveyed it, with a friendly ſqueeze, into the hand of the

the peaſant; aſſuring him at the ſame time, that he would ſcorn to make an ill uſe of his confidence.—The peaſant who had never, through the whole courſe of his life, beheld ſo tempting a ſight, revolved in his mind the happineſs this ſum would procure to his poor family; he knew how little the promiſes of the great are to be depended upon; and, conſequently, had reaſon to doubt whether the king would ever think of performing his promiſe: he therefore yielded, and who can blame him, to the ſilent eloquence of the gold?

The courtier, well ſatisfied with the ſucceſs of his journey, returned to court, explained the riddle, and demanded the prize. The king, altho' he gueſſed that he had found means to tamper with the peaſant, would not depart from his royal word; but, conſcious that the promiſes of princes ſhould ever be preſerved ſacred and inviolate, gave him the promiſed reward. He reſolved however, to make the peaſant feel the effects of his wrath, for divulging what he had ſo faithfully engaged to keep ſecret; for which purpoſe he diſguiſed himſelf as before, and made a ſecond tour to the cottage. "Well, friend, (ſaid he) I find you have "not ſcrupled to violate the promiſe you ſo ſo-"lemnly made me." "Upon my word, Sir, (re-"plied the peaſant) you muſt have been miſin-"formed: I ſcorn to be guilty of a breach of pro-"miſe; and dare aſſure you that I have paid all "due obedience to your commands." "Do not ag-"gravate your crime by a falſhood (ſaid the king) "for certain I am, that you have divulged what "paſſed between us the other day; notwithſtand-"ing I ſo ſtrictly enjoined you to ſilence." "'Tis "very true, Sir, (replied the peaſant, with great "compoſure) I confeſs I did relate what paſſed be-"tween us; but deny that I have in any wiſe for-"feited my parole: both promiſes and menaces

" were put in practice to extort the ſecret from
" me, but all proved ineffectual; and I refuſed to
" let a ſyllable tranſpire, ſince you had commanded
" me not to divulge it to any one, till I ſhould ſee
" your face; but when not only your face, but a
" number of faces like your's, were produced
" (ſhewing the king the ſpecies he had received) I
" no longer heſitated to comply."

The king, who perceived that the peaſant knew him all along, was highly pleaſed with this ingenious ſubterfuge; and eſteeming ſo ſenſible a man worthy of better fate, took him to court with him, and elevated him to the dignity of prime miniſter: probably becauſe he perceived in him a talent for ſophiſtry, a qualification indiſpenſably neceſſary in a ſtateſman; for we muſt confeſs that his evaſion for the breach of his promiſe, was a little jeſuitical.

## *The* WISHES.

THE Duke d'Oſſona, viceroy of Naples, often uſed to take delight in walking thro' the city in diſguiſe, with no other attendants than one lacquey; in order to diſcover, what were the ſentiments of the public in general with regard to his adminiſtration; not that he might puniſh them for their temerity in cenſuring his conduct, but that he might eaſe them of the grievances they complained of, as far as was conſiſtent with his duty to his ſovereign.

As he was going his rounds one night, he perceived three ſoldiers ſitting upon a bench, at the door of a public-houſe, who, by their mirth and feſtivity,

feſtivity, ſeemed in want of nothing to compleat their happineſs.

The duke, who had a longing inclination to know the ſubject matter of their diſcourſe, diſmiſſed his lacquey, and joined the ſoldiers, who gave him a hearty welcome; and offered him ſhare of their liquor, which he accepted. When the bowl had gone round pretty freely, and many jovial ſongs been ſung, one of the ſoldiers propoſed to his comrades, that by way of paſtime, each of them, in their turn, ſhould wiſh for that which he thought would render him happieſt during the remainder of his life: and to begin ſaid the ſoldier who firſt made the propoſal, "I wiſh I had the "ſum of one thouſand crowns; I ſhould then "think myſelf happier than even the viceroy him-"ſelf."——"That is a mercenary wiſh (quoth the "ſecond) beneath the garb of a ſoldier; and for "my part, I wiſh he would make me one of the "captains of his guards; I ſhould then eſteem my "my lot infinitely preferable to his."——"If I "might form a wiſh (cries the third) I do aſſure "you, that neither of your wiſhes would have "charms ſufficient to attract me: the height of "my ambition would be, to obtain a night's lodg-"ing with the vicerine, his ſpouſe: I ſhould then "think myſelf far happier than both of you toge-"ther."——Come, ſaid they, addreſſing themſelves to the viceroy, let us now hear your wiſh? "I "wiſh (ſaid he) that I were viceroy; I would en-"deavour to render each of you happy in his "wiſh."

An hearty fellow, egad! cried the ſoldiers ſhaking him by the hand, though we would much rather forego our wiſhes, than change our viceroy; for it is impoſſible to live beneath a milder, or a gentler ſway: all our wants are amply ſupplied, and

he governs with the goodneſs and lenity of a parent.

This eulogium, tho' much ſhort of what he deſerved, was far from being diſpleaſing to the viceroy.—The ſoldiers now took their leave, in order to return to the garriſon; and the viceroy happening to meet, at that very inſtant, an officer who belonged to his guards, ordered him to enquire the names of theſe three ſoldiers, whom he ſhewed him at a diſtance, and what company they belonged to; and to bring him intelligence the next morning, without fail.

The officer acquitted himſelf punctually of his commiſſion; and waited on the duke at the time appointed, with the intelligence he deſired; who ſent an order to their captain, to ſend thoſe three ſoldiers to him immediately. Speak boldly, ſaid the duke when they came into his preſence, and take heed you do not deviate from the truth: what was the ſubject of your diſcourſe laſt night, at ſuch an hour, and in ſuch a place?—The ſoldiers were aſtoniſhed, and began to gaze at one another; but dared not to make a reply.—Harkee, gentlemen, continued the duke, to the point immediately, or I proteſt you ſhall all three be tied up to the halbards for your diſobedience.—The ſoldier who propoſed the topic of wiſhing the preceding night, being the boldeſt of the three, took upon himſelf at length to be ſpokeſman. "My lord duke, (ſaid "he) I confeſs we were diſcourſing together laſt "night, at ſuch time, and in ſuch place as your "excellency has mentioned; but our diſcourſe was "general; and I really cannot recollect any thing "in particular."—"The diſcourſe you then held "was relating to me, (ſaid the viceroy) you know "beſt whether I have been rightly informed: but "let me adviſe you, once again, not to excite me "to anger, by non-compliance with a known "truth."

" truth." The ſoldier, perceiving that the duke grew warm, thought he had better comply with his orders; leſt he ſhould, as he threatened, proceed to extremities, " My lord duke (ſaid he) I will tell " your excellency the ſubject of my diſcourſe at " that time; humbly hoping you will be pleaſ- " ed to pardon the freedom of a converſation, that " paſſed over the bottle. My comrades and I, be- " ing in a merry mood, agreed, the more ſocially " to paſs away the time, that each of us, in his " turn, ſhould wiſh for that, which would render " him moſt happy for the remainder of his " days; and I remember to have ſaid, that the " ſum of one thouſand crowns would render me " happier than your excellency."

The duke ſent immediately for his treaſurer, and ordered him to pay one thouſand crowns to the ſoldier; who went away as happy as a man can be, who is in poſſeſſion of all he deſires. " And you, " (ſaid the viceroy, turning to the ſecond) what " was your wiſh?"—The ſoldier, emboldened by the duke's liberality to his comrade, anſwered without heſitation: " My lord, I ſaid, that if I was " one of the captains of your excellency's guards, " I ſhould eſteem my lot infinitely preferable to " your's."—" Well (reſumed the viceroy) you ſhall " not have any cauſe to reproach me, for being " leſs liberal to you than to your companion; from " this moment be happy in your wiſh: I will pro- " mote one of the captains of my guards, and you " ſhall enjoy his place. And now (continued he, " addreſſing himſelf to the third) let us hear your " wiſh?"——" Ah! my lord, (ſaid the ſoldier) " trembling and confounded) I hope your excel- " lency will graciouſly be pleaſed to excuſe me: we " were at the public-houſe, where we drank ſo " freely that we knew not what we ſaid; at leaſt, " that was my caſe.—" Speak (reſumed the duke)

" immediately, and to the purpoſe; leſt I make " you repent of your diſobedience." The poor fellow, well knowing the duke would be obeyed, replied in a voice as full of quavers as an opera ſinger: " My lord, I was raſh enough to ſay, lit- " tle imagining it would be brought to your excel- " lency's ears, that a night's lodging with the vice- " rine, would render me happier, than if I were to " enjoy the wiſhes of both my comrades together; " but my lord, (continued he, caſting himſelf at " the duke's feet) pardon, I beſeech you, the te- " merity of a man, who ſpoke without thinking." The viceroy commanded him to riſe. " I am " ſorry, friend, (ſaid he) that it is not in my power " to grant your requeſt; if it was, you ſhould re- " turn as happy as your companions: all that I " can do to ſerve you is, to ſpeak to her in your " favour. Come, follow me." The poor fellow, trembling every joint, would have given both his ears to be well extricated from this dilemma; but the duke, who would take no denial, inſiſted on his following him to the apartment of the vicerine, whom they found at her toilette.

The duke having previouſly acquainted her with the ſoldier's wiſh, took him by the hand, and preſenting him to his lady: " This (ſaid he to him) " is the only perſon capable of making you happy " in your wiſh; obtain her conſent, and, be aſſur- " ed, I ſhall not oppoſe your happineſs."——The ſoldier hung down his head; and the vicerine highly offended at his inſolence, would have ordered him the ſtrapado, had not the duke interpoſed; who ſent him away ſafe and ſound; thinking the mortification he would undergo, in not having formed a more reaſonable wiſh, in which he would probably have been indulged as well as his companions, puniſhment ſufficient.

## *The* CRIPPLES.

WE ſhall, without any previous apology, preſent our readers with another ſtory relative to the ſame duke, whoſe vigilance was ſo indefatigable, that he would make frequent excurſions on foot, through the ſtreets of Naples, in order to obſerve whether a regular police was maintained, and that he might the eaſier detect thoſe officers who were remiſs in their duty, always went without attendants.

Having met in his walks a great number of cripples, who, under the title of diſabled ſoldiers, were continually importuning him for alms; the viceroy, a humane good man, whoſe heart always ſhared in the ſufferings of his fellow-creatures in diſtreſs; reſolving to attempt ſomething for their relief. The moment he returned to his palace, he ſent for his ſecretary, a man of parts, and in whom he placed great confidence; and telling him what numbers of cripples he had met with, who all pretended to have been diſabled in the ſervice, aſked him what method he had beſt purſue for their relief. "My "lord duke (ſays the ſecretary, ſhaking his head) "the number of thoſe who pretend to have been "diſabled in the ſervice, is far greater than you "can imagine; they increaſe daily, and are be-"come a public nuiſance. It is impoſſible that "one half of them can be real objects.—"If that "be the caſe (ſaid the viceroy) I am reſolved that "an exemplary puniſhment ſhall deter others from "impoſing on the public for the future. But we "muſt act with caution, leſt the innocent be in-

"volved

" volved in puniſhment with the guilty: I have " thought of an expedient for that purpoſe, and " will put it in execution to-morrow."

The next day, the viceroy cauſed an edict to be publiſhed throughout the city; that having received orders from the king his maſter, to recompenſe all ſuch ſoldiers as had been maimed in his ſervice; he gave public notice, to all ſuch as were inclined to take the benefit of the order, to aſſemble the next day before noon, in the Larga del Caſtello, which is the moſt ſpacious ſquare in Naples, in order to receive ſuch bounty, as the king had been pleaſed to aſſign them. The next morning, ſuch prodigious multitudes aſſembled, that the viceroy was quite aſtoniſhed; and found that his ſecretary had not exaggerated.

Having placed himſelf in ſuch a ſituation as to be heard by all the aſſembly, he ſpoke to the following effect:

Gentlemen, I have received orders from the king my maſter, to recompenſe thoſe brave ſoldiers who have been diſabled in his ſervice; but the numbers appear ſo great, that the funds I have received on that account will prove greatly deficient. Now, it is improbable, that in one city, there ſhould be ſuch a prodigious number of diſabled ſoldiers; and the intention of his majeſty is, that none ſhould partake of his bounty, but thoſe who have been actually maimed in his ſervice; not thoſe who by ſickneſs, or other accidents, have been deprived of the uſe of their limbs. In order, therefore, to diſtinguiſh thoſe who are intitled to the bounty, from thoſe who are not, I have fixed upon an infallible method, which I am reſolved to put in practice immediately. It appears very clear to me, that thoſe who have been wounded in honourable battle; though they may want for ſtrength, will be able to make up that deficiency by their courage: thus ſhall I

diſtinguiſh

diſtinguiſh them from thoſe daſtards, who having never dared to face the enemy, are as defective in courage, as in ſtrength.——Having ordered two of his attendants to ſtretch a cord, waiſt high: now, continued he, thoſe who have courage enough to leap over this cord, I ſhall eſteem as brave and valiant ſoldiers, who have diſtinguiſhed themſelves in battle, and been maimed fighting for their prince; but thoſe poltroons, whoſe courage will not ſupply the defect of their ſtrength, I ſhall ſet aſide as daſtards, who have not been diſabled in the ſervice; and puniſh them as the impoſture deſerves.

Thoſe who had been really maimed in the ſervice, were the firſt to preſent themſelves; and with hearts glowing with a generous ardour, attempted to vault over the cord; but all their attempts proved vain: and I believe our readers will eaſily admit, that all the courage and heroiſm that can poſſibly inſpire the human breaſt, will not enable a man upon crutches to leap over a ſtool. Thoſe then were ſet aſide, with the opprobious epithets of daſtards and impoſtors; and the viceroy aſſured them, they ſhould every man be ſent to the gallies.—— Thoſe who counterfeited lameneſs, the better to carry on their trade of begging, imagining that the viceroy was ſerious, leaped over the cord with all the eaſe and dexterity imaginable; and to the great aſtoniſhment of the ſpectators, appeared to be twice the number of the former.

By this ſubtle experiment, the viceroy diſtinguiſhed the real objects from the impoſtors, whom he ordered to be chained to the oar; and provided for the others, with a generoſity worthy of the great duke d'Oſſona.

## *The* STEP-MOTHER; *or Merit triumphant.*

THERE lived in the county of Northampton a gentleman of great fortune, who having an only ſon, put him to thoſe ſtudies which are agreeable to a perſon of his circumſtances.

When the child had attained his eleventh year, he loſt an indulgent mother, and before ſhe had been buried a month, his father married a ſervant maid, with whom he was ſuppoſed to have been intimate during the life of his former ſpouſe. This ſtep-mother becoming pregnant, beheld William (for that was his name) with an eye of envy, being aſſured that while he continued in his father's favour, there was no hopes of her own child's inheriting the eſtate, though it ſhould prove a male.

At length being delivered of a ſon, whom they called Robert, her jealouſy became ſo violent, that ſhe took every opportunity of magnifying the little follies and foibles of William to his father, in order to prejudice him againſt him, and if poſſible induce him to diſinherit him. Nor were her endeavours ineffectual; for the dotard, wrought on by the fond alliance of a young, buxom and artful wife, concurred with treating his eldeſt ſon with every token of indifference, and many inſtances of cruelty; till the youth, having attained his ſixteenth year, grew weary of ſuch unworthy treatment, and reſolved to truſt his fortune to the wide world, rather than ſuffer opprobious wrongs in his father's houſe. He had amaſſed, during the life of his mother, a conſiderable number of little pieces in ſilver, which he found upon examination to amount to about three pounds

pounds ſterling, and having converted them into gold for the convenience of carriage, ſet out with a ſmall bundle from his father's reſidence, relying upon Providence for future ſupport.

The firſt day's journey fatigued him ſo exceſſively, and galled his feet to ſuch a degree, that he bargained with a waggoner to carry him to the next town, where he arrived at the uſual time, and took up his lodging at an inn. Here he remained about a fortnight, till he was recommended to a coffee-houſe, the maſter of which hired him to do the moſt menial offices. By his induſtry and affability in this ſituation, he acquired not only the eſteem of his maſter, but the general approbation of the company that frequented the houſe, inſomuch, that, by their liberality, he trebled the ſtock with which he ſet out from the country. An incident ſoon after occurred that greatly tended to enhance his reputation. His maſter had a ſon about fourteen, a lad of a promiſing genius, who having a taſk to employ ſome of his time during the Chriſtmas holidays, it puzzled him very much.—— William offered his aſſiſtance, and with great eaſe finiſhed his theme. But ſuch was his modeſty, that he deſired his little acquaintance with the claſſics might be kept ſecret; however, his merit at length emerged from obſcurity, and an eminent merchant who frequented the houſe, concerned that a lad of ſuch abilities ſhould remain in ſo ſervile a ſituation, took him from that place, and put him into his own compting-houſe. Here he gained univerſal eſteem, ſtill concealing his name and family; but as he found that in the courſe of buſineſs he muſt take upon him ſome ſir-name, he aſſumed that of Johnſon.

When he had lived in this place about two years, he happened to have ſome buſineſs to tranſact at a nobleman's houſe near St. James's-ſquare, where

where he was ſurprized to ſee one of his father's former ſervants. He would have concealed himſelf, but the honeſt ſervant who had revered the virtues of his youth, eagerly embraced him, and expreſſed the higheſt joy at the interview. William charmed with his honeſty, related to him all his adventures ſince his departure, and the poor ſervant encouraged him to hope for the poſſeſſion of his birth-right, as his brother Robert not only neglected his learning, but ſeemed to be devoted to every kind of wickedneſs that his years would admit of his practiſing. Nor was it long before he found the prediction of the ſervant verified, for his father ſoon after wrote to him to come down immediately into the country, aſſuring him that upon due reflection he was fully convinced of, and heartily concerned for, his behaviour towards him, and that he was determined by his future conduct amply to atone for the paſt.

When William acquainted his maſter with the neceſſity of his immediate departure, he at firſt indicated much ſurprize at ſo abrupt a reſolution, ſo that he was obliged to produce the letter, the contents of which at once ſo aſtoniſhed and pleaſed him, that claſping him in his arms, he exclained,— "O, worthy youth, haſten to thy birth-right, and "to that fortune to which thou wert born, though "thou has been expoſed to ſuch indignities. I "long read thy mind in thy viſage, and was per-"ſuaded that nature had not formed thee for baſe "offices; hence I took thee into my family, and "determined to cheriſh thee as my own ſon; and, "in time, to admit thee to a part of my buſineſs— "but Providence has anticipated my deſigns, by "removing the clouds which ſurrounded thee, and "breaking in upon thee with the ſunſhine of for-"tune. Accept, therefore, my beſt wiſhes, and

"this

" this be aſſured of, that nothing but your future " ſucceſs, can equal the ſatisfaction I had in diſtin- " guiſhing your merit."

William made every poſſible acknowledgment of the kindneſs of his maſter, and after taking leave of the family ſet out for his father's houſe, where he was received with every demonſtration of joy by all but his envious ſtop-mother and her abandoned ſon.—His father died ſhortly after, whereby that he became ſole poſſeſſor of a real eſtate to a great amount: his ſtep-mother was punctually paid what was bequeathed her, but ſhe ſoon ſquandered it away in luxury and extravagance; nevertheleſs, ſuch was his generoſity, that, unmindful of her former behaviour, he ſettled a handſome annuity upon her, and gave her a decent little houſe upon his own eſtate.

By his prudent advice and excellent example he ſo far reclaimed his brother, that though his capacity was ſhallow, he acquired ſufficient knowledge to qualify him for the compting-houſe; ſo that he ſent him to his old maſter, with whom, having ſerved his time, he placed him a partner, and thus laid the foundatiou of his future proſperity.

He lived to a good old age, univerſally beloved, and died univerſally lamented as a pattern of all the virtues that can adorn human nature.

## *The arch* APOTHECARY.

AN apothecary, near the new Church in the Strand, a man of more humour and frolic than became his profeſſion, having ſome buſineſs, one day, at Turnham or Parſon's Green, took notice of a parcel of pretty boys, that were diverting themſelves on the place, and of a great number of geeſe, belonging to the bordering people, that fed there.

Our apothecary ſoon ſcraped an acquaintance with ſome of the children, of whom he learned, that they were boarders at a ſchool in the neighbourhood; he got out of them their maſter's name, and as many domeſtic circumſtances relating to him, as they could tell him; and then made one of them a guide to the place of his habitation. Being admitted, he deſired to ſpeak with the Gentleman, whom he pretended he wanted upon buſineſs. He was uſhered into a parlour, whither the maſter came to him. Mr. Purgative opened the entertainment, by begging his pardon for that intruſion; and having obtained it, in the uſual form, he proceeded in this manner: I find, Sir, by the information of thoſe little ſparks, playing without there, that they are placed with you for their maintenance and education; I think a more healthful or pleaſant ſituation could not be choſen for thoſe purpoſes; and as I have two or three lads, myſelf, whom I am thinking, very ſhortly, to deſpoſe of in this manner; I am glad I have happened to diſcover ſo convenient a receptacle in all reſpects, if I can but prevail upon you, Sir, to undertake the care of them. This produced

duced a low bow from the honeſt pedagogue, with a requeſt that Mr. Purgative would favour him ſo far as to accept a draught of his ale, of which he aſſured him his own good woman was the brewer.—The offer was thankfully accepted; the liquor highly approved; and two or three tankards of it ſpeedily emptied. This elated the apothecary's invention, and put him on playing the bom-firker ſuch a prank, as one could hardly have conceived. I preſume, Sir, ſaid he, this is a holiday with the youngſters, who are ſporting without upon the common; and, to be ſure, air and exerciſe tend greatly to forward their growth, and invigorate their conſtitutions; the benefit that mine will, in all likelihood, receive from theſe means, is no ſmall motive to my planting them under your tutelage.—But, talking of the children's exerciſe, joined to the notice I have taken of the numerous flocks of geeſe with which your green is covered, as it were, ſuggeſts to me a ſcheme, which, though at firſt view, may appear ſomewhat mean and ludicrous, will, if rightly managed, put more hard money into your pocket, annually, than, I dare ſay, your houſe-rent amounts to, beſides paying for a pleaſurable journey to London, now and then, in your vacations. If you can turn the paſtime of your ſcholars to your emolument, ſo much the better; the thing will be no kind of injury to them, while it will be vaſtly for your profit. Beſides, you need not let them know you are to get any thing by what you ſet them about; you may find pretences enough for ſo employing them; and, now it comes into my head, you may tell them for an excuſe, that you have occaſion for ſomewhat to enrich the mould of your garden.

The good man hearkened to this long preamble with the ſtricteſt attention, wondering what the labouring mountain was to produce, when the apo-

thecary went on, I perceive, Sir, you are impatient to underſtand what this affair is that I am going to recommend to you. I won't pretend to ſay there is any great honour in it; but I can promiſe you a good deal of gain, and that is better; let others run after a ſhadow, I am for what is ſubſtantial. You remember the ſtory of Veſpaſian, no leſs a man than ſovereign of the world, who laid an impoſt on urine; at which his ſon Titus murmuring, as judging it beneath his father's dignity to tax ſo naſty a ſubject; the emperor took a piece of money which had come thereby into the Exchequer, and, holding it to the Prince's noſe, aſked him, if he perceived it had a worſe ſmell than ordinary? You will make a proper application of this hereafter. In ſhort, my honeſt friend, to come at once to the point; I am an apothecary of conſiderable practice in your neighbouring town here of London, and make my own little chemical preparations; one of them, of ſingular efficacy, I extract from gooſe dung, ſaving your preſence, of which I uſe vaſt quantities, more than I am able to procure; and therefore ſhall be very glad of your aſſiſtance in furniſhing me with as much as ever you can muſter. Don't ſtare, I beſeech you, my dear friend, till you have heard me out. I pay five ſhillings a pound, troy weight, for all that are brought me. Now, you have the fowl here in abundance, and they muſt void no ſmall heaps of dung; you ſay, you have twenty of thoſe little urchins under your command, who have every day their hours of recreation upon the green, in fair weather; what ſhould hinder you from ſetting them, as a condition of their having once a quarter an extraordinary holiday, upon collecting the excrement of thoſe animals, and bringing it to you; who may preſerve it in a convenient repoſitory, till you have gathered enough to be worth carrying to your humble ſervant? One caution,

tion, however, I muſt give you, which is of the utmoſt conſequence in the buſineſs, and on which it chiefly depends; which is, that you take care the commodity be pure, that is, unmixed with any thing elſe; it muſt be only gooſe dung; remember I repeat it, it muſt be gooſe dung, my worthy maſter, gooſe dung only: And for this, genuine and unadulterated, my price is, as I have already told you, a crown a pound, ready rhino, for any quantity, from one to an hundred; beſides a bottle of wine and a dinner at my houſe, with a hearty welcome. Well, Sir, what ſay you; will you undertake the commiſſion? You may, at leaſt, every twelvemonth, put thirty or forty pounds, at leaſt, by it into your purſe, which will buy madam a new gown now and then, and afford you pocket-money into the bargain.

This long and plauſible harangue threw the credulous preceptor into ſuch a quandary, that he was at a loſs how to anſwer; but, at laſt, he ſaid, he would conſider of it, and perhaps he might do ſomething. The apothecary added, he hoped he would; and after mending his draught, with a tankard or two more, he formally took his leave, aſſuring the hoſt, it ſhould not be his fault, if there were not a more intimate acquaintance between them. The wag, half maudlin with the good liquor, jogged merrily home, diverting himſelf with the ſucceſs of his frolic, whereby he had fared ſo much better than he deſerved. He thought the adventure over, and never expected to hear any more of the gooſe dung; but the weakneſs of the man he had ſo egregiouſly impoſed on, was beyond what he imagined. That Simpleton, after ruminating ſome time on the gain that this new undertaking promiſed, went induſtriouſly about it, and made the gleaning of gooſe dung his ſcholars chief diverſion; and, to encourage their diligence in this

filthy employment, he daily rewarded him that brought the largeſt contribution with a halfpenny. By theſe means he had amaſſed, in a few weeks, upwards of twenty pounds weight of it. This he fancied worth carrying to his cuſtomers, and accordingly, incloſing it in a tin box, and committing that to the driver, as a parcel of value, he accompanied it, in the ſtage coach, to London. Here it was no leſs carefully conſigned to a porter, who uſhered him along with it to the apothecary. This merry gentleman was juſt going to dinner, and was not a little ſtarted at the ſight of ſo unexpected a viſitor, whom, though he neither deſired nor expected to ſee, he inſtantly recollected, and divined his errand. Notwithſtanding he had as conſummate aſſurance as any man, he was, for a few moments, at a loſs how to behave on ſo ſingular an occaſion, which was likely enough to involve him in ſome difficulty. However, he preſently recovered his ſpirits, put a good face upon the matter; and, on the ſchool-maſter's accoſting him with a—Well, Sir, though I would not promiſe, yet you ſee I am to be relied on; I only ſaid, it may be I might do ſomething; but I think I have done a great deal; I have brought you here a box full.——Of what, pray, Sir, ſays Mr. Clyſterpipe, ſtaring at him with wonder? I have not the favour of knowing you. ——Of what, Sir, replied the ſimpleton, of what do you think, but of the gooſe dung?—O *Gemini*, cried Clyſter, as loud as he could bawl, my deareſt friend, you are heartily welcome. Now I recognize your phiſiognomy. Well, as I'm alive, I was afraid you had forgotten me. I was juſt out, and in ſad taking. I began to deſpair of you. Upon my word you are a good man. I hope you have taken care that they are genuine. I ſhall be undone, if you have diſappointed me. Pray ſtep in and foul a plate with me. Let us dine and drink

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a bottle, before we proceed to buſineſs. Numphs was quite raptured. This was the moſt fortunate day he ever ſeen. Taffy was not happier, when he read on a barber's ſign, "Money for Live Hare," and read it, "Money for Living Here." In a word, he went, ſat down with a jovial countenance; eat and laughed immoderately. Clyſter was to the full as jocund as his gueſt. He had now thought of an expedient, which freed him from all uneaſineſs about the iſſue of his adventure, having ſuch a ninny to deal with: ſo, when he had exerciſed his lungs upon him a good while, and was quite tired of his inſipidity, he told him, that now, if he pleaſed, he would go and take a ſurvey of the treaſure, he had ſo kindly brought him.——— Numphs followed him into the ſhop, ſmirking, rubbing his ſifts, and, while the box was opening, proteſted it exhaled a fine perfumè. Clyſter, on the other hand, was half ſuffocated with the ſtench, though ready to burſt with reſtraining the exploſions of his mirth at the creature's folly. The affair was now at criſis, and the plot was not more comical than the cataſtrophe. Clyſter aſſumed an air of buſineſs; very gravely took ſome of the dung between his fingers, and holding it to his noſe, cried out, as in a rapture, that it was excellent. This he repeated three or four times, till he had quite tranſported gooſe-cap into a medly of hope and joy: when upon a fifth or ſixth application of the nafty ſtuff to his noſtrils, he ſuddenly ſcreamed aloud, Oh, horrible! Oh, horrible! we are all undone! we are all undone! Why, the devil you have put ganders dung among them! They are all ſpoiled, all ſpoiled, not worth a farthing, by Jupiter. Numphs, ſcared and amazed at theſe exclamations, demanded what the man meant, for, was not a gooſe and a gander's jakes the ſame? No, you blockhead, replied Mr. Clyſter, ſeemingly in a moſt outrageous

outrageous paſſion, as far different from one another, as the eaſt is from the weſt; what elſe was the reaſon of my giving you ſo many ſtrict charges about them? You are a ſcurvy fellow, and to be ſure intended to cheat me. I am bubbled, curſedly diſappointed, and, by depending upon you, ſhall be a ſufferer, beyond what you, and all belonging to you, are able to repair. However, take your ſophiſtocated ſtuff, and be gone, or, by Æſculapius and Apollo, I'll have you laid by the heels for an impoſtor.

Theſe menaces ſtruck poor Noodle, who had no ſuſpicion of the bite, into ſuch a panic, that he thought of nothing but eſcaping; ſo, while the roguiſh apothecary was running about, from the ſhop into the parlour, and back again, as if in a ſort of phrenzy, forſooth, by his diſappointment, he took the happy opportunity, as he fancied it, of ſlinking away, and leaving him in poſſeſſion of the gooſe dung.

## *The prodigal* BAKER.

A Journeyman baker, in the city of London, was the next heir to a very conſiderable eſtate.—He had often talked to the family of his expectations, and was very liberal in his promiſes to his maſter and fellow ſervants. One day, when he was not at home, a gentleman enquired of his maſter, if Mr. ——— did not live there? And being anſwered in the affirmative, but that he was out, the gentleman ſaid he would wait his return at a neighbouring tavern, and deſired he might be ſent to him. When the man returned, his maſter accompanied him to the tavern, where the journeyman was told, that by the death of his relation he was become

maſter

maſter of 1500l. a year. In a few weeks the journeyman came rattling to his maſter's door, in a coach and ſix, and inſiſted on his, and his wife's company, at his country-ſeat. This requeſt being complied with, he kept them a month in the country, and then, attending them back to London, made them a preſent of a hundred guineas for their former kindneſs. He told his old maſter, at parting, that, as he had the eſtate of a gentleman, he would endeavour at the qualifications, and for that purpoſe would make the tour of all the courts of Europe. In vain was he diſſuaded from putting his deſign in execution.

The idea he had conceived of the advantages ariſing from travel, made him deaf to the remonſtrances of his friends, who obſerving how much he was enamoured of figure, foreſaw the ruin of his eſtate; of which, when they reminded him, he would anſwer in a jocular way, that he had a good trade in his belly, and would never break till he broke his neck. His expences abroad, in which he obſerved no medium, made conſiderable havock in his eſtate, which, after his return, he ſoon ran through entirely. Having nothing left, he engaged again with his old maſter, and when he was aſked by his acquaintance, what he could think when he acted ſo imprudently? Why, ſaid he, I thought of nothing but my pleaſures; my eſtate gratified my inclinations while it laſted; and now it is gone has left me this advantage, that I have ſeen more of the world than any journeyman baker in town, and I dine at my maſter's table, which I never did before.

## *The reformed* GAMESTER.

TWO young gentlemen agreed to ſpend an evening together, at the houſe of an acquaintance, who for ſome time paſt had given himſelf up entirely to gaming; at which he had hitherto had pretty good ſucceſs, though he had not as yet ſo villaniſed himſelf, as to make uſe of cogged dice, like the generality of gamblers.

When ſupper was over, he produced his dice, and propoſed a game to his companions, by way of amuſement; to which they conſented. The gameſter, depending on his uſual good luck, made ſure that he ſhould ſweep the board: but Fortune, that fickle dame, ever inconſtant, ever wavering in her favours; after a long ſeries of uninterrupted ſucceſs, at length declared againſt him. At every caſt he loſt, he ſwore, and blaſphemed moſt impiouſly. His companions, who entertained a due veneration for morality and religion, were ſeized with horror at the direneſs of his imprecations, and rebuked him pretty ſeverely for his wickedneſs; but this had no other effect than to augment his execrations. Having loſt even to the laſt farthing, he threw down the dice in a rage, and ſwore they might play by themſelves; that, for his part, he would go immediately to bed. His companions wiſhed him a good night, and one of them, who had already planned out a ſcheme to reclaim him, adviſed him very ſeriouſly to aſk pardon of God for the offence he had committed, in ſo profanely ſwearing and taking his name in vain; for which he could not but expect the moſt rigorous puniſhment.

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Having got into bed, which was the ſame chamber where they played, he could not help ſwearing at the recollection of his bad luck; and dropped aſleep with an oath in his mouth. When the muſic of his noſtrils informed the company, that he was faſt as a rock, he who had planned his reformation, made his companion acquainted with his ſcheme, which he approved of, and they reſolved to put it into immediate execution.

They extinguiſhed both fire and candle: then feigned a diſpute, concerning a certain caſt, and were ſo vociferous in their conteſt, that they ſoon awaked the gameſter, who ſtarted up, and finding all involved in darkneſs, aſked them how the d——l they could ſee to play, without a light?——Phoo, phoo, cried they, you are not half awake yet, man; why, you cannot ſee ſure?—they then made believe to begin their game again, and the gameſter, on whom the liquor he drank had a pretty good effect, dropping inſenſibly aſleep again.—— The players preſently after, feigned another diſpute and one of them having waked him, deſired he would be umpire in their difference.——Why how the d—l ſhould I be able to decide, ſaid he, rubbing his eyes, I cannot ſee in the dark; where is the candle?—why here in my hand, anſwered one of his companions: come, come, rub your eyes again; you are not thoroughly awake yet, I perceive.—Rot me if I can ſee a wink, ſaid he. They ſeemed to be very much ſurprized at this; and aſked him whether he jeſted or not? No, by Jupiter don't I, replied he, 'tis matter of fact. Approach the candle nearer, ſaid one of them, ——well, do you not ſee plain enough now?—No, the d—l fetch me if I do, replied he.——Surely then, continued they, God Almighty, in the juſtice of his wrath, has puniſhed your blaſphemy by depriving you of ſight.

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The poor fellow, believing what they ſaid to be true, began to conceive a real contrition for his fault; acknowledged the juſtneſs of his puniſhment, and implored the mercy of heaven, with all the ſigns of a ſincere repentance. Alas! ſaid his companions, holding the candle near him, what a terrible misfortune is this? and yet his eyes look as fine, and as clear as ever. Having given him all the conſolation they were able, without marring their deſign, they wiſhed him good night; and exorting him to aſk pardon of God for the offence he had committed, promiſed to pay him a viſit in the morning.

The poor fellow, heartily contrite for his ſins, ſpent beſt part of the night in ſighs and lamentations, and made a ſincere reſolution to reform his conduct; and eſpecially his profane habit of ſwearing. Fatigued at length with bewailing his misfortune, ſleep ſhed again her peaceful poppies o'er his head, and he ſlept till morning; when, to his no ſmall pleaſure and aſtoniſhment, he found himſelf reſtored to his ſight. He eaſily imagined, and his companions did their utmoſt to confirm him in the pious fraud, that he had obtained this miracle from heaven, through the ſincerity and fervency of his prayers; and their innocent device was productive of this happy effect, that it reclaimed him entirely from the habit he had got of ſwearing, and cauſed him to reform his life in every other particular.

## *The* Reſidence *of* Contentment.

AT Iſpahan in Perſia, there lived a young man of a noble family and great fortune, named Achmet, who from his infancy ſhewed the earlieſt ſigns of a reſtleſs and turbulent ſpirit; and though by nature endowed with an underſtanding ſuperior to any of his age, was led away with every guſt of paſſion to precipitate himſelf into the greateſt dangers. After having a little experienced the misfortunes that accrue from ſuch a diſpoſition, he became ſomewhat more diffident of his own abilities, and determined to take the advice of thoſe who had been moſt converſant with human nature, how to proceed for the future. There dwelt not far from the city, in a little cell among a ridge of mountains, an old hermit, who many years before had retired from the world to that place, to ſpend the reſt of his days in prayer contemplation. This good man became ſo famous through the country for his wiſdom and exemplary life, that if any one had an uneaſineſs of mind, he immediately went to Abudah (for ſo he was called) and never failed of receiving conſolation, in the deepeſt affliction, from his prudent counſel; which made the ſuperſtitious imagine, that there was a charm in the ſound of his words to drive away deſpair and all her gloomy attendants. Hither Achmet repaired, and as he was entering a grove near the ſage's habitation, met according to his wiſhes the venerable recluſe; he proſtrated himſelf before him, and with ſigns of the utmoſt

anguiſh, Behold, ſaid he, O divine Abudah, favourite of our mighty prophet, who reſembleſt Allha by diſtributing the balm of comfort to the diſtreſſed, behold the moſt miſerable of mortals.—He was going on, when the old man, deeply affected with his lamentations, interrupted him, and taking him by the hand, "Riſe, my ſon, ſaid he, let me know the cauſe of thy misfortunes, and whatever is in my power ſhall be done to reſtore thee to tranquility." Alas! replied Achmet, how can I be reſtored to that which I never yet poſſeſſed! for know, thou enlightened guide of the faithful, I never have ſpent an eaſy moment, that I can remember, ſince reaſon firſt dawned upon my mind; hitherto, even from my cradle, a thouſand fancies have attended me through life, and are continually, under the falſe appearance of happineſs, deceiving me into anxiety; whilſt others are enjoying the moſt undiſturbed repoſe. Tell me then, I conjure thee by the holy temple of Mecca, from whence thy prayers have been ſo often carried to Mahomet by the miniſters of Paradiſe, by what method I may arrive, if not at the ſacred tranquility thou enjoyeſt, yet at the harbour of ſuch earthly peace as the holy Koran has promiſed to all thoſe that obey its celeſtial precepts; for ſure the damned, who remove alternately from the different extremes of chilling froſts and ſcorching flames, cannot ſuffer greater torments than I undergo at preſent. Abudah, perceiving that a diſcontented mind was the ſource alone of the young man's troubles, Be comforted, my ſon, ſaid he, for a time ſhall come, by the will of Heaven, when thou ſhalt receive the reward of a true believer, and be freed from all thy misfortunes; before thou canſt be numbered with the truly happy. Thou enquireſt of me, where happineſs dwells? Look around the world, and ſee in how many different ſcenes

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ſhe has taken up her reſidence; ſometimes, though very rarely, in a palace, often in a cottage; the philoſopher's cave of retirement, and the ſoldier's tent, amidſt the noiſe and dangers of war, are by turns her habitation; the rich man may ſee her in his treaſure, or the beggar in his wallet. In all theſe ſtations ſhe is ſaid to be found, but in none altogether. Go then and ſeek thy fortune among the various ſcenes of the world, and if thou ſhouldſt prove unſucceſsful in this probationary expedition, return to me when ſeven years are expired, when the paſſions of youth begin to ſubſide, and I will inſtruct thee by a religious emblem, which our great prophet ſhewed me in a dream, how to obtain the end of all thy wiſhes. Achmet, not underſtanding Abudah's meaning, left him as diſcontented as he came, and returned to Iſpahan with a full reſolution of gratifying every inclination of pleaſure or ambition, imagining one of theſe muſt be the road to felicity. Accordingly he gave up his firſt years entirely to thoſe enjoyments which enervate both mind and body; but finding at length no real ſatisfaction in the poſſeſſion of theſe, but rather diſeaſes and diſappointments; he changed his courſe of life, and followed the dictates of avarice, that were continuallly offering to his eyes external happineſs ſeated on a throne of gold. His endeavours ſucceeded, and by the aſſiſtance of fortune he became the richeſt ſubject of the eaſt. Still ſomething was wanting. Power and Honour preſented themſelves to view, and wholly engaged his attention. Theſe deſires did not remain long unſatisfied; for by the favour of the ſophy he was advanced to the higheſt dignities of the Perſian empire. But, alas! he was not ſtill the nearer to the primary object of his moſt ardent wiſhes! Fears, doubts, and a thouſand different anxieties that attend the great, perpetually haunted him, and made

him ſeek again the calm retirement of a rural life. Nor was the latter productive of any more comfort than the former ſtations; in ſhort, being diſappointed, and finding happineſs in no one condition, he ſought the hermit a ſecond time, to complain of his fate, and claim the promiſe he had received before the beginning of his adventures. Abudah, ſeeing his diſciple return again after the ſtated time, ſtill diſcontented, took him by the hand, and ſmiling upon him with an air of gentle reproof, Achmet, ſaid he, ceaſe to blame the fates for the uneaſineſs which ariſes alone from thy own breaſt; behold, ſince thou haſt performed the taſk I enjoined in order to make thee more capable of following my future inſtructions, I will unfold to thee the grand myſtery of wiſdom, by which ſhe leads her votaries to happineſs. See (ſaid he, pointing to a river in which ſeveral young ſwans were eagerly ſwimming after their own ſhadows in the ſtream) thoſe ſilly birds imitate mankind; they are in purſuit of that which their own motion puts to flight; behold others that have tired themſelves with their unneceſſary labour, and, ſitting ſtill, are in poſſeſſion of what their utmoſt endeavours could never have accompliſhed. Thus, my ſon, happineſs is the ſhadow of contentment, and reſts, or moves for ever with its original.

BUCKINGHAM

## BUCKINGHAM *and the* MAYOR.

IT being made known at Oxford that K. Charles II. would ſhortly viſit that city, the mayor, who happened that year to be a butcher, and not very elegant in his form, nor verſed in ceremony, was under a ſad concern, about the part he would be obliged to act on that ſingular occaſion; which was that of receiving and complimenting his Majeſty, at the bounds of his juriſdiction. He had ſome knowledge of the duke of Buckingham; ſo up he rode to London, to try if he could make a friend of that nobleman, and, by his means, be excuſed from having any thing to do in this buſineſs, for which he knew himſelf to be utterly unqualified. Being introduced to his grace, he laid before him, in the beſt language he could, his pitiful caſe; and begged of him for God's ſake, if it was in his power, to relieve him: I am, may it pleaſe my lord, ſaid he, a poor ignorant man, and not uſed to have any thing to do with ſuch mighty folks; and to be ſure his moſt noble majeſty can be let into our town very well without me; let me beſeech your honour, therefore to ſpeak to my *leech*, that ſomebody elſe may be put in my place; for they ſay I muſt make a fine *oraſon*, to welcome his grace, and I can no more do ſuch a thing than one of my bullocks: ſo, pray my good lord, to get me *diſenabled*; for, really, till I am, I can't ſo much as ſleep a wink about it. ——The duke, who could hardly keep his countenance, during this wiſe and elegant harangue, anſwered, As for putting another in your place, Mr. mayor, it cannot well be done; nor would the king

caſt ſuch an affront on ſo worthy a magiſtrate; no one is fitter to perform the office than yourſelf, which will be an honour to you while you live, and to your poſterity after you; and as for your making a ſpeech, which is the only thing about which I find you are ſo uneaſy, you need not give yourſelf the leaſt trouble; for I ſhall be in the coach with the king, and, when he ſtops, you have only to look him in the face, then make a low bow, and, riſing up again, ſay, with a ſtately air, May it pleaſe your Majeſty, I am not ignorant. As ſoon as you have uttered theſe words, I'll order the guards to ride on, and there will be an end of the ſtory.

The mayor being vaſtly pleaſed with this aſſurance, returned with a light heart to Oxford, without mentioning a ſyllable of his errand to London, or begrudging the expence of it, ſeeing he had reaped thereby, as he thought, ſo much ſatisfaction and tranquility. Nay, he even longed for the happy day, when he was ſo eaſily, at the rate only of a bow and three or four words, to aggrandiſe himſelf and his family. At length, it came; when he, arrayed in all the frippery of his office, accompanied by his aldermen, and other myrmidons, made a pompous proceſſion to the boundary of his juriſdiction. Here he waited the important minute, when a mighty monarch, as he fancied, was to ſtop at his feet, and not depart, till, by a few ſyllables from his lips, he had given him a ſort of licence.

Buckingham had appriſed the king of the jeſt, and all the court were prepared to enjoy an ill-natured triumph in the mayor's mortification. No ſooner were they come to the place of his worſhip's ſtation, but he approached the royal preſence with an aukward ſolemnity; and, as the duke had tutored him, after a low congee, told his majeſty, He

was

was not ignorant. He now imagined all was over, that the equipage would go forward, and that the affair was happily terminated. But he was ſadly miſtaken, the horſes did not budge, and the king ſtared his worſhip full in the face, as expecting a continuation of his oration: but, as he had learned no more of his noble preceptor, he was not able to advance a word farther; ſo, bowing again, he repeated his firſt aſſeveration, that He was not ignorant. The king thought it was now time to quit ſo ignoble a paſtime; and, having the game in his hands, one way or another, was reſolved to diſpatch it. What he intended was to brow-beat the mayor (already half dead with vexation) into an abſolute ſilence; in order to which he aſſumed a ſtern aſpect, and looked at him more ſtedfaſtly than ever, as if impatient for his proceeding, and highly diſpleaſed at his delay. But this rouſed his worſhip, and produced a third obeiſance, with another, May it pleaſe your majeſty, I am not ignorant. To which his majeſty, who had quite enough, anſwered, in a very angry tone, Poh, you blockhead, that is only your own opinion: on which the duke, as had been concerted between him and the merry monarch, gave the ſignal for going on. This furniſhed them with matter of laughter till they got into the city, when their attention was engaged by the acclamations of the ſcholars and inhabitants; but the mayor entered it with a different temper, loaded with ignominy, and in the bittereſt affliction. It might be intended by the managers as a farce, but it had a cruel cataſtrophe; the unfortunate mayor ſunk under the weight of ridicule which was caſt on him from every quarter, and broke his heart, ere his two murderers, for ſuch I may call them, had left the univerſity.

## *The humorous* MILLER.

IN days of yore, when every petty lord of a manor aſſumed the authority of a ſovereign, and held his tenants and other dependants in the moſt ſervile ſtate of dejection, lived a lord of a moſt cruel and revengeful temper, who ſeemed to take a pleaſure in tormenting every one about him; even honeſt Mumbletext, the parſon of the pariſh, could not eſcape the rage of his malice.

Mumbletext, it ſeems, was much addicted to the ſtudy of aſtrology; and, in order to render himſelf a man of importance among his pariſhioners, pretended to prognoſticate the various changes of the weather. In general, his predictions were falſe, but ſometimes, by chance, happened to prove true; and Mumbletext ſoon gained ſo great a reputation amongſt the ignorant and vulgar, that it paſſed for current in the village, that the parſon was a magician, and dealt with Old Nick. This at length reached the ears of the lord, who, glad of an opportunity to indulge his ill-nature, ſent for the parſon.

Mumbletext, who had been but lately inducted to the living, had never yet had the honour of appearing before his lord; he therefore put on his beſt gown and band on the occaſion, and waited on him, not without ſome diffidence, for he was perfectly well acquainted with his character. Well, goodman Parſon, ſaid the lord, I have been informed that you are a great adept in the black art, and that you pretend to pry into futurity.—Pardon me, Sir, replied the parſon, I do indeed take great

great delight in the ſtudy of judicial aſtrology, and may chance to foretel ſometimes, by a minute obſervation of the conjunction and influence of the planets, the various changes of the weather.

It ſignifies nothing talking, ſaid the lord, reſolving to gratify his malice, it is in every perſon's mouth that you are a magician; therefore, unleſs you expound four queſtions which I ſhall put to you, I will order you to be ſcourged through the village for an infamous impoſtor.—The poor parſon, trembling and half dead with the fright, would have offered ſomething farther in his defence; but the lord refuſed to hear him: 'tis to no manner of purpoſe to argue the caſe, ſaid he, I will admit of no medium; you have your choice, to expound, or to be whipped; and muſt reſolve upon one or the other immediately. The four queſtions, continued he, of which I require the ſolution are as follow: firſt, whereabouts is the exact middle of the world? ſecondly, how much I am worth? thirdly, what do I think? and, fourthly, what do I believe?

In vain did poor Mumbletext proteſt, that he knew no more where the middle of the world was than the man in the moon; and that it was in the power of God alone to read into the ſecrets of a man's heart. No, replied the lord, you impoſe on the ignorant by your impoſtures, but do not imagine to treat me in the ſame manner: you muſt either give me the ſatisfaction I demand, or confeſs that you are an arrant cheat; and ſubmit to the chaſtiſement due to your demerits. The parſon, finding that all his arguments were of no effect, deſired, in order to gain time, that he would be pleaſed to allow him to the next morning to conſult the planets; which was granted.

Poor Mumbletext trudged homewards with an heavy heart, and a ſorrowful countenance, revolving in his mind the puniſhment he was threatened with;

with; and imagined every now and then he felt the cudgel at his back.

The miller of the village, a very arch, droll kind of a fellow, happened to meet him, and perceiving him look ſo dejected and melancholy, took the liberty of enquiring into the cauſe; for the parſon and he were intimates, and had often cracked a bottle of ale together. Mumbletext, ſhrugging his ſhoulders, informed him, in a plaintive voice, of the misfortune that had befallen him, and of the diſgrace he muſt inevitably ſuffer next morning; ſeeing it was impoſſible either for him, or any one elſe, to reſolve the queſtions propoſed.——Pooh! pooh! man, ſaid the miller, never make yourſelf uneaſy upon that account: lend me your caſſock and band, and I'll go in your ſtead with all my heart: he never ſaw me in his life, and has ſeen you but once, ſo that I ſhall eaſily paſs muſter; and let me alone for giving him an anſwer. Mumbletext, who knew the miller to be a ſenſible clever fellow, thought he could not truſt his cauſe in better hands; he therefore very thankfully agreed to the propoſal; and ſent him his regimentals, as ſoon as he got home.

The next morning, the miller dreſſed himſelf in his canonicals, and made as grave an appearance as any parſon of them all; for he had a full round pauch of his own, a face as ſleek and as ruddy as an apple; and wit enough, although he could neither talk Latin nor chop Logic, to poſe any two parſons in the country. When he arrived at the manor-houſe, he deſired a ſervant to acquaint his lord, that the parſon of the pariſh had taken the liberty of waiting on him, in order to ſatisfy him in regard to ſome queſtions he had propoſed the preceding day. The lord, who had juſt riſen, and was dreſſing himſelf, hearing the parſon was come, ordered him up ſtairs immediately. Well, friend,

ſaid

ſaid he, I ſuppoſe you are going to harp upon the old ſtring; that it is not in your power to give me the ſatisfaction I demand; I am therefore reſolved to make an example of you, for endeavouring to impoſe upon mankind: here, ſervant, prepare the inſtruments of correction.—My lord, anſwered the miller, I am ready, at the peril of my life, to expound the difficulties you propoſed. We ſhall ſoon ſee that, ſaid the lord, and to begin: tell me whereabouts the exact middle of the world is?—I am not only ready to tell you where it is, Sir, ſaid the miller, but will alſo ſhew it to you if you think proper; and that in leſs than a quarter of an hour, for it is ſituated not above two hundred paces from your houſe.——Aye indeed, quoth the lord; I ſhall be glad to ſee it.

The miller immediately conducted him into a neighbouring plain; and having meaſured and remeaſured the ground, with a ſtick he had brought with him for the purpoſe; There, Sir, ſaid he, ſtriking his ſtick into the ground, is the exact middle of the earth.— How do you prove your aſſertion to be true, ſaid the lord? Ah! Sir, replied the miller, cauſe it to be meaſured, and if I have erred, even in the breadth of an hair, I ſubmit to forfeit my life.——The lord, who had not conſidered the impoſſibility of detecting the ſuppoſed parſon in a falſehood, thought he might as well give up the argument, ſince it was not in his power to prove the contrary.——Well, friend, reſumed he, I am content to depend upon your veracity; but to the ſecond: Can you tell me what I am worth? Why, Sir, replied the miller, our Saviour, who, without diſparagement, was worth ſomething more than you are, was ſold for thirty deniers; if I value you at twenty-nine, ſure you can have no reaſon to complain?—No, truly, replied the lord, who began to be pleaſed with the ſmartneſs of his repartee, and

if you can reſolve me as well what I think of, you ſhall have no reaſon to repent it.—In troth, Sir, ſays the miller, I dare venture an even wager, that you think more of your own profit than of mine: and ſo, I think, I have anſwered your queſtion.—A pleaſant fellow, indeed, quoth the lord, ſmiling; but what anſwer will you make to the fourth? Can you tell me what I believe? yes, Sir, replied the miller, is it not true, that you believe me to be the parſon of the pariſh? Undoubtedly, anſwered the lord: And yet, continued he, I am only the miller of the village. Whoever you be, quoth the lord, whom the miller's wit, had rendered better humoured than uſual, you are a very humorous, pleaſant fellow; and your converſation has afforded me the higheſt entertainment. From this day, you ſhall always meet with an hearty welcome at the manor-houſe; and for your ſake, I conſent to remit the parſon's puniſhment.

## *The Galenical Stratagem.*

THERE lived at Paris two gentlemen belonging to the retinue of a prince of the blood royal, who were very intimate together; one of whom, whoſe name was la Roche, was a very humorous pleaſant companion, and a ſhrewd lover of a joke; inſomuch, that he would rather run the hazard of alienating the affections of a boſom friend, than loſe a jeſt or brilliant repartee: the name of the other was Le Comte, who was alſo a very agreeable gentleman.

They both lived in the ſame houſe, in ready furniſhed lodgings: Le Comte occupied the firſt floor, and his friend the ſecond. La Roche, on account

account of ſome indiſpoſition, had been adviſed to make uſe of a clyſter, once or twice a week; and the apothecary's journeyman who brought it, miſtaking one door for the other, frequently knocked at Le Comte's chamber, inſtead of La Roche's.—— This being often repeated, made Le Comte ſo angry, that he divulged the ſecret in public company; and made ſome ſatyrical reflections on the beaſtlineſs of his friend, who delighted in having his poſteriors groped, by a parcel of dirty journeymen apothecaries.

La Roche, who knew better how to give than to take a joke, was very much nettled at his friend's raillery; and knowing what an extreme abhorrence he had to a clyſter, (for he had often heard him declare that he would much rather die than have recourſe to ſo filthy a remedy) reſolved to gratify his revenge, in making him take one by force.

In order to bring his ſcheme to bear, he paid a viſit to his apothecary, who lived in the ſtreet Sainte Honoré, and told him, that a friend of his, for whom he had the greateſt regard, was, at certain times, ſeized with ſuch violent fits of lunacy, that he had been given over by the faculty, who were unanimouſly of opinion, that he had not three months longer to live; but that a celebrated empyric had undertaken his cure, provided he could be prevailed upon to take a clyſter, without which all his medicines would prove ineffectual; to which his averſion was ſo great, that, although his relations had uſed their utmoſt endeavours to perſuade him, he ſtill remained obſtinate, declaring he would rather die, than undergo that innocent operation — His relations, continued La Roche, knowing me to be one of his moſt intimate friends, begged of me to leave no methods uneſſayed, to bring him to reaſon; and I, accordingly, made uſe of all the

rhetoric I was maſter of, to engage him to take it; but in vain. I have juſt been conſulting with the empyric, for it is really a pity ſo worthy a young gentleman ſhould die in the prime of life, merely through his own obſtinacy and perverſeneſs: he ſays, that if the clyſter does but enter into the body, although he ſhould render it immediately, yet it will ſuffice to prepare the bowels to receive his drugs, and we concluded, that a clyſter he muſt take, either willingly or by compulſion. I have communicated our deſign to his relations, which they approved of; and deſired me to find out an apothecary, who would undertake to adminiſter one. Here are ten crowns, continued he (counting them out on the table) which I have orders to give you for the job: you will, beſides, lay an eternal obligation upon his relations, who are people of faſhion, and have it in their power to be of ſervice to you in your profeſſion, on many other occaſions.

The latter part of his diſcourſe, he might have omitted; for the apothecary was too much taken up in contemplating the beauty of the crowns, to afford any attention to what he ſaid: certain it is, there needed no other rhetoric than he firſt made uſe of; and the ſhining ſpecie, pleaded ſo eloquently in his favour, that the apothecary would not have heſitated to clyſterify all the madmen in Paris, upon the like conditions. Having taken down the the name and place of abode of his patient, he promiſed punctually to perform the operation the next morning; and to be well provided with aſſiſtants, in caſe he ſhould prove refractory.

The apothecary having prepared his clyſter, took half a dozen ſtout fellows with him, in caſe of neceſſity, whom he ſtationed at the foot of the ſtairs, with orders to come up at a certain ſignal; and, going up alone, knocked at the door. Le Comte,

who

who was not yet ſtirring, called out: "Who is "there?"——"A friend," anſwered the apothecary. Upon which he aroſe, unlocked the door, and went to bed again. The apothecary entered the apartment with great ſolemnity, and depoſited his ſyringe upon the table. Le Comte aſked him what he wanted? "I am an apothecary, Sir, (ſaid he) "and have brought your clyſter."—"Devil take "you, for a blockhead, (cried Le Comte) why do "you trouble me thus continually? I have told "you twenty times before, to go a ſtory higher, "and yet you can never remember it."—"Pardon "me, Sir, (reſumed the apothecary) I believe I "am very right:" and, taking the clyſter from under his cloak, pours it into the ſyringe. "Why, "you ſtupid raſcal, (exclaimed Le Comte, in a "rage) I tell you once again, it is over-head."—"Pardon me, Sir, (replies the apothecary) I know "very well what an averſion you have to a clyſter; "and am ſuprized you would rather chuſe to loſe "your life, than have recourſe to ſo gentle and "ſpecific a remedy. Indeed, if (like moſt of my "profeſſion) I made up my clyſters of bad compounds, you would then have reaſon to loath "them: but I, Sir, am a man of honour and probity, and I ſcorn to poiſon mankind through "mercenary views: I can ſit down contented with "ten-pence profit in the ſhilling, while my unconſcionable brethren grumble at eleven-pence half. "and I defy any perſon to ſay, I ever uſed any "other than the beſt; aye, the very beſt of ingredients in the compoſition of a clyſter; nor is there "any one thing in this, but what I would ſafely "adminiſter to a breeding woman, or an infant."

Poor Le Comte was out of all patience at this tedious narrative; and, curſing the apothecary for a ſcoundrel and a raſcal, threatened to throw him out of the window, if he did not get about his buſineſs

immediately. The apothecary, imagining he was relapſed into a fit of lunacy, and being apprehenſive that he would put his menaces into execution, gave the appointed ſignal to his attendants, who inſtantly ruſhed to his aſſiſtance.

The apothecary, having got his myrmidons about him, drew near the bed-ſide, armed with his ſyringe: "Sir, (ſaid he) your ſtruggling will avail "you nothing; it is for your own good, and take "it you muſt." Le Comte, finding matters draw ſo near a criſis, made a vigorous effort to riſe, which the apothecary perceiving, ordered his aſſiſtants to ſeize him; which orders were ſo punctually performed, that he found himſelf unable to move either hand or foot. Well it was for him, he happened to be in bed, or they would not have gained ſo cheap a victory. He defended himſelf, however, with tooth and nail, as long as he was able; but, at length being over powered by their number, (for two to one are odds at foot-ball) he was obliged to ſubmit. He curſed—ſwore—menaced—but all to no purpoſe: for now, having ſettled him in a convenient poſture, the apothecary, with admirable dexterity, adminiſtered the clyſter, even to the laſt drop. The operation over, he covered his patient up in his bed again; and, bidding one of his attendants open the door, devil take the hindmoſt was the word; down ſtairs they ſcampered, ready to break their necks; and had turned the corner of the ſtreet, before poor Le Comte could open his window to obſerve which way they went, for as to following them, that was quite out of the queſtion in his preſent condition.

He began now to conſider with himſelf, who could have been the author of this farce; which he made no ſcruple of placing to the account of his friend above ſtairs. Having dreſſed himſelf, and changed his linen, which was pretty handſomely

bedawbed

bedawbed, he went up to La Roche's chamber, in a violent paſſion; and his rage was ſo great, that it was ſome time before his words could find an utterance. La Roche, who gueſſed what errand he was upon, feigned himſelf aſleep when he came into his room; then, ſtretching out his arms, and yawning, bid him good morrow, and aſked him, how he came to riſe ſo much earlier than uſual? Le Comte related what had happened to him, as well as his choler would permit, and ſwore that the author, let him be who he would, was a ſcoundrel, and deſerved to be kicked. La Roche ſeemed quite aſtoniſhed, proteſted his innocence of the fact, and aſſured him he would give him all the aſſiſtance in his power, to trace out the inſolent perpetrator of ſo baſe a deed, and puniſh him as he deſerved: in ſhort, he acted his part ſo well, that Le Comte, imagining he muſt be miſtaken in his ſurmiſes, begged his friend's pardon for his unjuſt ſuſpicious and took his leave.

La Roche, who had with much difficulty refrained from laughter while Le Comte was preſent, now gave a looſe to his mirth; and having dreſſed himſelf, waited, according to cuſtom, upon their mutual patron the prince: and thinking his joke would remain incompleat, unleſs it were rendered public, he communicated the adventure to the courtiers; and Le Comte, in his turn, became the jeſt of the whole court.

Le Comte, whoſe doubts in regard to the author of his diſgrace were now ſufficiently cleared up, reſolved to challenge La Roche. For this purpoſe, he called on a gentleman of his acquaintance, who was in the ſervice of the marſhal d'Ancre, for it was in his time that this adventure happened; and informing him of the affront he had received, and that he ſhould inſiſt upon ſuch ſatisfaction as a man of honour had a right to demand, begged he would

do him the favour to be bearer of his challenge to La Roche, and his ſecond in the field. His friend, who was a man in years, and had in his time, given undoubted proofs of his courage on many occaſions, beheld things in a far different light from what they appeared to Le Comte, who was hurried on by an heat and impetuoſity natural to youth, and endeavoured to wean him from this thought. ——— Such a conduct, ſaid he addreſſing himſelf to Le Comte, will only ſerve to render you more ridiculous, by diſcovering to thouſands, an adventure which otherwiſe, in all probability, they will ever remain ignorant of: beſides, what glory can you poſſibly think to acquire from a duel upon ſo ſhameful an occaſion?——What! replied Le Comte, ſhall I then tamely put up ſo glaring an affront, without doing myſelf juſtice; and be hooted by the boys, as I paſs the ſtreets, for a rank poltroon?——You miſinterpret my meaning, continued his friend, I am far from adviſing you to forego your juſt revenge: but then let the revenge be proportionate to the injury. If a man gives me a blow, or makes a reflection injurious to my honour, I ſend him a challenge; but a joke ſhould be revenged by a joke. Your ſword ſhould be ever kept ſacred for the defence of your perſon, or of your fame; for the ſame rule of honour, which prohibits you from meaſuring ſwords with a man unworthy of wearing one, prohibits you from contaminating it in a trivial or ridiculous quarrel. Leave your cauſe in my hands; and if I do not obtain you ſatisfaction, let me bear the blame. Le Comte, who knew his friend to be well ſkilled in the laws and punctilios of honour, readily acquieſced in his advice.

We have taken notice, in the foregoing part of this ſtory, that Lotaire (for ſo his friend was called) was an attendant on the marſhal d'Ancre; who was

ſo

ſo powerful at that time, that he would frequently, without any form or proceſs, ſend any one to the Baſtile who had dared to ſpeak diſreſpectfully of him. Lotaire, for whom the marſhal always teſtified a particular eſteem, was all in all with the gaoler, with whom he had been ſeveral times to communicate his maſter's orders; and the great influence he had over the marſhal, made him almoſt as much reſpected at Paris, as the marſhal himſelf: he reſolved, therefore, to make uſe of his authority to revenge, in a ludicrous manner, the affront his friend had received from La Roche. With this intent, he ſent for the king's meſſengers, and told them, it was his maſter's pleaſure that they ſhould immediately arreſt La Roche, whom he deſcribed to them, and deliver his body to the keeper of the Baſtile. He then called upon the keeper of the priſon, and gave him notice, that one La Roche would be brought priſoner there by the marſhal's orders, who recommended it to him to keep him in cloſe cuſtody; as he muſt be reſponſible for him.

La Roche, who was entirely innocent of the plot laid againſt him, became an eaſy prize to the meſſengers. He aſked them the cauſe of his arreſt? they told him, they knew nothing of the matter, but that he would probably be informed when ſentence was paſſed upon him, and inſtantly hurried him away to priſon; for in thoſe countries, where deſpotiſm bears the ſway, there is no queſtioning the legality of a meſſenger's warrant. He could obtain no better information from the gaoler, who declared he was ignorant of his crime, but acknowledged he had received an order for his commitment; and, conducting him to the apartment he had provided for him, left him to ruminate at his leiſure, on his critical ſituation. And now, being left to himſelf, his conduct underwent a ſtrict ſcrutiny;

tiny; but he could recollect nothing he had either ſaid or done, to merit ſo rigorous a treatment.

He had remained in priſon about an hour, when Lotaire, who was intimately acquainted with him, paid him a viſit; and, approaching with a well-feigned air of ſorrow and aſtoniſhment: Alas! my dear friend, ſaid he, what can be the meaning of this? I was this moment informed of your being in confinement; and, laying aſide all other buſineſs, came hither to learn the cauſe of your impriſonment, and to offer you my ſervice on this melancholy occaſion.—Ah! my good friend, replied La Roche, in a ſorrowful tone, I declare, upon my honour, I am entirely ignorant of the cauſe of my arreſt.——If it be for debt, ſaid Lotaire, I have money; all I have is at your ſervice; and, if that ſhould not prove ſufficient, I have powerful friends, who will make up the deficiency.——No, no, my dear friend, it cannot be on that account, replied La Roche: I owe no creature a farthing, except my landlord; and, had I occaſion for all he has in the world, I am certain it would be at my diſpoſal.—You have, perhaps, fought a duel?—no—nay, continued Lotaire, ſomething muſt have been laid to your charge; examine a little into your conduct. I know you are very apt to be too free in your diſcourſe; and that you would as ſoon ſacrifice your life as a bon mot: have you not ſpoken diſreſpectfully of the marſhal d'Ancre? you know very well that in this age, our very thoughts become criminal; and the leaſt word againſt the marſhal is puniſhable with death.

At this laſt word, death, La Roche was ſeized with a fit of trembling: the vermillion forſook his cheeks; and a deadly pale over-ſpread his countenance. Ah, marblieu! ſaid he, after a moment's reflection, turning up his eyes, and ſtamping with his foot, is that then the crime that is laid to my charge?

charge? that I am unable to determine; but replied Lotaire, I only happened to mention it, imagining you might have been imprudent in that particular; and if that ſhould prove the caſe, I heartily pity you: for you know, as well as I, the inexorable diſpoſition of the marſhal, who never yet pardoned the man that dared to offend him. Adieu! I can be more ſerviceable to you elſewhere. I will endeavour to learn the cauſe of your impriſonment, and return to inform you: in the mean time, think of any thing elſe I can be of ſervice to you in, and reſt aſſured you may command me. So ſaying, he departed: and left poor La Roche in a very penſive mood; for he made no doubt but that he had been arreſted by order of the marſhal d'Ancre, and that nothing leſs than his life was at ſtake.

Lotaire, who was determined to go through with the joke, went to a doctor in Sorbonne, whoſe province it was to attend condemned criminals, and prepare them for death, and informed him, with tears in his eyes, that an unfortunate gentleman, a friend of his, had, by the marſhal's order, been condemned to be beheaded, without any form of proceſs; and was to be executed that very evening, but remained as yet ignorant of his ſentence; and that, as the news would undoubtedly give him a terrible ſhock, he thought a gentleman of his function would be the propereſt meſſenger: intreated him therefore, to take upon him that office: and endeavour, by adminiſtering a little ſpiritual comfort, to reconcile him by degrees to ſubmit to his fate. This was all Arabic to the good prieſt, who replied not a word, but hung down his head, and ſeemed to be in a brown ſtudy, till the chinking of the two crown pieces, a ſort of melody, which, according to the witty Hudibras, renders all doctrines plain and clear, rouſed the doctor from his lethargy, and made him, without any further explanation, comprehend

hend every tittle of what had been ſaid. He now took down the name, and place of confinement of his penitent, and, with a thouſand bows and cringes, promiſed to attend him, in leſs than half an hour.

Lotaire returned immediately to the Baſtile; and with a countenance expreſſive of the bad tidings he was about to impart:—Ah! my dear friend, ſaid he, what I apprehended is but too true; it is at the marſhal's ſuit you are confined; and, to ſpeak with the freedom of a friend, I am extremely apprehenſive of the conſequence.——Alas! cried La Roche, what crime can he poſſibly lay to my charge?—— No one could inform me of that, replied Lotaire, but 'tis ſufficient that you have diſpleaſed a man, whoſe nod, as you very well know, can take off half the heads in Paris. Had you ſlain twenty people, I ſhould ſtill retain hopes of obtaining your pardon; but in an affair of this nature, no one dares to offer a word in your favour; eſpecially I, who am his ſervant.—Oh, heavens! exclaimed La Roche in an agony, and muſt I then loſe my life?—Here the preſence of the good prieſt interrupted the converſation; who, having heard the laſt words of La Roche, replied, And why not, my dear friend, conſider our bleſſed Lord, who was far more innocent than you, gave up his life upon the croſs. We are all mortal: what does it, therefore, import when we die, provided we die well prepared, and truly penitent for our ſins. The arrival of the prieſt damped La Roche's ſmall remains of hope. Lotaire perceiving this, aroſe from his ſeat; my dear friend, ſaid he, I pray to God to ſupport you, in this day of tribulation: I will leave you a while to the care of this pious gentleman, and ſee if there by any poſſibility of ſerving you.

The good father, finding himſelf alone with his penitent, began a moſt moving and pathetic diſcourſe.

courſe: My dear ſon, ſaid he, graſping his hand, you muſt endeavour to detach yourſelf from all worldly affairs, and prepare for death: you are condemned; and have not above three hours to live.

At this ſad tale, the ſoul of poor La Roche was harrowed up with terror and affright. The aſtoniſhment this dread ſentence gave him, deprived him of ſpeech; but, when he came a little to himſelf, he ſtamped—he ſwore—he raved—any ordinary ſpectator would have pronounced him a madman; but the good prieſt, who was no novice in affairs of this kind, and had met with many ſimilar caſes, in the courſe of his practice, was not much ſurpriſed at this frantic behaviour: he endeavoured to reſtore him to his former ſerenity by dint of argument, and anſwered him that this life was nothing compared to an happy eternity.—Our readers will excuſe the omitting of the reſt of his ſermon: preaching is not our trade; we ſhould, therefore, in all probability, acquit ourſelves very little to their ſatisfaction.—Let it ſuffice then, that having at length, by his perſuaſive eloquence, calmed a little the tumults of his breaſt, he took his leave, that his penitent might be at liberty to prepare himſelf for confeſſion; and promiſed to return again in about an hour.

Lotaire, who had been, during this conference, in a contiguous chamber, from whence he heard all that paſſed, did not think his vengeance compleated yet: he reſolved, however, to free La Roche from his apprehenſions before night, by putting an end to the farce.—— The good father no ſooner departed, than Lotaire made his appearance again: Alas! my dear friend, ſaid he, I have juſt been informed—ah!—I cannot—cannot ſpeak the cruel word—you are—condemned, condemned, cried La Roche, I know it but too well. What remains now,

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but to take an eternal farewel. Here a moſt tender ſcene enſued, which we chuſe to paſs over in ſilence, leſt we ſhould change the comic ſcene into a tragi-comic tale; a ſpecies of performance we have ever teſtified an extreme averſion to. The melting ſcene was ſcarce over, when Lotaire cried out in raptures of joy; I have hit on't; egad, I have hit on't! indulgent heaven has ſurely inſpired me with the thought, for the preſervation of my friend.—Ah ceaſe to feed me with the hopes, cries La Roche, pricking up his ears at the welcome ſound, I know full well, my death is inevitable.—My dear friend, reſumed Lotaire, do not give way to deſpair: pluck up a little courage, and reſolve to follow my advice, and I will inſure you of ſucceſs. You are a ſtate priſoner, continued he, few people are acquainted with your condemnation; even the gaoler himſelf remains ignorant of it: now, what do you think my ſcheme is?—I know not, replied La Roche, trembling.——You know, continued Lotaire, that when a priſoner of ſtate is lodged in the Baſtile, he may think himſelf very well off if he be quit for a twelve-months impriſonment; now do you inform the gaoler, that imagining your confinement will prove pretty tedious, you intend to lay in a ſtock of coals for the winter; or you may leave that buſineſs to me, I will take care to acquaint him with it.—And what benefit can I propoſe to reap from that? cries La Roche.—I will engage, ſaid Lotaire, to prevail with a coal-heaver, for thirty or forty piſtoles, to bring a ſack of coals to your chamber, and change cloaths with you: in this diſguiſe you may eaſily make your eſcape; for the gaoler, miſtaking you for the coal-heaver, will make no difficulty in letting you paſs. La Roche's countenance began now to clear up a little, for he conceived great hopes from this ſcheme of his friend's, and even imagined himſelf already at large;

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he conjured Lotaire to put his deſign in practice without delay; and, rather than fail, to offer the coal-heaver all he was worth in the world.

Lotaire applied immediately to the coal-merchant with whom he dealt, and telling him the ſtory, was ſoon ſupplied with a man for his purpoſe, and returning with him to the priſon, let the gaoler alſo into the ſecret; he told him, his intention was only to frighten La Roche, and deſired he would aſſiſt him in his deſign; and ſuffer him to paſs unmoleſted in the coal-heaver's dreſs. The gaoler, who always paid a juſt deference to his commands, and who had confined La Roche by his order, made no difficulty in granting his requeſt. Lotaire, having taken the coal-heaver to La Roche's apartment, who expected them with the utmoſt impatience, made them exchange cloaths with all poſſible diſpatch; and ſmearing La Roche's face over with ſoot, rendered him a perfect counterpart of the coal-man. Having thrown the empty ſack acroſs his ſhoulders, he began his enterprize; and paſſed thro' the firſt and ſecond door without moleſtation; but when he arrived at the third, the gaoler, the better to humour the farce, cried out: Sure this cannot be one of my priſoners? This queſtion had the deſired effect. Poor La Roche gave himſelf over for loſt; and was ſo terrified, that he had not power to move a ſtep further, till Lotaire, who was near him, anſwered: No, no, it is only the coal-heaver, who brought the coals juſt now.—Upon which the gaoler bid him paſs.

When he found himſelf at liberty, he ran with all ſpeed towards the palace of the prince his patron, in order to take ſhelter there, imagining every moment he heard the archers at his heels. As he paſſed the Pont Neuf, ſome gentlemen of Lotaire's acquaintance, whom he poſted there on purpoſe, cried out aloud, as he paſſed them; Marblieu!

there goes a coal-heaver, the very picture of our friend La Roche.—This cauſed him to redouble his ſpeed, till he arrived at the palace quite, out of breath: where he found the prince with others of his retinue, to whom Lotaire had diſcovered the affair, ſtanding in the court-yard in expectation of his arrival; and, throwing himſelf at his feet:—— Good, your highneſs, ſaid he, in a piteous tone, deign to ſave my life.—The prince feigned not to know him, and would have retired, but La Roche held him faſt, crying: For God's ſake, your highneſs, ſave my life; I am La Roche.

The prince ſeemed greatly aſtoniſhed to behold him in ſuch a plight, and aſked him the reaſon of ſo odd a metamorphoſis? La Roche proceeded to give him a detail of the whole affair, with all the ſimplicity imaginable; till the prince and his attendants, unable any longer to reſtrain their riſible muſcles, burſt out into ſuch pales of laughter, that he became the jeſt of the company.

The fright however operated on him ſo powerfully, that it threw him into a fever, which very near coſt him his life. When he recovered, his rage againſt the authors of his diſgrace was inexpreſſible; and he would immediately have challenged both Le Comte and Lotaire, had not his friends interpoſed, who convinced him he had not the leaſt ground for complaint; as being the aggreſſor, and had only received a Rowland for his Oliver.

Time, and the mutual good offices of their reſpective friends, at length cemented the breach, and they became as great cronies as before; and our readers, we believe, will allow, that Le Comte had reaſon to be ſatisfied with his revenge.

## *The ſecret Hiſtory of the* SLIPPER.

LONG has it been the wonder of the gay and young, that the moſt worthy to be celebrated of all toaſts, the ſprighuly Roſetta, amidſt the continual round of pleaſure ſhe is engaged in, ſhould preſerve an extraordinary and almoſt a religious veneration of a relick, which they have all along pronounced to be nothing more than a Morocco Slipper. For my own part (having ſtudied very deeply into firſt and ſecond cauſes, propoſitions, ſolutions, dependencies and concluſions in love) I have learned to know nothing, and to diſtruſt my own eyes and ears in any point wherein the ſenſe, beauty, wit or diſcretion of the fair ſex is diſputed. Hence it is, that I have carefully avoided giving my ſentiments, in ſo intricate a caſe, but having very happily been acquainted with the reaſon of this very remarkable behaviour, I cannot forbear giving the world a faithful hiſtory of that curioſity, which I now will venture to call a Slipper. A taſk, gentle reader, that gives me much greater ſatisfaction, than if I was going to give an elaborate deſcription of the moſt valuable piece of antiquity, the cloſet of any particular virtuoſo, or the moſt beautiful Muſeum Europe can boaſt of.

In a little village on the borders of Hertfordſhire, lived the good Sylvanus, eſteemed by all who knew him as a bleſſing to the community, and an ornament to the body of the clergy, of which he was a worthy member. It was to him (as the fitteſt man in the world for a guardian) that the beſt of fathers, the careful and indulgent Ruſticus, with his dying

breath, committed the beautiful Roſetta, at that time of too tender an age to know the want, or feel the loſs of a parent: nor was ſhe entruſted only to his direction, for, partly to oblige his acquaintance, and partly to add to the ſcanty proviſion of his beneficence, he took under his care the education of five or ſix young gentlemen, ſons of his intimate friends; and to the charge of his ſiſter Lucinda, who then reſided with him, gave up Roſetta, and three or four other young ladies of her own age, by whoſe company, it was his intention to enliven her turn of mind, and take off the too great a reſerve of ſo ſolitary an education. Some years had elapſed when our heroine arrived at the ſixteenth year of her age, bleſſed with every amiable ſentiment, and every qualification to make herſelf and others happy: if there wanted to theſe any perſonal accompliſhments, ſhe was tall, well-ſhap'd, her hair of a beautiful brown, and an admirable ſymmetry was preſerved in her features; and though there wanted much of that luſtre with which ſhe at preſent appears, there was nothing even then ſeen deficient in her, as an accompliſhed woman; the peculiar ſweetneſs and vivacity of her temper making up for that gracefulneſs, which is only to be acquired by an intimacy with the polite world.

It would be impolitic in me to enumerate Roſetta's perfections, ſince thoſe who have the happineſs of her acquaintance, would immediately ſee the deficiency in the writer; and as to others, the imperfection of the picture would too much wrong the original, to give them any juſt idea of thoſe beauties which are much better imagined than deſcribed. It was now that ſhe engaged the attention of all the neighbouring gentlemen, and became the reigning toaſt in their noiſy entertainments: ſo that their viſits to Sylvanus became ſo frequent, and their not too poliſhed behaviour ſo very diſagreeable, that it

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was ſeldom Roſetta, who well knew on whoſe account thoſe viſits were paid, would condeſcend to oblige them with her company. Her reſerve in this, was ſo far from being any reſtraint on the manners of theſe roaring 'ſquires, that all of them, very wiſely as they thought, took hold of every opportunity, very full of that proverb, "faint heart "never won a fair lady;" and whenever ſhe came within arms reach, ſeized hold of her, and took a kiſs by main force; glorying at the ſame time at the ſucceſs of their enterprize, notwithſtanding the moſt ſevere frown or forbidding look, was the reward of their inſolence. Roſetta was in this ſituation, when the gay and charming Lucius, arrived at the ſeat of Mr. Belmont, a neighbour and patron of Sylvanus.—It was impoſſible for a young gentleman of our hero's conſtitution (conſcious of the power of his addreſs, and rich with the ſpoil of an hundred hearts) not to be inquiſitive concerning the beauties of B——d, or (if he could be thought to neglect a queſtion of this kind) that he ſhould long be ignorant of thoſe charms, which had already made ſuch a noiſe in that part of the country.—Mr. Belmont, a man of honour and integrity, preſerved, tho' in the decline of life, all that gaiety neceſſary to make age agreeable, without the leaſt of that puerility which renders it extremely ridiculous. It is no wonder then, that a gentleman of this caſt of mind, poſſeſs'd alſo of a compleat knowledge of the world, joined to many amiable qualifications, in an eminent degree, ſhould meet ſometimes with an agreeable reception from Roſetta; for whom he had acquired even a paternal tenderneſs, and ſeemed to ſhare the taſk of guardian with his friend.—It was by this gentleman, that Lucius was firſt introduced to Sylvanus's houſe, after having been mortified a whole week, every day hearing the moſt extravagant encomiums on her,

without being able to prevail on his friend to pay a ſingle viſit.——At laſt, however, having ſufficiently rallied him for his impatience, the compaſſionate Belmont acquainted the good clergyman, by a ſervant, that his viſitor and himſelf intended to dine with him next day. Lucius would have had him ſpare the ceremony, but was obliged to acquieſce with no little uneaſineſs. It is however to be doubted, whether the greateſt pain of an eager curioſity, could equal the pleaſure he received in that gratification of his, the ſight of the beautiful Roſetta.—It is expected, perhaps, by thoſe who are verſed in novels, and ſuch kind of writings, that our hero's expectations were ſo far exceeded, that he was ſtruck with ſuch an exceſs of admiration, he could not eat a ſingle morſel or open his mouth; but ſat and look'd like a fool the whole time of his viſit: but I muſt own I would rather break thro' the rules of writing, than relate any circumſtance contrary to the truth; not that I would aſſert ſuch a ſurprize unnatural.——On the contrary, I myſelf have more than once experienced the truth of it; but it was not ſo in the preſent caſe; which, however, I will not attribute to the want of power in the objects, but to the happineſs of Lucia's ſituation.—There is no one qualification, perhaps, that may be rendered ſo agreeable, and yet ſo eaſily diſagreeable as modeſty; as the leaſt degree too little gives us the idea of imprudence, ſo the ſmalleſt particles too much, has immediately a very ridiculous effect. Our hero was extremely happy in this reſpect, and as he well knew an exceſs of modeſty was the moſt diſadvantageous companion a young fellow could be troubled with, he took care to carry as little about him as poſſible; by which means he was bleſt with a lucky indifference, a careleſſneſs of pleaſing, which is the ſureſt to pleaſe, a ſituation of mind, which nothing but a commendable

dable ſelf-confidence can give us.—Hence it was, that (though his ſurprize, as may be imagined, was not a little, to find a young creature ſo much more worthy of his adoration, than the ſhining beauties he had ſo often ſigh'd for) ſtifling every thing more than a decent emotion, which his good manners could not fail of paying her perſon at firſt ſight, and he appeared free from any diſagreeable reſtraint, as the moſt accompliſhed gentleman ſhe had ever beheld.

If the heart of Lucius was too much experienced to be taken captive at firſt ſight, Roſetta, without reflecting on the real cauſe, began to be ſtrangely partial to the words, looks and actions of this engaging ſtranger. The firſt viſit was, in ſhort, too agreeable on all ſides not to be repeated; while the frequent pleaſure the amorous Lucius poſſeſs'd in the company of our heroine, gave them both many opportunities to encreaſe the good opinion they had conceived of each other, not to make their converſation ſoon to become more intereſting. Our lovers, for ſuch I may now venture to call them, had not been long in this ſituation, when the death of Lucinda ſubjected Roſetta to the care of an officious governeſs, whoſe name was Prudella. In this woman might be ſeen all the ill-nature of diſappointed youth; and that affectation of good humour and ſprightlineſs, her years and temper of mind were very averſe to. A certain unmeaning caſt was ſtamped on her features, which however loſt no beauty, for want of variety in poſition; for, as ſhe was ſtill of a very amorous diſpoſition, having at firſt ſight taken an extravagant affection for Lucius, it gave her not a little difficulty to regulate her looks and behaviour, ſo as to convince him of her paſſion, in ſuch a manner, that he might not miſtake her ſmiles for that natural affability which ſhe pretended to; this was a taſk not eaſily reconciled

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to her very ſevere pretenſions to modeſty, and therefore reduced her into a terrible dilemma.—This afforded our hero, who had penetration ſufficient to diſcover its motive, a good deal of diverſion, as he thought it undoubtedly very pleaſant, to ſee an old wanton prude in theſe ridiculous circumſtances. But as he could not conquer his antipathy to her, ſo far as to be guilty of the leaſt ſhew of tenderneſs, ſhe took fire at his neglect of her advances, which ſhe was conſcious he muſt be ſenſible of.

It was now, and not before, that ſhe ſuſpected the real cauſe of that neglect, and reſolved, at all hazards, to avenge herſelf, not only on Lucius as the offender, but on Roſetta as the firſt cauſe of that offence. And it was not long before an opportunity offered, which gave her room to proſecute her intention, and me a foundation to this hiſtory: for, as after this, ſhe took all poſſible care that our lovers ſhould ſeldom be together, and when that could not be avoided, was ſure herſelf to make a third in their converſation; they were reduced to the neceſſity of concerted aſſignations.

It was at this time that Mr. Belmont, being abſent on ſome buſineſs to London; Lucius, under pretence of diverting himſelf with Sylvanus's pupils, reſided with the good clergyman entirely, attending his ſchool hours and lectures; but whether he was not too much engaged to profit by them, I will not ſay: but this is not to our purpoſe.—The hour of aſſignation was one night come, when our hero, in his night-gown, waiting impatiently in an alcove, at the end of a row of cheſnut trees in the garden, was bleſſed with the approach of the charming Roſetta.

I could here launch into a florid diction with admirable facility, to deſcribe the beauty of the even-

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ing, and the extaſy of a lover, on ſeeing his miſtreſs come tripping along the graſs, like the queen of the faries by moon-light. But as it would ſwell our hiſtory too much, I leave thoſe of my readers who have taſted that pleaſure, to their own reflections; and to thoſe who have not, to the fertility of their imagination. But in what degree ſoever may be ſuppoſed the flow of ſpirits at that inſtant; at the ſame rate may we judge of the ſudden check they received at the ſight of the indefatigable Prudella; who, it ſeems, not being able to ſleep (I don't ſay for what reaſon) had been looking through her window, facing the garden; and on ſeeing Roſetta, thought herſelf in duty obliged to take care of her charge; therefore, was guilty of what elſe might be conſtrued a piece of impertinence. Our lovers were, however, ſo much on their guard, as to ſee her at ſome diſtance, on which it was thought proper that Lucius ſhould abſcond; which, before he could prevail on himſelf to do, ſhe was ſo very near, that he was ſeen by her; but, under cover of the night, ſo as not to be diſtinguiſhed from any other perſon. But, if lucky in this, he was unfortunate in his eſcape to ſhuffle off one of his ſlippers, which the fear of diſcovery prevented his putting on again.——It is eaſy to imagine the effect of a meeting between Roſetta and her gouvernante, who was ſo quick-ſighted as to ſecure the ſlipper, as an undeniable proof of the party eſcaped; which, however, ſhe needed no ſuch proof of. This was too favourable an occaſion to indulge her ſpirit of revenge, for Prudella to let ſlip; ſhe therefore (loading her with the moſt bitter invectives) in a manner, dragged the trembling innocent to the chamber of the good Sylvanus, whom ſhe ſuddenly raiſed from his ſlumbers, with no little clamour.

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His ſurprize could not be equalled, perhaps, on ſeeing his tender ward half dead with fear, as having no reaſon to doubt what Prudella's malice would inſinuate: notwithſtanding the love this paternal guardian bore for Roſetta, the gouvernante had too great a ſhare in his eſteem, and knowing her influence, told her ſtory in the groſſeſt terms, and the vileſt aſſertions: but though the agitation the good clergyman was in cannot be expreſſed, he preſerved his uſual ſerenity of conduct, and ordered every one who had been diſturbed on that occaſion, to their reſpective apartments; and then led the gentle Roſetta to Prudella's chamber, there to examine more ſeriouſly the charge laid againſt her, which her accuſer ſtill exaggerated by the frequent mention of the ſlipper.—But gueſs the ſurprize on every ſide, when, in the bed-chamber of this very Prudella, was found the fellow to that ſlipper ſhe ſtill held in her hand.

The reader may, perhaps, wonder how it came there; but his ſurprize will vaniſh on reflecting, that Lucius miſſing the preſerver of one foot, might, in paſſing Prudella's window, poſſibly toſs in the other; which indeed was the caſe, and it had the effect intended; for the gouvernante, ſo confounded at the ſight (imagining a much deeper plot laid for her than there really was) had not a ſingle word more to alledge againſt the ſtill trembling Roſetta; and which ſeemed ſo great a proof of her guilt to Sylvanus, that, though he could not tell what to make of ſo intricate an affair, he at once dried Roſetta's tears, by pronouncing her innocent of any crime committed againſt, honour, diſcretion or virtue: for that night, he was however contented to defer clearing up a point, which he imagined muſt turn to the gouvernante's confuſion; whoſe ſituation of mind I will not preſume to deſcribe, but I imagine

gine ſhe would, that night, have been a very diſagreeable bed-fellow

In the morning, her evidence being entirely laid aſide, it was eaſy for Lucius to clear up what he himſelf had been the author of; which he did to ſuch an advantage, that the diſappointed Prudella was diſmiſſed, and on Lucius's being called abroad on the death of his uncle, the beautiful Roſetta was entruſted to the care of the agreeable Vanella, and her own diſcretion, in town: in which ſituation I need ſay nothing of her to the polite world.

It is on this account then, that celebrated beauty preſerves ſuch a regard for one of thoſe ſlippers, but which of them it is, though I made very ſtrict enquiry, I am at a loſs to determine.—Lucius is now upon his return home, poſſeſſed of a competent fortune, and we ſoon expect the news of their approaching nuptials.

## *An* Attorney's *Addreſs to his* Miſtreſs.

*My dear Charmer,*

THE circuit is now at an end, and the judges and lawyers are on their return home; but no felon ſentenced at the aſſizes for tranſportation, could have been in a more wretched plight than your humble ſervant; for I can ſafely make affidavit, that each day I behold not your lovely face, is to me a *dies non.* Cupid the Tipſtaff has ſerved me with an attachment from your bright eyes, more dreadful than a green wax proceſs; he has taken

my

my heart into cuſtody, and will not accept of bail, unleſs you allow of my plea. I muſt be non-ſuited, in a cauſe I have ſet my heart on. Why will you, while I pine in hopes of a ſpeedy rejoinder, hang me up term after term, by frivolous delays, which tend only to gain time!

I filed my bill laſt Michaelmas term on the morrow of All Souls, in hopes, ere this, to have joined iſſue with you; it is now fifteen days ſince Eaſter-day, and by your demurring I am as far from bringing my cauſe to a hearing, as before I commenced my ſuit; you ſtill delay putting in your anſwer, which is abſolutely againſt the practice of all courts: I would willingly quit the fatteſt client there, to attend your buſineſs, would you but ſubmit to a reference; and ſhould prefer an attendance at your chambers to thoſe of a Maſter in Chancery.

I ſtand with great need of an able council to move my ſuit in my abſence. —— That ſly ſlut Dolly, your chamber-maid, has taken my fee, yet I fear betrays my cauſe; ſhe is ever preferring ſome croſs-bill, which protracts matters, and yet I do not ſue in *forma pauperis*, being ready and willing to fee-off your jointure; and to this I will bind myſelf, my heirs, executors, adminiſtrators and aſſigns, by a deed in which you ſhall nominate truſtees.

To ſave expence, my clerk ſhall engroſs it, and it ſhall be peruſed by your own lawyer, it being left as a quere, how vaſtly preferable the title of a *feme covert*, is to that of a ſpinſter; but you will anſwer ſhort to all my interlocutory interrogatories: if I could but once obtain a leading order to try my title, even by a jury of your own friends, I am certain I ſhould obtain a verdict in my favour, and recover coſts againſt you; for I have a good action for attendance, and loſs of time, though upon the

Poſtea,

Poſtea, I do not think I could find in my heart to iſſue a *ca. ſa.* againſt you, or put you into any court but that of Hymen.

You have equity in your own breaſt, and from thence I hope for relief. Decree but for me, and the day of eſſoign ſhall be that of your own nuptials, and the eve of the laſting felicity of, dear creature.

*Your humble Suppliant,*

*And Faithful Orator,* &c.

*************************

## *Story of the late* KING *of* PRUSSIA.

HIS Majeſty's regiment of tall guards is generally well known, but not ſo one of his arbitrary methods of recruiting it. In all his excurſions, he carried with him paper, pens, &c. in readineſs to ſign the mittimus of marrying any girl of uncommon ſtature and beauty, who had the misfortune to come in his way, to one of theſe Titanian favourites.——Among theſe, was one Fitzgerald, whoſe ſize of ſix feet five inches high, joined to a fine proportion, recommended him moſt powerfully to his Majeſty. He longed to ſee him married, but could find no female worthy of ſo great a man. At laſt, in one of his excurſions, he obſerved a gentleman's daughter, who every way anſwered his wiſhes. He gave her a ſealed billet, with orders, under the ſevereſt puniſhment, to deliver it, with her own hands, to the colonel of his grenadiers.

The girl, who, from many ſtories, judged of the contents, was in the utmoſt perplexity how to ex-

tricate herſelf from an oppreſſion the more terrible to her, as ſhe was in a few days to be united to a young gentleman of merit, for whom ſhe indulged the ſofteſt tenderneſs, when fortune threw in her way, an old beggar-woman of a deformed, hagged aſpect. To her ſhe gave the billet, ſome money in hand, and a promiſe of more when ſhe could prove the delivery. The old lady was true to her truſt; and, from her fair hands, the colonel to his infinite amazement, received an order, to ſee Fitzgerald directly married to the bearer,——He was ſhocked, but durſt not diſobey. The man was ſent for; who, when he ſaw his intended bride, roared out like a true Mileſian, "Arrah, is it my-"ſelf marry that ſtinking old jade! By St. *Patrick*, "I wou'dn't for a diadem. He may hang me "and ſhoot me, but I won't take her at all, at all."—In vain did the colonel remonſtrate the King's haughty temper; for Paddy continued firm in his refuſal. When the King returned, and was informed of what he ſaid, he declared it to be the moſt audacious, impudent rebellion, to refuſe a young lady, and of his chuſing; who, for tallneſs and beauty, was worthy of a prince. To this the colonel replied, that, perhaps, himſelf might be under a faſcination; but that really the bearer of the royal order did by no means anſwer the deſcription he gave. She was produced; the king could not help laughing at the trick that was played on him, and gave the fair contriver of it a handſome addition to her fortune, with the man ſhe loved.

## *The gentle Reproof.*

AN intimate acquaintance of the late Sir Richard Steele dined with him one day, ſhortly after he had been married and ſet up a carriage.——His lady, two or three times at dinner, aſked him if he uſed the chariot that evening: to which he only anſwered, Oyſters. When the table-cloth was taken away, ſhe ſaid, Well, my dear, I'll take the chariot. To which he again replied, Oyſters, my dear.—She dropt a court'ſey, and confeſſed ſhe was in an error, and ſtood reproved.—On her retiring, Sir Richard's friend thus addreſſed him: Sir, as abſurd as your anſwer might ſeem to others, I know your manner ſo well, that I am aſſured there is ſome moral inſtructions in your word Oyſters; as it muſt be ſome gentle, humorous reproof, do me the favour to let me into the ſecret of it.—You know, ſays Sir Richard, we have juſt ſet up a chariot; and being apprehenſive it might have ſuch an effect on my wife's heart, and that ſhe might inconſiderately talk of it too much, thereby betraying a weakneſs of mind I would have gladly prevented, I told her a ſtory of a young fellow who had lately ſet up an equipage, and had always the vanity to be talking of it; which was as follows:

Ned Sparkiſh, on the death of his elder brother, left the attorney, to whom he was clerk, ſet up an equipage, and commenced petit maitre. He was ſo fond of his chariot, that he was ſeldom out of it, or hardly a moment without making ſome mention of it. He was one day walking with ſome

gentlemen in the Mall, when one of them aſked him to be of their party to dine at a famous eating-houſe at Charing-croſs.—With all my heart, my dear, ſays Ned; I'll ſtep to my ſervant, and give ſome orders about my chariot—and be with you again in a moment.

On this, another gentleman ſaid, How can you aſk that coxcomb to be with us? we ſhall hear of nothing but his chariot. I'll lay half a dozen of French wine, he talks of it within ten minutes after he comes into the room.——As I think that impoſſible, ſays another, it is a bet.

Ned by this time joined them again, and they went to Locket's. They were ſcarce in the room, when the gentleman who laid the wager, propoſed having ſome oyſters before dinner, as a whet; but at the ſame time, feared there were none freſh enough at that end of the town, and propoſed to ſend to Billinſgate for ſome. It was objected, that that would take up too much time, otherwiſe they approved of his notion.—Nay, ſays Sparkiſh, let that be no objection; my chariot is at the door, and I'll diſpatch Tom away with it immediately, and he may bring the oyſters in half an hour at fartheſt.

You ſee, continued Sir Richard, the intent of this ſtory, on how abſurd a foundation ſoever it may be built: I told it my wife as a family-piece of inſtruction; and you ſee that ſhe has good ſenſe enough, on the mention of Oyſters, to ſee and confeſs her error.

## *The Rival* WIVES.

A Nobleman, of one of the beſt families in this kingdom, was bleſſed in marriage with a lady, who, by the benevolence of a kind Providence, was the repoſitory of all the qualities of body and mind, that are deſireable by one that would find friendſhip and felicity in a wife: but it ſo happened, that in reſpect to her, affection and good manners were wanting in his lordſhip; but ſhe, by an happy education, being miſtreſs of her duty towards God, never, not under the ſevereſt uſage, ſlackened that obedience which ſhe had religiouſly contracted to pay her lord.

In proceſs of time, a ſeparation was ſuggeſted to his lordſhip, who took a ſpeedy occaſion of ſignifying it to his lady; who, at firſt hearing, ceaſed to be miſtreſs of herſelf, but a little recollection reſtored her to life again, which this ſeverity had taken from her; and, after ſome tears had leſſened the weight that oppreſſed her ſpirits, ſhe threw herſelf at the feet of her lord, and ſaid: I deſerve a diſcipline from Heaven, and it may be the will of God that I ſhould undergo this puniſhment; but it does not appear to me, that I have deſerved it at the hand of your lordſhip; but ſince I cannot doubt of its being your deſire, to which it has been the care of my life to pay an exact conformity, to this, the moſt unwelcome reproof that ever did attend me, my compliance is ready, and in reſpect to time, your lordſhip ſhall be obſerved.

A ſeparation ſucceeded, and my lord allowed her in proportion to her quality, for a time; but at length he ſhortened it, commanded her to retire from

her acquaintance, and to renounce her quality, that it might not be known in her new neighbourhood who ſhe was: the poor lady, who had read many hard leſſons in the ſchool of obedience, reſigned without complaint to the will of her tyrant; but my lord, by clipping her allowance in a gradual way, deprived her of the convenience of a ſervant, and, in a ſhort time, a report of her being dead circulated through the country.

When common fame had killed her, my lord mourned for her in form, and with decency; but aſſured her, at the ſame time, by the hand that conveyed her quarterage, that he would totally reſtrain, even that, if ever ſhe offered to contradict this report: obedience ſhe very well underſtood, and obſerved; ſo that no doubt was made of her death.

In ſome time after a gentleman gave my lord an invitation to a ſupper: an incident led him through the kitchem, where he ſaw a laſs that immediately ſtruck his fancy: his paſſions roſe, and brought him back to her, and a ſalute was attempted; which ſhe reſiſted with ſo much good manners, as gained upon him to a degree that kindled to a deſire of making her his wife, and he immediately propoſed it to her; to which ſhe ſaid. My lord, the vaſt diſproportion that is between me and your lordſhip, with the ſtain that muſt accrue to you, renders it almoſt impoſſible for me to believe it your intention; and, I truſt, that the goodneſs of God will ſkreen me from the ſin and diſgrace of an immodeſt action.——The good ſenſe, the ſimplicity and candor of the woman, ſtrengthened his propenſity; and he ardently replied, that he intended nothing worſe to her than marriage, which, if ſhe conſented, ſhould be conſummated in leſs than a week.

The

The ceremony paſſed in a few days, and her deportment, graced with piety and profound humility, attracted the eſteem even of thoſe who knew her not; and the report of the former lady's being dead never met with contradiction; ſo that ſhe was every where received for the real lady, and was viſited and reſpected by all the ladies of quality in the neighbourhood.

After this marriage, my lord totally neglected his former lady, who, for a time, had no food but what came from a credit that was given her by a generous and compeſſionate tradeſman.

The neglect of my lord continued, the debt ſwelled to the ſum of ten pounds, and my lord's care being wanted in the payment of it, the good lady went to the creditor, and ſaid, Sir, I am largely indebted to you, and my next care is, how to diſcharge my obligation; mine is not a common caſe, and under a full aſſurance of the ſecrecy on your part, it is that I tell you, that I am the wife of a nobleman, who cohabits with another woman, and, by neglect, has reduced me to the laſt extremity of want; but my greateſt concern is for you, and your advice is required in the caſe.

Madam, ſaid he, permit me to arreſt you, and ſuffer yourſelf to be ill uſed under the window of your lord; but aſſure yourſelf, that it ſhould be my choice to loſe the debt, rather than you ſhould have ill-treatment; and this ſhould not be my advice, had I not a view in it of doing ſome ſervice to your ladyſhip.

The good lady conſented; the officers ſeized her; and as they were leading her over Lincoln's-inn-fields, againſt my lord's lodgings, the poor lady refuſed to go any further, upon which the officers, in their mercileſs way, began to drag her, tore her clothes, pulled her hair about her ſhoulders: the people gathered, a great noiſe enſuing, the reput-

ed

ed lady heard it, and ran immediately to the window of the dining-room, out of which ſhe ſaw this afflicted object: ſhe ordered her woman down ſtairs, to enquire into the meaning of that diſorder; who returned with this anſwer, that it was a poor gentlewoman under an arreſt for ten pounds, and the officers were leading her to priſon. O ſtop them, ſaid the lady, I'll pay the debt; bid one of the officers come up. When the officer came up, Why are you ſo cruel, ſaid ſhe, to a poor gentlewoman? She is our priſoner, ſaid he, and becauſe the debt is not paid, the plantiff has ordered her to the Marſhalſea; whither ſhe refuſes to go, and we are obliged to uſe violence with her, for it is our duty faithfully to execute our office. Here is your debt and charges, ſaid the lady, and let your priſoner come to me.

When the officers were diſcharged, ſhe turned to the diſtreſſed lady, and ſaid, Madam, you have the look and manners of a gentlewoman, which aggravates my concern for your deplorable condition. Pray tell me who you are, and how I may convey to you ſuch relief as you need in time to come.—Madam, ſaid the poor lady, tho' your charity will be very welcome to me, I ſhould be glad if your ſhip would decline the knowledge of my perſon.—No, Madam, ſaid ſhe, I muſt know who you are, for I would relieve you according to your quality.—Madam, ſaid the poor lady, it ſeems a very hard fate that a perſon of your virtue and liberality ſhould undergo the affliction that I am afraid will be given you by the account which you require.—Why, madam, ſaid the reputed lady, ſhould it give any other concern, than that which is a debt from me to every object?—Madam, ſaid the poor lady, it too nearly concerns yourſelf.——Nay then, ſaid the other, I demand it as my right. If you will know, ſaid the good lady, I am to tell you that

I am

I am the Lady C———; and have a right in your lord before you, which I am perſuaded you are ignorant of; and if my lord had continued to me but the bare conveniencies of life, his character ſhould not have been darkened by my complaints; for I know that any reſentment on my part would not prevent the ſin in my lord; and, on your part, there is no guilt contracted, for the report of my death is your juſtification in all that is paſt; and the will of my lord being the rule of that part of my conduct, which relates to him, I was not determined to a compliance till abſolute neceſſity ſhould force my intention.

Madam, ſaid the reputed lady, I will know the truth of this matter before I ſleep; and do aſſure you, that if it ſhall appear to me as you ſay, I ſhall not only renounce the bed of my lord, but do the beſt offices I can towards your reconciliation. I expect my lord every moment, and it may not be well for you to be here at his coming in; but let me know where you reſide, that the good offices I intend you may not be loſt; and it is my requeſt that you accept of this purſe, as you will find immediate ſuſtenance from the contents of it.

The injured lady withdrew, and my lord came home ſhortly after; and finding the reputed lady in great affliction, aſked the meaning of her diſorder? —My lord, ſaid ſhe, a ſtrange accident has brought a thing to my knowledge, upon which I am to aſk you a queſtion, and muſt conjure you to anſwer it, as you will hereafter at the great tribunal: Is your firſt lady living? After ſome pauſe, he ſaid, What have you heard of her, madam?——My lord, ſaid ſhe, it is not an hour ſince I paid a debt to reſcue her from the ſheriff's officers, who had torn her cloaths, and uſed the greateſt rudeneſs, becauſe ſhe refuſed to go to priſon; and from her own mouth I extorted an acknowledgment of her

quality

quality and preſent condition; but it came from her with a regret that ſeemed to regard the quiet and credit of your lordſhip. So that from this day I muſt forbear your bed; but ſhall never be wanting in the beſt ſervices I can contribute, and ſhall have no enjoyment till you cohabit with your lady in comfort.

She renounced his bed, and prevailed with him to receive his lady again; and, by her good offices, their peace was preſerved till the death of the lady: after which, my lord propoſed marriage to her again; and ſhe then became his lawful wife.

My lord ſettled 400 l. a year upon her, which was the moſt his eſtate would then bear; out of which, in honour to the family, ſhe gave 300 l. to a ſuffering branch of it, and retired to a cheap country, that the 100 l. which remained, might carry her with decency to the grave; and a few years ago ſhe ended a life that edified all that had the bleſſing of her acquaintance.

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  Their Power is quickly paſt:
A well-form'd Mind extends their ſway,
  And bids each Beauty laſt.

*F I N I S.*

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